

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXIV. — DECEMBER, 1899. — No. DVI.

BRITON AND BOER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN order to understand the events which are occurring in South Africa, it is not enough to examine the terms of the Convention between Great Britain and the Transvaal, and to limit one's inquiry to the question as to whether those terms have been observed. Although the results of such an inquiry might be sufficient to guide the action of statesmen, the student of politics requires more than this; he would read the statesman's dispatch in the light of historic evolution.

For the purpose of a brief review of the present situation, it is convenient to divide the history of South Africa into four periods: (1.) From the final British occupation of Cape Colony in 1814 to 1852, in which year the Transvaal became a separate state. (2.) From 1852 to 1877, the year in which England resumed sovereignty over the Transvaal. (3.) The revolt of 1880 and the Conventions of 1881 and 1884. (4.) The growth of the Uitlander grievances since the reërection of the Transvaal in 1881.

I.

At the outbreak of war between France and England in 1803, Cape Colony belonged to the Netherlands. In 1806 Louis Napoleon was made King of the Netherlands, and in the same year England attacked the Cape, as it was then a French possession. The Colony capitulated on January 10, 1806. The British occupation was made permanent by a Convention, signed in 1814, between

Great Britain and the Netherlands, by the terms of which England paid thirty million dollars for the cession of the Cape Colony and of the Dutch colonies of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, which now form the colony of British Guiana.

It was hoped that the Dutch and the English in the Cape Colony would live together in friendly intercourse, and that eventually, by intermarriage, a fusion of the two races would be effected. This hope was doomed to disappointment, for an antagonism gradually developed between the old and the new colonists which led to the establishment of two republics beyond the border of the Colony. The first step toward the formation of these republics was the emigration during 1836 and 1837 of about eight thousand Dutch farmers from the Cape Colony, — a movement which is generally referred to as the Great Trek. These men went out of the Colony and established themselves in the vast hinterland. It is most important to understand the causes which led to the Great Trek. They were the misguided zeal of the English missionaries, the abolition of slavery with the safeguarding of the natives' interests, and lastly, what Canon Knox Little describes as "England's fatuous policy of vacillation, betrayal, friction, irritation, postponing, changing, doing and undoing."

The troubles with the missionaries began even before the Colony was ceded to England. In 1811, a certain Mr. Read, of the London Missionary Society,

wrote a letter, which was widely circulated in England, in which he asserted that over one hundred murders of natives by the Dutch had been brought to his notice in his district, and that the Governor of the Colony remained deaf to the cry for justice. An inquiry was ordered by the Government, and every facility was given the natives of proving Mr. Read's charges. After throwing the whole district into confusion by summoning over a thousand witnesses, many of whom were under arms on the frontier in expectation of a Kosa raid, the Circuit Court found that the charges were grossly exaggerated. The net result was the sending up for trial of five Dutchmen. George McCall Theal, in his *History of South Africa*, says in regard to this affair: "The Black Circuit, as it was called, produced a lasting impression amongst the Dutch. It was no use telling the people that the trials had shown the missionaries to have been the dupes of idle story-tellers. The extraordinary efforts made to search for cases and to conduct the prosecutions appeared in their eyes as a fixed determination on the part of the English authorities to punish them, if by any means a pretext could be found. As for the missionaries of the London Society, from that time they were held by the frontier colonists to be slanderers and public enemies." That the actions of the missionaries really influenced the Dutch in their determination to leave the Colony is shown by a manifesto published by Pieter Retief, one of the most prominent trekkers, to show why British rule was no longer endurable. The fourth paragraph of the manifesto says: "We complain of the unjustifiable odium which has been cast upon us by interested and dishonest persons, under the name of religion, whose testimony is believed in England to the exclusion of all evidence in our favor; and we can foresee, as the result of this prejudice, nothing but the total ruin of the country."

But a more important cause of discontent lay in the policy of protection of native interests which was vigorously enforced by the British authorities. As early as 1815 the ill treatment of the natives by the Dutch produced great friction. In that year a complaint was laid before a magistrate against one Frederik Bezuidenhout, for assault on a native servant. A summons to appear was disregarded, and a warrant was issued for the man's arrest. Every effort was made to effect the arrest peaceably; but the man surrounded himself with a band of his friends, and fired on the party detailed to make the arrest. A fight ensued, in which Bezuidenhout was killed and thirty-nine of his comrades were arrested. They were tried by jury before the High Court, and five of them were condemned to death. This affair is constantly recited by the Boers at public meetings, in order to inflame the people against the English. An entirely new light is thrown on the matter by Canon Knox Little in his *Sketches and Studies in South Africa*. He asserts that the Dutch Fieldcornet, under whose immediate orders the execution was carried out, had in his pocket, at the time of the execution, the Governor's order for the pardon of the prisoners; that he suppressed it from motives of personal spite; and that afterwards, fearing detection, he committed suicide. It is unfortunate that Canon Knox Little does not quote the authority which he undoubtedly must have for this version, for the facts as he states them are not to be found in any history of South Africa with which I am familiar.

I now pass to a question which is at the bottom of a great deal of the ill feeling between the Dutch and the English,—the abolition of slavery. The Emancipation Act came into force in Cape Colony on December 1, 1834, the number of slaves in the Colony at that time being about forty thousand, mostly in the hands of the Dutch. The value

of these slaves was three million pounds sterling, but the Imperial Government awarded only a million and a quarter as compensation. In this respect the Dutch slaveholders were no worse off than the West Indian slaveholders, but they undoubtedly had a grievance in the fact that the compensation was made payable in London.

George McCall Theal, the historian of South Africa, says that the abolition of slavery had little to do with the Great Trek; but in this opinion he stands alone amongst writers on South African history. It is difficult, indeed, to reconcile his view with the terms in which he describes the effect of abolition on the minds of the Dutch. He says: "It is not easy to bring home to the mind the widespread misery that was occasioned by the confiscation of two millions' worth of property in a small and poor community like that of the Cape in 1835. There were to be seen families reduced from affluence to want, widows and orphans made destitute, poverty and anxiety brought into hundreds of homes."

Pieter Retief stated in his manifesto that the abolition of slavery was one of the reasons why his band was leaving the Colony. Another powerful cause of discontent was the attitude of the Colonial Office in regard to the Kaffir war of 1834-35. On December 21, 1834, twelve thousand armed Kaffirs raided the Colony, and it was only after severe fighting that the Dutch farmers succeeded in driving them back over the Kei River. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Governor of the Colony, extended the boundary of the Colony to the Kei River, in the hope that the strong natural barrier which it afforded would keep the two races from further conflict. Unfortunately, Lord Glenelg, Secretary of State for the Colonial and War Departments, entirely misunderstanding the situation, ordered the restoration of the territory to the Kaffirs. This action, which finds a parallel in more recent South African

history, had the most far-reaching results. It disheartened the Boers who had shed their blood in upholding what they believed to be the honor of England, and at the same time encouraged the Kaffirs to further outrages.

Thoroughly disgusted with British rule, about eight thousand Boers left the Colony, and the Great Trek was accomplished. If ever men had reason to turn their backs on an unjust and unfaithful government, the Boers had, when, after losing their property and after being deprived of the fruits of victory, they inspanned their oxen and went out into the wilderness.

I cannot refer here to the early adventures of the trekkers. Suffice it to say that, after much fighting with the natives, and a great deal of vacillation on the part of the British Government, the independence of the Transvaal Boers was recognized by the Sand River Convention in 1852, and the Orange Free State was established as an independent republic in 1854.

II.

The story of the Transvaal from 1852 to 1877 is one of continual strife and discord. The Boers were divided amongst themselves, and formed four small republics, which did little but quarrel with one another over religious and political questions. Occasionally they combined to fight the natives, with whom they never succeeded in establishing friendly relations. In 1857 the internal dissensions were varied by a raid into the Orange Free State. One of the objects of the raid was to compel the Free State to enter into confederation with the Transvaal, and one of the officers in command of the raiding party was S. J. P. Kruger, now President of the Transvaal. The raiding party found itself face to face with a large body of armed Free State burghers, and Kruger was sent in with a flag of truce to seek terms. The Orange Free State would not hear of confederation with the Trans-

vaal, but yielded on one point, which is of great interest at the present time. This point is contained in Article 7 of the treaty concluded on that occasion, which runs: "The deputies of the Orange Free State promise to grant and extend within their state the same rights and privileges to the burghers and subjects of the South African Republic as shall be afforded to those of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal."

So it is seen that in 1857 Kruger was prepared to exact by force of arms from the Orange Free State the political rights of Transvaal Uitlanders in the sister republic.

At length matters came to such a pass in the Transvaal that the peace of the whole of South Africa was threatened. Notwithstanding an express agreement to the contrary in the Sand River Convention, the Boers persistently practiced slavery, and made a habit of raiding friendly native kraals for the purpose of carrying off the women and children. Since this has been repeatedly denied during the past few months, I think it well to put the fact beyond dispute by quoting from four independent sources. British Blue Book C. 1776, published in 1877, says: "Slavery has occurred not only here and there in isolated cases, but as an unbroken practice has been one of the peculiar institutions of the country. It has been at the root of most of its wars." Dr. Nachtigal, of the Berlin Missionary Society, wrote to President Burgers, of the Transvaal, in 1875: "If I am asked to say conscientiously whether such slavery has existed since 1852, and been recognized and permitted by the Government, I must answer in the affirmative." A Dutch clergyman named P. Huet, in a volume published in 1869 entitled *Het Afrikaansche Republiek*, says: "Till their twenty-second year they [the natives] are apprenticed. All this time they have to serve without payment. It is slavery in the fullest sense of the word." In 1876, one year be-

fore the annexation, Khame, Chief of the Bagamangwato, sent a petition to Queen Victoria. It ran in part: "I, Khame, King of the Bagamangwato, greet Victoria, the Great Queen of the English people. I ask her Majesty to pity me, and to hear what I write quickly. The Boers are coming into my country, and I do not like them. . . . They sell us and our children. The custom of the Boers has always been to cause people to be sold, and to-day they are still selling people." This fourfold testimony seems to leave little room for doubt.

But what concerned England very nearly was the constant danger of the wars in the Transvaal spreading to British territory, — a danger which increased from year to year, as the republic sank deeper into financial embarrassment. The Boers had never been willing to pay taxes, and at last even the money for current expenses was not forthcoming. In view of these facts, the British Government sent out Sir Theophilus Shepstone in 1876 to visit the Transvaal and inquire into its condition. He was authorized to annex the Transvaal, if he found such a course necessary in the interests of peace and safety, provided the inhabitants or a sufficient number of the legislature were willing. Sir Theophilus Shepstone entered the Transvaal with the knowledge of President Burgers, and proceeded to Pretoria. He was accompanied by twenty-five mounted police, the only force he had within a month's march of him during the whole period of his stay, and at the time he issued the proclamation annexing the country. To assert that the Transvaal was forcibly annexed is, in the face of these facts, absurd. Shepstone took eighteen days to reach Pretoria. His progress was marked by the presentation of numbers of addresses and memorials, from Dutch, English, and natives, praying him to take over the country. But he was not prepared to do this until he had satisfied himself that the needed reforms could

not be carried out by the Dutch themselves without British aid.

After spending three months in the country he sent home a dispatch, dated March 6, 1877, in which he thus described the condition of the republic: "It was patent to every observer that the government was powerless to control either its white citizens or its native subjects; that it was incapable of enforcing its laws or of collecting its taxes; that the salaries of officials had been, and are, four months in arrears; that the white inhabitants had become split into factions; that the large native population within the boundaries of the state ignore its authority and laws; and that the powerful Zulu King, Cetewayo, is anxious to seize the first opportunity of attacking a country the conduct of whose warriors has convinced him that it can be easily conquered by his clamoring regiments."

But he was not willing to recommend annexation, if the people of the country were ready to undertake reforms. In fact, President Burgers submitted to Shepstone a new constitution so satisfactory that he declared "he would abandon his design of annexation, if the Volksraad would adopt these measures, and the country be willing to submit to them and carry them out." The Volksraad, however, refused to adopt the new constitution, whereupon Burgers proclaimed it on his own responsibility, — an act which was immediately condemned by the Executive Council. Then President Burgers advised the Volksraad to accept the British annexation. His language was unmistakable. Speaking on March 3 and on March 5, 1877, he told the Volksraad that it would be folly to hope that things would mend themselves. The bitter truth was that matters were as bad as they could be, and that the appeal for help to the British Government had not come from enemies of the state, but had arisen through the grievances which existed as a result of the demoral-

ization of the people themselves. Their duty was to come to an agreement with the British Government.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the country to the British Crown on April 12, 1877. A formal protest was entered by the Boer Executive Council. That it was merely formal is proved by the fact that each member of the Council, except Paul Kruger, signified in writing his willingness to serve the new government; and Kruger himself drew his salary as a member of the Executive Council for eight months after annexation, having applied for and received his pay up to the end of the year, although his term of office ended on November 4.

III.

There can be no doubt whatever that at the time of the annexation of the Transvaal, in 1877, the majority of the Boers were willing, and that many of them were anxious, to be taken under British rule. The only element of discord was a small band of ultra-conservatives, who, after precipitating the annexation by fostering internal strife, were now ready, their tactics having overthrown Burgers, to undertake an anti-British agitation in the interest of Kruger's candidature for the presidency, the success of which meant the retrocession of the country from the British flag.

Nothing would have come of this movement had it not been for the incredible folly of the British Government. At a time when it was above all things necessary to keep faith with the Boers, when a firm adherence to the promises contained in the proclamation of Sir Theophilus Shepstone would have strengthened the pro-British feeling, and at the same time have cut the ground from under the feet of the agitators, a policy was pursued which, though free from that depth of baseness which marked the actions of the Gladstone administration in 1881, was so thoroughly ill advised that we can only wonder that

when the revolt broke out in 1880 there were still to be found in the country a considerable number of men who adhered to the British.

The first mistake was in allowing an unnecessary delay in establishing an electoral government. This was followed by the recall of Shepstone, — who was liked and respected by the Boers, — on the ground that his expenditure was excessive, and the appointment of Colonel Lanyon in his place. Lanyon possessed those excellent qualities which so well befit a soldier, but which are unsuitable for administrative work; and his precise and rigorous methods made him most unpopular with the Boers. Everything worked well for Kruger and his party; for Sir Bartle Frere, the one man who, in the absence of Shepstone, might have set matters right, was recalled, and his duties in the Transvaal were handed over to Sir Garnet Wolseley.

During the agitation which led to the revolt of 1880, the pro-British Boers, becoming anxious at the preparations going on around them, sought to be reassured by the British Government that the annexation would not be revoked. This assurance was repeatedly given in the most solemn and authoritative manner. Sir Garnet Wolseley was authorized by the British Cabinet to make the following proclamation: "I do proclaim and make known, in the name and on behalf of her Majesty the Queen, that it is the will and determination of her Majesty's Government that this Transvaal territory shall be and shall continue to be forever an integral portion of her Majesty's dominions." On another occasion Sir Garnet Wolseley said: "So long as the sun shines the Transvaal will remain British territory." This was confirmed by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who, on being informed that certain persons entertained "the false and dangerous idea that her Majesty was not resolved to maintain her sovereignty over this

territory," telegraphed to Sir Garnet Wolseley: "You may fully confirm explicit statements made from time to time as to inability of her Majesty's Government to entertain any proposal for withdrawal of Queen's sovereignty."

One important voice was raised against this view. Mr. Gladstone, speaking during his Midlothian campaign in March, 1880, said: "If those acquisitions [Cyprus and the Transvaal] were as valuable as they are valueless, I would repudiate them, because they were obtained by means dishonorable to the character of this country."

Less than two months after the delivery of this speech Gladstone came into power. A month later he received from Messrs. Kruger and Joubert a letter, in which they prayed that he would give effect to the sentiments he had expressed so unequivocally by restoring the independence of the Transvaal. Mr. Gladstone replied: "It is undoubtedly a matter for much regret that it should, since the annexation, have appeared that so large a number of the population of Dutch origin in the Transvaal are opposed to the annexation of that territory; but it is impossible now to consider that question as if it were presented for the first time. Looking at all the circumstances, our judgment is that the Queen cannot be advised to relinquish her sovereignty over the Transvaal." From this letter the loyalist party in the Transvaal took heart of grace. Things were evidently on a permanent basis, when even the leading advocate for repudiation declared his deliberate opinion that the Transvaal must remain British territory.

But on December 13, 1880, Kruger and his associates proclaimed the South African Republic. The Boer war followed, which lasted until March, 1881. The Boers fought with great bravery, and the British forces were defeated in several small engagements. Large British reinforcements were on the way, and the Boers would soon have been outnum-

bered and overmatched, when Gladstone sent out to say that if the Boers would lay down their arms they should be accorded complete self-government subject to British suzerainty. What had been refused by Gladstone to petition and entreaty was to be given as the reward of rebellion.

The natives in and around the Transvaal had been eager to fight for the British, but had been prevented from doing so by the British authorities, who felt that the general interests of peace in South Africa would thus be imperiled. A large number of loyal Boers and British fought with the regular troops, placing their faith in the repeated assurances of the British Government that under no circumstances would the Transvaal be given up. The position of these loyalists after the surrender was deplorable. Their grievances were eloquently set forth by Mr. C. K. White, president of the Committee of Loyal Inhabitants of the Transvaal, who wrote to Mr. Gladstone: "I, for one, opposed the Government strenuously on one occasion, at least; but when the sword was drawn, and it came to being an enemy or loyal, we all of us came to the front and strove to do our duty, in full dependence on the pledged and, as we hoped, the inviolate word of England. And now it is very bitter for us to find that we trusted in vain; that, notwithstanding our sufferings and privations, in which our wives and children had to bear their share, we are to be dealt with as clamorous claimants, and told that we are too pronounced in our views. If, sir, you had seen, as I have seen, promising young citizens of Pretoria dying of wounds received for their country; if you had seen the privations and discomforts which delicate women and children bore without murmuring for upwards of three months; if you had seen strong men crying like children at the cruel and undeserved desertion of England; and if you had invested your all on the strength of the

word of England, and now saw yourself beggared by the act of the country in which you trusted, you would, sir, I think, be 'pronounced.' " It is not recorded that Gladstone replied to this letter.

Nothing was gained by the surrender but national dishonor. The rebels had already been betrayed by Mr. Gladstone, and they saw, therefore, only cowardice where they were expected to see magnanimity. The loyalists, on the other hand, and with them the natives, were handed over to their enemies, with nothing to remember but the deliberate breaking of those most solemn and emphatic pledges which had been their stay and comfort during the trials of the rebellion. There should have been either no fighting or more fighting. The idea was well expressed by Lord Cairns. Speaking in the House of Lords, he said: "I want to know what we have been fighting about. If this arrangement is what was intended, why did you not give it at once? Why did you spend the blood and treasure of the country like water, only to give at the end what you had intended to give at the beginning? We know that there are those who have lost in the Transvaal that which was dearer to them than the light of their eyes. They have been consoled with the reflection that the brave men who died, died fighting for their Queen and country. Are the mourners now to be told that these men were fighting for a country which the Government had determined to abandon, and that they were fighting for a Queen who was no longer to be sovereign of that country?"

The formal instrument restoring the Transvaal to the Boers was the Pretoria Convention, signed and published on August 3, 1881. The articles of this Convention were amended and altered by the London Convention of February 27, 1884. The points of interest in regard to these Conventions are dealt with in the last section of this article.

IV.

From the date of the signing of the London Convention has gradually been accumulating that mass of grievances of British subjects in the Transvaal which forms the backbone of the present difficulties between Great Britain and the South African Republic. In 1895, a petition praying for redress, signed by thirty-eight thousand Uitlanders, was presented to the Volksraad, and was rejected with insult and ridicule, one member saying that if the Uitlanders wanted any rights they had better fight for them. On December 26, 1895, a manifesto was issued by the Transvaal National Union, in which the demands of the Uitlanders were stated. The principal demands were, the establishment of the republic as a true republic; a constitution framed by the representatives of the whole people, which should be safeguarded against hasty alteration; an equitable franchise law; and the independence of the courts of justice. If these demands were not granted, it was decided to attempt the overthrow of the government by force of arms. Owing to misunderstandings, Dr. Jameson, of the British South Africa Company, who with a body of men was on the frontier ready to give aid if fighting were resorted to, entered the Transvaal with his force before the time appointed, and thus entirely destroyed the plans of the National Union. The story of the Jameson Raid is too long to enter into; but it may be remarked that every effort was made by the High Commissioner and by Cecil Rhodes to recall Jameson before he met the Boers, that the Raid was promptly condemned by the British authorities, and that Dr. Jameson and his officers were subsequently tried, convicted, and imprisoned by a British court of justice, for violation of the Foreign Enlistments Act. The most important fact to be noted in connection with the proposed Johannesburg rising and

the Raid is that they were planned and subscribed to only after the most solemn assurances had been given that there was to be no attempt to bring the Transvaal under the British flag, and that if the plan succeeded a true republic should be formed.

The four Johannesburg leaders of the National Union were sentenced to death; but this sentence was subsequently altered to fifteen years' imprisonment, and finally to a fine of \$100,000. Fifty-nine of the men who formed the Reform Committee were imprisoned for some months, and had to pay a fine of \$10,000 each. An attempt was made to connect Mr. Chamberlain with the Raid, but this entirely failed.

As might naturally be expected, the lot of the Uitlanders, after the Jameson Raid, became harder and harder, notwithstanding the fact that President Kruger solemnly promised, after Jameson's men had laid down their arms, that he would inquire into and redress their grievances. At length, on March 24 of the present year, a petition signed by 21,648 Uitlanders was forwarded by the High Commissioner to her Majesty, praying that she would intervene to secure just treatment for the Uitlanders, who, whilst paying five sixths of the taxes of the state, had no voice in its government.

The chief grounds for the petition were stated to be, the failure of President Kruger to institute the reforms promised after the Jameson Raid; the continuation of the dynamite monopoly and its attendant grievances, notwithstanding the fact that a government commission, consisting of officials of the republic, had inquired into the matter and suggested many reforms; the subjugation of the High Court to the executive authority, and the dismissal of the chief justice for his earnest protest against the interference with the court's independence; ¹ the selection of none but

¹ As an example of the subordination of the judiciary to the executive, I may quote the case

burghers to sit on juries ; the aggressive attitude of the police toward the Uitlanders, culminating in the murder of a man named Edgar, who was shot by a policeman when in his own house and unarmed ; taxation without representation ; and the withholding of educational privileges from the children of Uitlanders. Though it is impossible, within the limits of this article, to review the evidence for these statements, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the assertions of the Uitlanders are correct. After some correspondence between the two governments, and a friendly suggestion from the President of the Orange Free State, a conference was arranged between Sir Alfred Milner, the High Commissioner of South Africa, and President Kruger. The conference took place at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, and lasted from May 31 to June 5. I have before me a verbatim report of the proceedings.

The position taken by Sir Alfred Milner was that there were a number of open questions between the two governments, which increased in importance as time went on, and that the tone of the controversy was becoming more acute. There were two methods by which things could be settled : one was by giving the Uitlanders such fair proportion of representation in the first Volksraad as would enable them to work out gradually the needed reforms ; the other, for the Government of Great Britain to adopt that course which, in similar circumstances, would be adopted in regard to grievances of British subjects in any country, even in a country not under specified conventional obligations to her Majesty's Government ; that is, by raising each point separately, and showing how the intense discontent of British subjects stood in the way of that friendly relation which it was desired should exist between the

of a man named Dums, who sued the Government in respect of the yielding to England by treaty of his farm. The Government immedi-

two governments. Of these two methods, Sir Alfred Milner thought that the former would be the better ; for if a fair franchise were granted to the Uitlanders, most of the questions pending between the two governments could be dropped as specific issues, and the remaining ones could be settled by friendly discussion. If he could persuade President Kruger to grant a fair franchise, all that was needed to set things right would then be effected by a movement within the state, the danger of continual and irritating pressure from outside would be removed, and the independence of the republic would be strengthened. Sir Alfred Milner pointed out that the existing franchise law compelled an alien, after renouncing allegiance to his own government, to wait twelve years before he was granted citizenship in the Transvaal, and that even then there was much uncertainty whether he would get the franchise. It was to be recalled that those men who had come into the republic in 1886, and had been promised citizenship at the end of five years, were informed, just before the term of five years ended, that the law had been changed, and they would have to wait seven years longer.

Sir Alfred Milner then proposed that the franchise should be granted to every white man who had been five years in the country, and was prepared to take oath to obey the laws, to undertake all the obligations of citizenship, and to defend the independence of the country ; it being understood that by taking such an oath he renounced his citizenship of any other country. A property qualification and good character were to be conditions. The assertion has been frequently made that Sir Alfred Milner wished to secure the citizenship of the Transvaal for British subjects under conditions which would still allow them to re-

ately passed a law to the effect that Dums could never sue the Government for anything.

main British subjects; but I find no foundation for this statement.

In reply to this proposal, President Kruger urged that the Uitlanders did not want the franchise, and would not take it on any terms; and also, that if he granted Sir Alfred Milner's request the country would be controlled by foreigners, and all power taken from the old burghers, — propositions which are mutually destructive. But on the third day of the conference President Kruger himself presented a new franchise proposal. This was passed by the Volksraad at once, before the British authorities had any time to examine it. After it was published, it appeared on its very face so full of intricacies that its effect as a measure of reform was a matter of serious doubt. Under its terms an alien could apparently secure the franchise in seven years, but the conditions were so complicated that to fulfill them was impossible. To give only one example: A man who desired the franchise must first signify his intention in writing to the Fieldcornet, the Landdrost, and the State Secretary. Two years later he might become naturalized (without receiving full burgher rights), provided he produced a certificate, signed by the Fieldcornet, the Landdrost, and the Commandant of the district, to the effect that he had never broken any of the laws of the republic. If these officials were not sufficiently well acquainted with the private life of the applicant to grant such a certificate, then a sworn statement to the same effect from two prominent full burghers would suffice. At the termination of another five years, the applicant, having six months previously signified his intentions in writing to the Fieldcornet, the Landdrost, and the State Secretary, might apply for the full franchise. He must then furnish the certificate alluded to above. This, together with his application, must be indorsed by the Fieldcornet and the Landdrost. Both were then to be passed to the State Secretary, who should

hand them on to the State Attorney, who should return them with a legal opinion to the State Secretary. If the opinion were favorable, the man might be granted the full franchise; if not, the matter was to be referred to the Executive Council.

If this account appears involved, I can only refer my readers to the law itself, when it will be seen that I have selected for explanation by no means the most complicated conditions.

In view of the opinion expressed by Sir Alfred Milner and prominent Uitlanders that on the face of it the law appeared almost unworkable, Mr. Chamberlain telegraphed, asking for the appointment of delegates from the Transvaal and from the British side to discuss the new law, to see if it would as a matter of fact effect the needed reforms. To Mr. Chamberlain's request for a joint inquiry the Transvaal government sent a reply in which nothing was said about the joint inquiry, but in which a proposal was made for a new franchise law. The basis of the new proposal was a five years' retrospective franchise. The following conditions, which I take verbatim from the Transvaal government's official translation of its note, were attached: The proposals of this government regarding questions of franchise and representation must be regarded as expressly conditional on her Majesty's Government consenting to the points set forth in paragraph 5 of that dispatch, namely: (a.) In future not to interfere in internal affairs of the South African Republic. (b.) Not to insist further on its assertion of existence of suzerainty. (c.) To agree to arbitration. Further, it was explicitly stated by the State Attorney that these offers could only be understood to stand if England decided not to press her request for a joint inquiry into the political representation of the Uitlanders. There can be no doubt about this rejection of the joint inquiry, for the draught of the telegram in which

the British agent conveyed the suggestions to Sir Alfred Milner was initiated by the State Attorney himself.

In reply, Mr. Chamberlain said he was prepared to waive the joint inquiry if the British agent, assisted by competent men, should be allowed to investigate the terms of the proposal. In regard to intervention, her Majesty's Government hoped that the fulfillment of the promises made, and the just treatment of the Uitlanders in future, would render unnecessary any further intervention on their behalf; but they could not, of course, debar themselves from their rights under the Convention, nor divest themselves of the ordinary obligations of a civilized power to protect its subjects in a foreign country from injustice. As to the suzerainty, the condition imposed could not be accepted, as her Majesty's Government were of opinion that the contention of the South African Republic to be a sovereign international state was not warranted either by law or by history, and was entirely inadmissible. In reference to arbitration, Mr. Chamberlain agreed to the discussion of the form and scope of such a tribunal, and suggested an early conference.

The Transvaal replied that it regretted the refusal of her Majesty's Government to accept the conditions annexed to the latest franchise proposals, which proposals it now withdrew. The Transvaal having refused the joint inquiry into the working of the seven years' franchise law, nothing was left between the two parties but Sir Alfred Milner's proposal put forth at Bloemfontein. However, Mr. Chamberlain made one more effort for a peaceful settlement. In a dispatch dated September 9, 1899, he stated that her Majesty's Government was still willing to accept the Transvaal's offer of a five years' franchise, without the conditions attached; that the acceptance of this offer would at once remove the tension between the two governments, and would in all probability render unneces-

sary any further intervention on the part of her Majesty's Government to secure the redress of the Uitlander grievances; further, that such questions as remained for settlement between the two governments — those which were neither Uitlander questions nor questions of interpretation of the Convention — might be referred to a tribunal of arbitration. If the answer, however, to this last proposal was negative or inconclusive, her Majesty's Government would reserve the right to reconsider the situation *de novo*, and to formulate their own proposals for a final settlement.

It grows increasingly clear, from the perusal of these dispatches, that the core of the contention between England and the Transvaal is the relative status of the two governments. This status depends upon the fact and extent of British suzerainty under the two Conventions of 1881 and 1884. The Convention of 1881 consisted of a Preamble and a number of Articles. The Preamble grants self-government to the inhabitants of the Transvaal in these words: "complete self-government, subject to the suzerainty of her Majesty, to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory, upon certain terms and conditions, and subject to certain reservations and limitations." Now I take this to mean that, on certain terms and conditions, — that is, the laying down of arms, and so on, — self-government was to be granted to the people of the Transvaal under the suzerainty of the Queen, but that this self-government was to be subject to certain reservations and limitations. In other words, the reservations and limitations did not refer to the suzerainty, but to the self-government. It was not to be unconditional self-government, but self-government with certain specified limitations in addition to the general limitation of the Queen's suzerainty.

As there can be no question as to the assertion of the suzerainty in the Con-

vention of 1881, there remains only one point to be dealt with, — whether the suzerainty persists in the Convention of 1884.

Any doubt as to the existence of the suzerainty would at once be removed by an examination of the circumstances under which the Convention of 1884 was signed. The Transvaal delegates requested the British Government to do away with the suzerainty by making the proposed Convention a treaty between two powers. This the Government refused to do, on the ground that the Transvaal was not in fact an independent power, nor was it intended that it should be represented as such. So the issue was definitely raised before the Convention was signed, and the Transvaal delegates signed the Convention knowing the feelings of her Majesty's Government on the matter.

The question really at issue between the Transvaal and Great Britain is that of supremacy in South Africa. The discussion of the Uitlander grievances was essentially a difficult matter; for the Boers, going back to 1881, recalled the fact that there was a time when apparently England was prepared to break her most solemn promises, when the most positive assertions of her desires and intentions were swept away like chaff at the first sign of resistance; and remembering this, they not unnaturally hoped that the same thing might happen again. But as to the larger issue there can be no uncertainty. The Transvaal government "wish to confine themselves to stating the standpoint formerly taken up by them, which they hereby declare they maintain, namely, that no suzerainty exists;"¹ while the British Government say, "the contention that the South African Republic is a sovereign international state is not, in their opinion, war-

ranted either by law or history, and is wholly inadmissible."²

England's action in South Africa has been construed as an attempt to deprive the Transvaal of those great benefits which belong to self-government, and to substitute an autocratic foreign rule for a government deriving its powers from the will of the people. This is very far from being the case. The origin of England's interference in the affairs of the Transvaal lies in the fact that everything implied in the grant of self-government has been persistently withheld from the majority of the inhabitants of that country. England demands that the men who pay the taxes shall have a voice in the government; that the courts of justice shall be independent of the executive power; that the lives and property of the citizens shall be protected; that a man shall be tried by a jury of his peers. There would appear to be little in these demands incompatible with the principle of self-government.

After this article had gone to the printer, news of the outbreak of hostilities arrived. It would be idle now to dilate on the possible effects of this unfortunate resort to arms. As England has sought nothing but fair treatment for the majority of the inhabitants of the Transvaal, and the recognition of British supremacy in South Africa, it is to be hoped that, at the conclusion of the war, the ill feeling between the Dutch and English in South Africa will gradually die out, under the influence of those advantages arising from a strong and just government. There is little reason to doubt that, under whatever name the South African Republic emerges from the conflict, the inhabitants of that country will be granted all the substantial rights of self-government.

Alleyne Ireland.

¹ Dispatch from State Secretary of the Transvaal, dated May 9, 1899.

² Dispatch from Mr. Chamberlain, dated July 13, 1899.

POE'S PLACE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ONE fact about our literature has not received adequate attention, — the fact that it had no childhood. In its beginnings it was the record of a people who had long passed the age of play and dreams, and were given over to pressing and exacting work. We are a young nation, but an old people; and our books, as distinguished from English books, are the products of a mature people in a new world. The world in which books are written has much to do with their quality, their themes, and their form; but the substance of the books of power is the deposit of experience in the hearts and minds of a race. In American literature we have a fresh field and an old race; we have new conditions, and an experience which antedates them. We were educated in the Old World, and a man carries his education with him. He cannot escape it, and would lose incalculably if he could.

The kind of originality which inheres in a new race and runs into novel forms we do not and shall not possess; the kind of originality which issues out of direct and hand-to-hand dealing with nature and life we may hope to develop on the scale of the Greeks or the English. A great literature must be waited for, and while we are waiting it is wise to be hopeful of the future; for expectation is often a kind of prophecy, and to believe in the possibility of doing the best things in the best way is in itself a kind of preparation. To say that literature in this country, to the close of this century, is the product of an old race is not to charge it with lack of first-hand insight and force, but to explain some of its characteristics.

Goethe speaks of his mother's joyousness and love of stories. Her temperament was the gift which irradiated the pedantic father's bequest of order, in-

dustry, and method to the author of *Faust*. Art is the constant assertion that man has a right to live as well as to work; that the value of work depends largely upon spontaneity; and that the springs which gush from the soil have the greatest power of assuaging the thirst of the soul. This element of the uncalculated, the spontaneous, the uncontrolled, or at least undirected play of human energy finds full and free expression in the literature of the youth of races, and is the special and prime quality of literature at that stage of development. As the man is born first in the boy's temper and spirit and ideals, and born again in the struggles of experience, so the creative imagination of a race is shaped, colored, and formed largely in the earliest contacts of that race with nature and with life; with the order about it, and the inward and outward happenings of its life. Work and play, the conscious putting forth of energy and the unconscious responsiveness to all manner of impressions, must be kept in equilibrium, if there is to be continuous and rich productiveness. But the pressure of suffering and toil is so great upon the mature race, as upon the mature man, that it can be met only by a great accumulation in youth of idealism and joy. In the popular epics and in the early ballads there is a freshness, a vitality, an uncalculated and captivating charm, which make the reader of a more sophisticated age feel that in reading or hearing them he is near the springs of literature.

That there are close and vital ties between all the arts of expression and the life behind them; that the poem and the story reflect in interior and elusive but very real ways the quality of the race which fashioned them; that genius itself, although in a sense independent

of character, is conditioned, for its full, free, and highest expression, upon character, the large majority of students of literature are agreed. But these structural laws are never obvious in the great works of art; they are obeyed, not because they have been arbitrarily imposed by an authority from without, but because they are at one with the deepest artistic impulses and necessities. Shakespeare does not need to remind himself that he is an Englishman in order to write like one; he has but to follow the line of least resistance in expression, and his work will be English to the core.

Literature may be said to approach perfection in the degree in which it reveals the life behind it, and at the same time conceals all trace of intention, contrivance, or method in making its revelation. In the highest work of all kinds obedience is spontaneous and apparently unconscious; for it is of the very essence of art that all traces of the workman should be effaced. A great poem has the volume, the flow, the deep and silent fullness, of a river; one cannot calculate the force of the springs which feed it; one gets from it only a continuous impression of exhaustless and effortless power. One has but to glance at the Rhone to feel that the Alps are feeding it. In the literature of races in their youth there may be no greater power than in the literature of the same races at maturity, but there is likely to be more buoyancy, confident ease, overflowing vitality, than at a later period; and these earlier works enrich all later work by the qualities they bring into the race consciousness. There was something in Homer which the dramatists could not reproduce, but which profited them much; there was a joy, a delight in life, a fragrance of the morning, in Chaucer which, reappearing in Shakespeare, make the weight of tragedy bearable. It is well for a race, as for a man, that it has childhood behind it, and that in those first outpourings of energy in

play the beauty of the new day and the young world sinks into its heart and becomes part of its deepest consciousness; for it is out of these memories and dreams that the visions of art issue. The artist is always a child in freshness of feeling; in unworldly delight in the things which do not add to one's estate, but which make for inward joy and peace; in that easy possession of the world which brings with it the sense of freedom, the right to be happy, and the faith that life is greater than its works, and a man more important than his toil. A race, like an individual, must get this consciousness of possession before the work of the day becomes imperative and absorbing. The man who has not learned to play in childhood is not likely to learn to play in maturity; and without the spirit of play — the putting forth of energy as an end in itself, and for the sake of the joy which lies in pure activity — there can be no art. For work becomes art only when it is transformed into play.

Our race has had its youth, its dreams and visions; but that youth was lived on another continent; so far as the record of experience in our literature is concerned, we have always been mature people at hard work. The beginnings of our art are to be found, therefore, not in epics, ballads, songs, and stories, but in records of exploration, reports of pioneers, chronicles and histories; in Captain John Smith's *True Relation of such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as Hath Happened in Virginia*; in William Bradford's *History of Plymouth*; in John Winthrop's *History of New England*, a narrative not without touches of youth, — "We had now fair sunshine weather, and so pleasant a sweet air as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the shore like the smell of a garden;" in Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*; in Poor Richard's *Almanac*; in Mrs. Bradstreet's rhymed history of *The Four Monarchies*; in Michael Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*, of which Lowell

said that it became "the solace of every fireside, the flicker of the pine knots by which it was conned perhaps adding a livelier relish to its premonitions of eternal combustion." There are touches of beauty in Jonathan Edwards at his best; there is a spiritual charm in John Woolman's Journal; the directness and simplicity of genuine literature are in Franklin's Autobiography; in Freneau and Hopkinson there are strains which, in a more fortunate time, might easily have turned to melody; there were great notes struck by the writers and orators of the Revolutionary period, — by Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Henry. But in all this early expression of the English race in the New World there is a clear, definite purpose, an ulterior aim, a subordination of the art to the religious or political intention, which stamp the writing of the time as essentially secondary. Art involves forgetfulness of immediate ends; complete surrender to the inward impulse to give form to the beautiful idea or image or truth because it is beautiful. Of the *naïveté* of the old ballad, the careless rapture of Chaucer when the lark sings and the meadows grow sweet with the breath of May, the free and joyous play of imagination in Shakespeare, there is no trace in early writing on this continent. That writing was serious and weighty, often touching the heights of eloquence in noble argument for the inviolability of those rights which are the heritage of the English race; but the spontaneity, the freedom, the joyousness, of creative art were not in it. They could not be in it; the men who wrote our early chronicles and histories, who took part in the great debates which preceded the Revolution, and made the speeches which were heard from Williamsburg to Boston, had other work to do.

In Charles Brockden Brown a new note is heard, — a note of mystery and tragedy; as if into the working world of the new continent the old elements of

fate had come, to give experience a deeper tinge, and to make men aware that in the fresh as in the long-tilled soil the seeds of conflict and sorrow are sown. There is none of the joyousness of youth in Brown's romances; but there is the sense of power, the play of the imagination, the passion for expression for its own sake, which are the certain signs of literature. There is, above all, the dæmonic element, that elusive, incalculable, mysterious element in the soul of the artist, which is present in all art; and which, when it dominates the artist, forms those fascinating, mysterious personalities, from Aristophanes to Poe, who make us feel the futility of all easy endeavors to formulate the laws of art, or to explain with assurance the relations of genius to inheritance, environment, education, and temperament. In art, as in all products of the creative force, there is a mystery which we cannot dispel. If we could analyze genius, we should destroy it. To the time of the publication of *Wieland*, or the *Transformation*, it is easy to explain the written expression of American life, to show how it was directed and shaped by conditions in the New World; but with the publication of *Wieland* the inexplicable appears, the creative spirit begins to reveal itself. Charles Brockden Brown did not master his material and organize it, and his work falls short of that harmony of spirit and form which is the evidence of a true birth of beauty; but there are flashes of insight in it, touches of careless felicity, which witness the possession of a real gift.

The prophecy which the discerning reader finds in Brown's sombre romances was fulfilled in the work of Poe and Hawthorne. It is conceivable that a student of the Puritan mind might have foreseen the coming of Hawthorne; for the great romancer, who was to search the Puritan conscience as with a lighted candle, was rooted and grounded historically in the world behind him. There was that in Hawthorne, however, which

could not have been predicted: there was the mysterious co-working of temperament, insight, individual consciousness, and personality which constitutes what we call genius. On one side of Hawthorne's work there are lines of historical descent which may be clearly traced; on the other there is the inexplicable miracle, the miracle of art, the creation of the new and beautiful form.

It is the first and perhaps the most obvious distinction of Edgar Allan Poe that his creative work baffles all attempts to relate it historically to antecedent conditions; that it detached itself almost completely from the time and place in which it made its appearance, and sprang suddenly and mysteriously from a soil which had never borne its like before.

There was nothing in the America of the third decade of the century which seemed to predict *The City in the Sea*, *Israfel*, and the lines *To Helen*. It is true, work of genuine literary quality had been produced, and a notable group of writers of gift and quality had appeared. Irving had brought back the old joyousness and delight in life for its own sake in *Knickerbocker's History of New York* and in the *Sketch Book*; Cooper had uncovered the romantic element in our history in *The Spy*; *Thanatopsis* had betrayed an unexpected touch of maturity; Emerson was meditating at Concord that thin volume on *Nature*, so full of his penetrating insight into the spiritual symbolism of natural phenomena and processes; Longfellow had returned from that first year of foreign residence which had enriched his fancy, and through the sympathetic quality of his mind was to make him the interpreter of the Old World to the New. Hawthorne, born five years earlier than Poe, — so like him in certain aspects of his genius, so unlike him in temperament and character, — destined to divide with him the highest honors of American authorship, was hidden in that fortunate obscurity in which his delicate and sensitive

genius found perhaps the best conditions for its ripening. The *Twice-Told Tales* did not appear until 1837. Lowell was a schoolboy, a college student, and a reluctant follower of the law; the *Biglow Papers*, his most original and distinctive contribution to our literature, being still a full decade in the future. Oliver Wendell Holmes, born in the same year with Poe, — that *annus mirabilis* which gave the world Poe, Holmes, Tennyson, Lincoln, Gladstone, Darwin, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, — had touched the imagination of the country by the ringing protest against the destruction of the Constitution in Old Ironsides, and in the same decade revealed his true lyric gift in *The Last Leaf*. Whittier was a young Quaker, of gentle nature but intense convictions, who was speaking to hostile audiences and braving the perils of mob violence in his advocacy of the anti-slavery cause.

These names suggest the purity and aspiration, the high idealism and the tender domestic piety, which were soon to give early American literature its distinctive notes. To these earlier poets, romancers, and essayists were, later, to be added the name of Sidney Lanier, whose affluent nature needed another decade for its complete unfolding and co-ordination; and of Walt Whitman, who was so rich in the elemental qualities of imagination, and so rarely master of them. There was something distinctive in each of these writers, — something which had no place in literature before they came, and is not likely to be repeated; and yet, from Bryant to Whitman, there were certain obvious relationships, both spiritual and historical, between each writer and his environment. Each was representative of some deep impulse finding its way to action; of some rising passion which leaped into speech before it turned to the irrevocable deed.

To the men who were young between 1830 and 1840, there was something in the air which broke up the deeps of feel-

ing and set free the torpid imagination. For the first time in the New World it became easy and natural for men to sing. Hitherto the imagination had been invoked to give wings and fire to high argument for the rights of men; now the imagination began to speak, by virtue of its own inward impulse, of the things of its own life. In religion, in the social consciousness, in public life, there were stirrings of conscience which revealed a deepening life of the spirit among the new people. The age of provincialism, of submission to the judgment and acceptance of the taste of older and more cultivated communities, was coming to an end. Dr. Holmes called the address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard College in August, 1837, "our declaration of intellectual independence." That independence was already partially achieved when Emerson spoke those memorable words: —

"Perhaps the time is already come . . . when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fulfill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions, arise that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the polestar for a thousand years?"

This striving of the spirit, breaking away from the old forms and feeling after new ways of speech, was shared by all the New England writers. Beneath his apparent detachment from the agitations of his time, Dr. Holmes was as much a breaker of old images as Lowell or Whittier; and Hawthorne, artist that

he was to the last touch of his pen, is still the product of Puritanism. The breath of the new time was soft and fecundating on the old soil, and the flowers that were soon afield had the hue of the sky and the shy and delicate fragrance of the New England climate in them.

Poe stood alone among his contemporaries by reason of the fact that, while his imagination was fertilized by the movement of the time, his work was not, in theme or sympathy, representative of the forces behind it. The group of gifted men, with whom he had for the most part only casual connections, reflected the age behind them or the time in which they lived; Poe shared with them the creative impulse without sharing the specific interests and devotions of the period. He was primarily and distinctively the artist of his time; the man who cared for his art, not for what he could say through it, but for what it had to say through him. Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, Irving, and, in certain aspects of his genius, Hawthorne might have been predicted; reading our early history in the light of our later development, their coming seems to have been foreordained by the conditions of life on the new continent; and, later, Whitman and Lanier stand forth and are bound up in the fortunes of the New World, and its new order of political and social life. Poe alone, among men of his eminence, could not have been foreseen.

This fact suggests his limitations, but it also brings into clear view the unique individuality of his genius and the originality of his work. His contemporaries are explicable; Poe is inexplicable. He remains the most sharply defined personality in our literary history. His verse and his imaginative prose stand out in bold relief against a background which neither suggests nor interprets them. One may go further, and affirm that both verse and prose have a place by themselves in the literature of the world.

There are, it is true, evidences of Poe's sensitiveness to the English landscape, and to certain English philosophical and literary influences. The five years spent in the Manor House school in the suburbs of the London of the early part of the century gave the future writer of *William Wilson* and *The Fall of the House of Usher* a store of reminiscences and impressions of landscape and architecture which touched some of his later work with atmospheric effects of the most striking kind, and gave that work a sombre and significant background of immense artistic value. It is not difficult to find in his earlier verse, as Mr. Stedman has suggested, the influence of Byron and Moore, whose songs were in the heart of that romantic generation. It is easy also to lay bare Poe's indebtedness to Coleridge. This is only saying, however, that no man of imagination ever grows up in isolation; every sensitive spirit shares in the impulses of its time, and receives its education for its own work at the hands of older teachers. When all is said, however, Poe remains a man of singularly individual genius, owing little to his immediate or even to his remoter environment; an artist who felt keenly the spirit of his art as it has found refuge in beautiful forms, but who detached himself with consistent insistence from the influence of other artists.

Until Poe began his brief and pathetic career, the genius of Virginia and of the South had found expression chiefly in the moulding of national institutions and the shaping of national affairs; and it may be said without exaggeration that rarely in the history of the world has public life been enriched by so many men of commanding intellect and natural aptitude for great affairs. The high intelligence, the wide grasp of principles, and the keen practical sense of the earlier Southern statesmen gave the stirring and formative periods of our early history epic dignity. In such a society

Bacon might have found food for those organ-toned essays on the greatness of states and the splendor of national fortunes and responsibilities. It was due largely to the Virginians that the earlier public discussions and the later public papers so often partook of the quality of literature. In Poe, however, the genius of the South seemed to pass abruptly from great affairs of state into the regions of pure imagination. In *The City in the Sea*, *Israfel*, and the verses *To Helen* — to recall three of Poe's earliest and most representative poems — there is complete detachment from the earlier interests and occupations, and complete escape into the world of ideality. It is part of the charm of these perfect creations that they are free from all trace of time and toil. Out of the new world of work and strife magical doors were flung wide into the fairyland of pure song; out of the soil tilled with heroic labor and courage a fountain suddenly gushed from unsuspected springs.

In this disclosure of the unforeseen in our literary development, in the possession of the dæmonic element in art, Poe stands alone in our literature, unrelated to his environment and detached from his time; the most distinctive and individual writer who has yet appeared in this country.

Among the elements which go to the making of the true work of art, the dæmonic holds a first place. It is the essential and peculiar quality of genius, — the quality which lies beyond the reach of the most exacting and intelligent work, as it lies beyond the search of analysis. A trained man may learn the secrets of form; he may become an adept in the skill of his craft; but the final felicity of touch, the ultimate grace of effortless power, elude and baffle him. Shakespeare is never so wonderful as in those perfect lines, those exquisite images and similes, those fragrant sentences akin with the flowers in their freshness, and in their purity with waters which carry

the stars in their depths, which light comedy and tragedy and history as with a light beyond the sun. Other aspects of his work may be explained; but the careless rapture of such phrases as

"And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;"

"Daffodils,"

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,"

leaves us wondering and baffled. We have no key to them. This natural magic, this divine ease in doing the most difficult things, is the exclusive property of the man of genius, and is his only in his most fortunate hours. No man can command this consummate bloom on human speech; it lies on his work as it lies on the fields, because the creative spirit has passed that way. It came again and again to Wordsworth during fifteen marvelous years; and when it passed it left him cold and mechanical. It is the pure spirit of art moving like the wind where it listeth, and, like the wind, dying into silence again. This magic was in Poe, and its record remains, and will remain, one of our most precious literary possessions. The bulk of the work upon which it rests is not great; its ethical significance is not always evident; it is not representative after the manner of the great masters of poetry; but its quality is perfect. The importance of half a dozen perfect poems is not to be discovered in their mass; it lies in the revelation of the imagination which shines in and from them. Among a practical people, dealing with the external relations of men, and largely absorbed in the work of the hands, the sudden flashing of the "light that never was on sea or land" was a spiritual event of high significance. That men do not live by bread alone is the common message of religion and of art. That message was delivered by Poe with marvelous distinctness of speech.

That he knew what he wanted to say, and that he deliberately and patiently sought the best way of saying it, is clear enough; it neither adds to nor detracts from the artistic value of what he did that he knew what he wanted to do. The essential fact about him and his work is, that he was possessed by the passion for beauty for its own sake, and that at his best he had access to the region of pure ideality.

The spiritual value of art lies not only in its power to impart ideas, but also in its power to clear the vision, to broaden the range of human interests, and to liberate the imagination. Poe's work attests again the presence of an element in the life of man and in the work of his hand which cannot be foreseen, calculated, or controlled; a quality not dissociated in its perfect expression from historic or material conditions, but in its origin independent of them. It is the witness, in other words, of something divine and imperishable in the mind of man, — something which allies him with the creative energy, and permits him to share it. The fact that he is sometimes unworthy of this high disclosure of the ultimate beauty, and sometimes recreant to his faith and his gift, diminishes the significance and value of his work no more than a kindred infidelity nullifies the word of prophets of another order. In the mysterious spiritual economy of the universe, there are coordinations of gift and character, relations of spirit and environment, which elude all efforts to formulate them; not because they lie outside the realm of law, but because the mind of man has not yet been able to explore that realm. And in this very incompleteness of the philosophy of art lies that inexhaustible spiritual suggestiveness which is at once the inspiration of art and its burden. Poe is distinctively and in a unique sense the artist in our literature, — the man to whom beauty was a constant and sufficient justification of itself.

Such a faith is not without its perils; but in a new and working world, whose idealism had run mainly along lines of action, it was essential and it was of high importance. This single-mindedness of Poe in the pursuit of perfection in phrase and form was not a matter of mere workmanship; it was the passion to match the word with the thought, the melody with the feeling, so vitally and completely that the ultimate harmony, in which all men believe and for which all men crave, might become once more a reality amid the dissonances of a struggling and imperfect society. It is the function of the prophet to declare the inexorable will of righteousness amid a moral disorder which makes that will, at times, almost incredible; it is the office of the artist to discern and reveal the ultimate beauty in a time when all things are in the making, and the dust and uproar of the workshop conceal even the faint prophecies of perfection.

In the vast workshop of the new society, noisily and turbulently coördinating itself, Poe's work has been often misunderstood and undervalued. Its lack of strenuousness, its detachment from workaday interests, its severance from ethical agitations, its remoteness from the common toils and experiences, have given it to many an unreal and spectral aspect; there has seemed to be in it a lack of seriousness which has robbed it of spiritual significance. Its limitations in several directions are evident enough; but all our poetry has disclosed marked limitations. The difficulty in estimating Poe's work at its true value has lain in the fact that his seriousness was expressed in devotion to objects not yet included in our range of keen and quick sympathies and interests. Poe was a pioneer in a region not yet adequately represented on our spiritual charts. To men engrossed in the work of making homes for themselves the creation of a *Venus of Melos* might seem a very unimportant affair; its perfection

of pose and moulding might not wholly escape them, but the emotion which swept Heine out of himself when he first stood before it would seem to such men hysterical and unreal. When the homes were built, however, and men were housed in them, they would begin to crave completeness of life, and then the imagination would begin to discern the priceless value of the statue which has survived the days when gods appeared on the earth. The turmoil of the struggle for existence in Greece has long since died into the all-devouring silence, but that broken figure remains to thrill and inspire a world which has forgotten the name of the man who breathed the breath of life into it. It is a visible symbol not only of the passion for perfection, but of the sublime inference of that passion, — the immortality of the spirit which conceived, and of the race among which the perfect work was born.

This passion, which is always striving to realize its own imperishableness in the perfection of its work, and to continue unbroken the record of creative activity among men, possessed Poe in his best moments, and bore fruit in his imaginative work. He was far in advance of the civilization in which he lived, in his discernment of the value of beauty to men struggling for their lives in a world full of ugliness because full of all manner of imperfection; he is still in advance of any general development of the ability to feel as he felt the inward necessity of finding harmony, and giving it reality to the mind, the eye, and the ear. In older communities, looking at our life outside the circle of its immediate needs and tasks, he has found a recognition often denied him among his own people. If Poe has failed to touch us in certain places where we live most deeply and passionately, we have failed to meet him where he lived deeply and passionately. Matthew Arnold held that contemporary foreign opinion of a writer is probably the near-

est approach which can be made to the judgment of posterity. The judgment of English, French, and German critics has been, as a whole, unanimous in accepting Poe at a much higher valuation than has been placed upon him at home, where Lowell's touch-and-go reference in the *Fable for Critics* has too often been accepted as an authoritative and final opinion from the highest literary tribunal.

The men of Lowell's generation in New England could not have estimated adequately the quality of Poe's genius nor the value of his work. Their conception of their art was high and their practice of it fruitful, but their temper of mind threw them out of sympathy with the view of art which Poe held, and which has been illustrated in much of the most enchanting poetry in the literature of the world. The masters of pure song, with whom Poe belongs, could hardly have drawn breath in the rarefied air of the New England of the first four decades. It was an atmosphere in which Emerson breathed freely, and the purity and insight of his work, like that of Hawthorne's, will remain an enduring evidence that intense moral conviction and deep moral feeling are consistent with a true and beautiful art. But Keats could not have lived in the air which Emerson found so full of inspiration; and Keats is one of the poets of the century. This is only saying that if you have one quality in a very high stage of development, you are likely to be defective in other qualities equally important. A national literature must have many notes, and Poe struck some which in pure melodic quality had not been heard before. As literary interests broaden in this country, and the provincial point of view gives place to the national, the American estimate of Poe will approach more nearly the foreign estimate. That estimate was based mainly on a recognition of Poe's artistic quality and of the marked indi-

viduality of his work. Lowell and Longfellow continued the old literary traditions; Poe seemed to make a new tradition. The dæmonic element in him, the pure individual force, brought with it that sense of freshness and originality which men are always eager to feel, and to which they often respond with exaggerated cordiality. It is not surprising that those who are full of the passion to create, and rarely endowed with the power, sometimes go too far in rewarding the man who does what they long to do, but cannot. The artist always pushes back the boundaries a little, and opens a window here and there through which the imagination looks out upon the world of which it dreams so gloriously, but which it sees so rarely; and we are not prone to mete out with mathematical exactness our praise of those who set us free. If we lose our heads for a time when Kipling comes with his vital touch, his passionate interest in living things, the harm is not great. Poe may have been overvalued by some of his eager French and German disciples, but, after all deductions are made, their judgment was nearer the mark than ours has been; and it was nearer the mark because their conception of literature was more inclusive and adequate.

The nature of Poe's material has had something to do not only with foreign appreciation of his genius, but with the impression of distinct individuality which his work produces. Sprung from a people of naturally optimistic temper, with unbounded confidence in their ability to deal with the problems of life, Poe stands solitary among men of his class in fastening, as by instinct, upon the sombre and tragical aspects of experience. In the high light which rests upon the New World, the mysterious gloom which enshrouds *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Lady Ligeia*, and *Ulalume* is thrown into more impressive relief. Against the wide content and peaceful domesticity of this fruitful con-

tinient, the story of Berenice, The Assassination, and The Masque of the Red Death are projected with telling effectiveness. The very limitations of Poe's interests and insight contribute to the definiteness and striking individuality of his work. One finds in it no trace of that vague generalizing tendency which an English critic has recently called the "Alexandrine note" in American literature; on the contrary, every touch contributes to the sharp distinctness of the whole.

The severance between the writer and his surroundings, already noted, is constantly brought home to the reader by the subjects, the persons, and the landscapes which appear in Poe's work. Tragedy in Shakespeare's historical plays is felt to be unusual and exceptional; it belongs to a few periods, it is wrought out in the careers of small groups of persons; but it is in no sense abnormal; it readily relates itself to English character and society. The tragic element in Scott and Dickens has the same natural setting, the same normal relationship to obvious social or political conditions. The tragic element in Poe's work, on the other hand, lies deep in the recesses of individual temperament, and seems remote, unreal, and fantastic, unless we approach it sympathetically. Some of it is unreal and phantasmal; but the potentialities of Poe's tragedy are in most men. They are, however, essentially subjective; for the action in Poe's stories is really symbolical; that which is significant and appalling lies behind it. At this point Poe and Hawthorne approach each other, and it is the pure subjectivity of the tragedy which gives its working out at the hands of both writers a touch of remoteness, and in some cases an element of unreality.

Poe, like Hawthorne, gives expression to the ideality of the American mind: an ideality disclosed in very different ways by Emerson and Lowell and Whit-

tier; an ideality which has made our literature pure and high, but has robbed it so far of a certain robustness and power shared by all the great writers of our language beyond the sea. American literature, as contrasted with other literature, is touched throughout with aspiration, but lacks solidity and passion. These defects in Poe's work, which are often regarded as peculiar to it, are found in the work of his contemporaries. It would seem as if, so far, the imagination of the country had not been adequate to the task of penetrating and illuminating its immense practical energies; or as if its activities were too vast and varied to admit of imaginative co-ordination at this early day in our history. Poe reacted so radically from the practical ideals and work of his time that he took refuge in pure ideality. The refuge of the artist is always to be found in his art; and to a nature so sensitive as Poe's, a mind so delicately adjusted to its tools and its task, and so easily thrown out of relation to them, there was perhaps no other resource. Between the art of the author of *Israfel* and the life about him there was a deep abyss, which the poet never attempted to cross. The material with which he constantly dealt becomes significant alike of the extraordinary susceptibility of his genius, and of the lack of the forms of life about him to satisfy and inspire him. He expresses the dissonance which has so far existed between the essentially ideal quality of the American mind and the intensely practical character of the task which has fallen to Americans. If he had been born a century later, his verse and prose might have come closer to the heart of his people, without losing that exquisite fineness which reveals the rare and beautiful quality of his genius. It is hardly possible to miss the significance of the fact that two men of such temper and gifts as Hawthorne and Poe were driven by inward necessity to deal with the life of an earlier time, with

life in an older and riper society, or with the life of the spirit in its most disturbed and abnormal experiences. Such a fact throws a penetrating light on the delicacy of the adjustments between a genius of great sensitiveness and its environment, and sets at naught the judgment, so often and so hastily reached, that the American mind is essentially materialistic. That judgment is impeached by the whole body of our literature, but Poe and Hawthorne made it absolutely untenable.

Poe's daemonic force, his passion for perfection of form, his ideality, and the sensitiveness of his temperament are all subtly combined in the quality of distinction which characterizes his best work in prose and verse. His individuality is not only strongly marked, but it is expressed with the utmost refinement of feeling and of touch. In his prose and verse, Poe was preëminently a man who not only brought artistic integrity and capacity to his work, but suffused it with purity, dignity, and grace. In the disconnected product of his broken life there is not a line to be blotted out on the score of vulgarity, lack of reticence, or even commonplaceness. In his most careless imaginative writing the high quality of his mind is always apparent. So ingrained is this distinction of tone that, however he may waste his moral fortunes, his genius is never cheapened nor stained. In his worst estate the great traditions of art were safe in his hands.

The quality of distinction was of immense importance in a literature like our own, which is still in its formative stages. Poe's exquisite craftsmanship has made the acceptance of cheap and careless work impossible. Such work may secure an easy popularity from time to time, but it can find no lodgment in the memory of the race on this continent. To go so far as Poe went toward perfection of form is to exclude from the contest all save the fleetest and the strongest. It is to do more, for the service of the

artist really begins when his work is completely finished, and separated from his own personality: it is to keep before a people tempted to take lower views of life the reality of individual superiority. In a society which holds all the doors open, and affirms in institution and structure that a man shall go where he can, there is always the danger of confusing opportunity with gift. The final justification of democracy lies in its ability to clear the way for superiority; but it is often interpreted as signifying equality of endowment and skill. If, in the long run, democracy lowers instead of advancing the standards of character and achievement, it will be the most disastrous of political failures. Equality of opportunity for the sake of preparing the way for the highest and finest individualities will bring us, perhaps, as near a perfect social order as we can hope to attain. Poe was such a personality; a man whose gifts were of the most individual kind, whose tastes were fastidious, whose genius was full of a distinction which involved and expressed remoteness from average standards, detachment from the rush and turmoil of practical tasks. A nation at work with grimed hands is a noble spectacle; but if such a people is to get anything out of life after it has secured comfortable conditions, it must not only make room for poets and scholars and thinkers, but it must reserve for them its highest rewards.

Without the presence of the superior man, the "paradise of the average man," as this country has been called, would become a purgatory to all those who care chiefly, not for success, but for freedom and power and beauty. One of the greatest privileges of the average man is to recognize and honor the superior man, because the superior man makes it worth while to belong to the race by giving life a dignity and splendor which constitute a common capital for all who live. The respect paid to men like

Washington and Lincoln, Marshall and Lee, Poe and Hawthorne, affords a true measure of civilization in a community. Such men invest life for the average man with romance and beauty. Failure to recognize and honor superiority of character, gift, and achievement is the peculiar peril of democracies, which often confuse the aristocracy of the divine order in the world with the aristocracy of arbitrary and artificial origin. So long as the saints shine in their righteousness it will be idle to attempt to conceal their superiority; in the order of the spiritual life the best survive. Of these best was Poe; a man whose faults are sufficiently obvious, because they bore their fruit in his career, but the quality of whose genius and art was of the finest, if not of the greatest. In expressing the idealism of the American mind, this rare and subtle workman made images of such exquisite shape and moulding that by their very perfection they win us away from lesser and meaner ways of work. By the fineness of his craftsmanship he revealed the artistic potentialities of the American spirit.

Of a proud and sensitive nature, reared among a proud and sensitive people, Poe found in the region of pure ideality the material which expressed most clearly his genius, and received most perfectly the impress of his craftsmanship. In the themes with which he dealt, and in the manner in which he treated them, he went far to eradicate the provincialism of taste which was the bane of his time and section, — the bane, indeed, of the whole country. Poe's very detachment in artistic interest from the world about him was a positive gain for the emancipation of the imagination of the young country, so recently a province of the Old World. His criticism was almost entirely free from that narrow localism which values a writer because he belongs to a section, and not because his work belongs to literature. He brought into the field of criticism

large knowledge of the best that had been done in literature, and clear perception of the principles of the art of writing. His touch on his contemporaries who won the easy successes which are always within reach in untrained communities was often caustic, as it had need to be; but the instinct which made him the enemy of inferior work gave him also the power of recognizing the work of the artist, even when it came from unknown hands. He discerned the reality of imagination in Hawthorne and Tennyson as clearly as he saw the vulgarity and crudity of much of the popular writing of his time. By critical intention, therefore, as well as by virtue of the possession of genius, which is never provincial, Poe emancipated himself, and went far to emancipate American literature, from the narrow spirit, the partial judgment, and the inferior standards of a people not yet familiar with the best that has been thought and said in the world. To the claims of local pride he opposed the sovereign claims of art; against the practice of the half-inspired and the wholly untrained he set the practice of the masters. When the intellectual history of the country is written, he will appear as one of its foremost liberators.

Poe's work holds a first place in our literature, not by reason of its mass, its reality, its range, its spiritual or ethical significance, but by reason of its complete and beautiful individuality, the distinction of its form and workmanship, the purity of its art. With Hawthorne he shares the primacy among all who have enriched our literature with prose or verse; but, unlike his great contemporary, he has had to wait long for adequate and just recognition. His time of waiting is not yet over; for while the ethical insight of Hawthorne finds quick response where his artistic power alone would fail to move, Poe must be content with the suffrages of those who know that the art which he practiced with such

magical effect is in itself a kind of righteousness. "I could not afford to spare from my circle," wrote Emerson to a friend, "a poet, so long as he can offer so indisputable a token as a good poem of his relation to what is highest in Being." To those who understand that character is never perfect until it is harmonious, and truth never finally revealed

until it is beautiful, Poe's significance is not obscured nor his work dimmed by the faults and misfortunes of his life. The obvious lessons of that pathetic career have been well learned; it is time to seek the deeper things for which this fatally endowed spirit stood; for the light is more than the medium through which it shines.

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

REFORM BY HUMANE TOUCH.

I HAVE sketched in outline the gains achieved in the metropolis since its conscience awoke. Now, in closing this account, I am reminded of the story of an old Irishman who died here a couple of years ago. Patrick Mullen was an honest blacksmith. He made guns for a living. He made them so well that one with his name on it was worth a good deal more than the market price of guns. Other makers went to him with offers of money for the use of his stamp; but they never went twice. When, sometimes, a gun of very superior make was brought to him to finish, he would stamp it P. Mullen, never Patrick Mullen. Only to that which he himself had wrought did he give his honest name without reserve. When he died, judges and bishops and other great men crowded to his modest home by the East River, and wrote letters to the newspapers telling how proud they had been to call him friend. Yet he was, and remained to the end, plain Patrick Mullen, blacksmith and gunmaker.

In his life he supplied the answer to the sigh of dreamers in all days: when will the millennium come? It will come when every man is a Patrick Mullen at his own trade; not merely a P. Mullen, but a Patrick Mullen. The millennium of municipal politics, when there shall be no slum to fight, will come when every

citizen does his whole duty as a citizen; not before. As long as he "despises politics," and deputizes another to do it for him, whether that other wears the stamp of a Croker or of a Platt, — it matters little which, — we shall have the slum, and be put periodically to the trouble and the shame of draining it in the public sight. A citizen's duty is one thing that cannot be farmed out safely; and the slum is not limited by the rookeries of Mulberry or Ludlow street. It has long roots that feed on the selfishness and dullness of Fifth Avenue quite as greedily as on the squalor of the Sixth Ward. The two are not nearly so far apart as they look.

I am not saying this because it is anything new, but because we have just had an illustration of its truth in municipal politics. Waring and Roosevelt were the Patrick Mullens of the reform administration which Tammany has now replaced with her insolent platform, "To hell with reform." It was not an ideal administration, but it can be said of it, at least, that it was up to the times it served. It made compromises with spoils politics, and they were wretched failures. It took Waring and Roosevelt on the other plan, on which they insisted, of divorcing politics from the public business, and they let in more light than even my small parks over on the East Side. For

they showed us where we stood and what was the matter with us. We believed in Waring when he demonstrated the success of his plan for cleaning the streets; not before. When Roosevelt announced his programme of enforcing the excise law because it *was* law, a howl arose that would have frightened a less resolute man from his purpose. But he went right on doing the duty he was sworn to do. And when, at the end of three months of clamor and abuse, we saw the spectacle of the saloonkeepers formally resolving to help the police instead of hindering them; of the prison ward in Bellevue Hospital standing empty for three days at a time, — an astonishing and unprecedented thing, which the warden could attribute only to the “prompt closing of the saloons at one A. M. ;” and of the police force recovering its lost self-respect, we had found out more and greater things than whether the excise law was a good or a bad law. We understood what Roosevelt meant when he insisted upon the “primary virtues” of honesty and courage in the conduct of public business. For the want of them in us, half the laws that touched our daily lives had become dead letters or vehicles of blackmail and oppression. It was worth something to have that lesson taught us in that way; to find out that simple, straightforward, honest dealing, as between man and man, is after all effective in politics as in gun-making. Perhaps we have not mastered the lesson yet. But we have not discharged the teacher, either.

Courage, indeed! There were times during that stormy spell when it seemed as if we had grown wholly and hopelessly flabby as a people. All the outcry against the programme of order did not come from the lawless and the disorderly, by any means. Ordinarily decent, conservative citizens joined in counseling moderation and virtual compromise with the lawbreakers, — it was nothing else, — to “avoid trouble.” The old love of

fair play had been whittled down by the jackknife of all-pervading expediency to an anæmic desire to “hold the scales even.” That is a favorite modern device of the devil for paralyzing action in men. You cannot hold the scales even in a moral issue. It inevitably results in the triumph of evil, which asks nothing better than the even chance to which it is not entitled. When the trouble in the Police Board had reached a point where it seemed impossible not to understand that Roosevelt and his side were fighting a cold and treacherous conspiracy against the cause of good government, we had the spectacle of a Christian Endeavor Society inviting the man who had hatched the plot, the bitter and relentless enemy whom the Mayor had summoned to resign, and afterward did his best to remove as a fatal obstacle to reform, — inviting this man to come before it and speak of Christian citizenship! It was a sight to make the bosses hug themselves with glee. For Christian citizenship is their nightmare, and nothing is so cheering to them as evidence that those who profess it have no sense.

Apart from the moral bearings of it, what this question of enforcement of law means in the life of the poor was illustrated by testimony given before the Police Board very recently. A captain was on trial for allowing the policy swindle to go unchecked in his precinct. Policy is a kind of penny lottery, with alleged daily drawings which never take place. The whole thing is a pestilent fraud, which is allowed to exist only because it pays heavy blackmail to the police and the politicians. Expert witnesses testified that eight policy shops in the Twenty-First Ward, which they had visited, did a business averaging about thirty-two dollars a day each. The Twenty-First is a poor Irish tenement ward. The policy sharks were getting two hundred and fifty dollars or more a day of the hard-earned wages of those poor people, in sums of from one and two

cents to a quarter, without making any return for it. The thing would seem incredible, were it not too sadly familiar. The saloonkeeper got his share of what was left, and rewarded his customer by posing as the "friend of the poor man" whenever his business was under scrutiny; I have yet in my office the record of a single week during the hottest of the fight between Roosevelt and the saloons, as showing of what kind that friendship is. It embraces the destruction of eight homes by the demon of drunkenness: the suicide of four wives, the murder of two others by drunken husbands, the killing of a policeman in the street, and the torture of an aged woman by her rascal son, who "used to be a good boy till he took to liquor, when he became a perfect devil." In that rôle he finally beat her to death for giving shelter to some evicted fellow tenants, who else would have had to sleep in the street. Nice friendly turn, was n't it?

And yet there was something to be said for the saloonkeeper. He gave the man the refuge from his tenement which he needed. I say needed, purposely. There has been a good deal of talk lately about the saloon as a social necessity. About all there is to that is that the saloon is there, and the necessity too. Man is a social animal, whether he lives in a tenement or in a palace. But the palace has resources; the tenement has not. It is a good place to get away from at all times. The saloon is cheery and bright, and never far away. The man craving human companionship finds it there. He finds, too, in the saloonkeeper one who understands his wants much better than the reformer who talks civil service in the meetings. "Civil service" to him and his kind means yet a contrivance for keeping them out of a job. The saloonkeeper knows the boss, if he is not himself the boss or his lieutenant, and can steer him to the man who will spend all day at the City Hall, if

need be, to get a job for a friend, and all night pulling wires to keep him in it, if trouble is brewing. Mr. Beecher used to say, when pleading for bright hymn tunes, that he did n't want the devil to have the monopoly of all the good music in the world. The saloon has had the monopoly up to date of all the cheer in the tenements. If its owner has made it pan out to his own advantage and the boss's, we at least have no just cause of complaint. We let him have the field all to himself.

As to this boss, of whom we hear so much, what manner of man is he? That depends upon how you look at him. I have one in mind, a district boss, whom you would accept instantly as a type, if I were to mention his name, which I shall not do, for a reason which I fear will shock you: he and I are friends. In his private capacity I have real regard for him. As a politician and a boss I have none at all. I am aware that this is taking low ground in a discussion of this kind, but perhaps the reader will better understand the relations of his "district" to him if I let him into mine. There is no political bond between us, of either district or party; just the reverse. It is purely personal. He was once a police justice, — at that time he kept a saloon, — and I never knew one with more common sense, which happens to be the one quality especially needed in that office. Up to the point where politics came in I could depend upon him entirely. At that point he let me know bluntly that he was in the habit of running his district to suit himself. The way he did it brought him under the just accusation of being guilty of every kind of rascality known to politics. When next our paths would cross each other it would very likely be on some errand of mercy, to which his feet were always swift. I recall the distress of a dear and gentle lady at whose dinner table I once took his part. She could not believe that there was any

good in him; what he did must be done for effect. Some time after that she wrote asking me to look after an East Side family that was in great trouble. It was during the severe cold spell of last winter, and there was need of haste. I went over at once; but although I had lost no time, I found my friend the boss ahead of me. It was a real pleasure to me to be able to report to my correspondent that he had seen to their comfort, and to add that it was unpolitical charity altogether. The family was that of a Jewish widow with a lot of little children. The boss is a Roman Catholic. There were no men, consequently no voters, in the house, which was far out of his district, anyhow; and as for effect, he was rather shamefaced at my catching him at it. I do not believe that a soul has ever heard of the case from him to this day.

My friend is a Tammany boss. During that same cold spell, a politician of the other camp came into my office and gave me a hundred dollars to spend as I saw fit among the poor. His district was miles uptown, and he was most unwilling to disclose his identity, stipulating in the end that no one but me should know where the money came from. He was not seeking notoriety. The plight of the suffering had appealed to him, and he wanted to help where he could, — that was all.

Now I have not the least desire to glorify the boss in this. He is not glorious to me. He is simply human. Often enough he is a coarse and brutal fellow, in his morals as in his politics. Again, he may have some very engaging personal traits that bind his friends to him with the closest of ties. The poor man sees the friend, the charity, the power that is able and ready to help him in need; is it any wonder that he overlooks the source of this power, this plenty, — that he forgets the robbery in the robber who is "good to the poor"? Anyhow, if anybody got robbed, it was

"the rich." With the present ethical standards of the slum, it is easy to construct even a scheme of social justice out of it that is very comforting all round, even to the boss himself, — though he is in need of no sympathy or excuse. "Politics," he will tell me in his philosophic moods, "is a game for profit. The city foots the bills." Patriotism means to him working for the ticket that shall bring more profit. "I regard," he says, lighting his cigar, "a repeater as a shade off a murderer, but you are obliged to admit that in my trade he is a necessary evil." I am not obliged to do anything of the kind, but I can understand his way of looking at it. He simply has no political conscience. He has gratitude, loyalty to a friend, — that is part of his stock in trade, — fighting blood, plenty of it, all the good qualities of the savage; nothing more. And a savage he is, politically, with no soul above the dross. He would not rob a neighbor for the world; but from the city he will steal — though he does not call it by that name — without a tremor, and count it a good mark. When I tell him that, he waves his hand toward Wall Street as representative of the business community, and toward the office of his neighbor the padrone as representative of the railroads, and says, with a laugh, "Don't they all do it?"

The boss believes in himself. It is one of his strong points. And he has experience to back him. In the fall of 1894 we shook off boss rule in New York, and set up housekeeping for ourselves. We kept it up three years, and then went back to the old style. I should judge that we did it because we were tired of too much virtue. Perhaps we were not built to hold such a lot at once. Besides, it is much easier to be ruled than to rule. That fall, after the election, when I was concerned about what would become of my small parks, of the Health Department in which we took such just pride, and of a dozen other things, I received one unvarying

reply to my anxious question, or rather two. If it was the Health Department, I was told: "Go to Platt. He is the only man who can do it. He is a sensible man, and will see that it is protected." If small parks, it was: "Go to Croker. He will not allow the work to be stopped." A playgrounds bill was to be presented in the legislature, and everybody advised: "Go to Platt. He won't have any objection: it is popular." And so on. My advisers were not politicians. They were business men, only lately honestly interested in reform. I was talking one day with a gentleman of very wide reputation as a philanthropist, about the unhappy lot of the old fire-engine horses, — which, after lives of toil that deserve a better fate, are sold for a song to drag out a weary existence hauling some huckster's cart around, — and wishing that they might be pensioned off to live out their years on a farm, with enough to eat and a chance to roll in the grass. He was much interested, and promptly gave me this advice: "I tell you what you do. You go and see Croker. He likes horses." No wonder the boss believes in himself. He would be less than human if he did not. And he is very human.

I had voted, on the day of the Greater New York election, — the Tammany election, as we learned to call it afterward, — in my home out in the Borough of Queens, and had gone to the depot to catch the train for the city. On the platform were half a dozen of my neighbors, all business men, all "friends of reform." Some of them had just come from breakfast. One I remembered as introducing a resolution, in a meeting we had held, about the discourtesy of local politicians. He looked surprised when reminded that it was election day. "Why, is it to-day?" he said. "They did n't send any carriage," said another regretfully. "I don't see what's the use," said the third; "the roads are just as bad as when we began

talking about it." (We had been trying to mend them.) The fourth yawned, and said: "I don't care. I have my business to attend to." And they took the train, which meant that they lost their votes. The Tammany captain was busy hauling his voters by the cartload to the polling place. Over there stood a reform candidate who had been defeated in the primary, and puffed out his chest. "The politicians are afraid of me," he said. They slapped him on the back, as they went by, and told him that he was a devil of a fellow.

So Tammany came back. The Health Department is wrecked. The police force is worse than before Roosevelt took hold of it, and we are back in the mud out of which we pulled ourselves with such an effort. And we are swearing at it. But I am afraid we are swearing at the wrong fellow. The real Tammany is not the conscienceless rascal that plunders our treasury and fattens on our substance. That one is a mere counterfeit. It is the voter who waits for a carriage to take him to the polls; the man who "does n't see what's the use;" the business man who says "business is business," and has no time to waste on voting; the citizen who "will wait to see how the cat jumps, because he does n't want to throw his vote away;" the cowardly American who "does n't want to antagonize" anybody; the fool who "washes his hands of politics." These are the real Tammany, the men after the boss's own heart. For every one whose vote he buys, there are two of these who give him theirs for nothing. We shall get rid of him when these withdraw their support, when they become citizens of the Patrick Mullen stamp, as faithful at the polling place as he was at the forge; not before.

The true work of reform is at the top, not at the bottom. The man in the slum votes according to his light, and the boss holds the candle. But the boss is in no real sense a leader. He follows,

instead, always as far behind the moral sentiment of the community as he thinks is safe. He has heard it said that a community will not be any better than its citizens, and that it will be just as good as they are, and he applies the saying to himself. He is no worse a boss than the town deserves. I can conceive of his taking credit to himself as some kind of a moral instrument by which the virtue of the community may be graded, though that is most unlikely. He does not bother himself with the morals of anything. But right here is his Achilles heel. The man has no conscience. He cannot tell the signs of it in others. It always comes upon him unawares. Reform to him simply means the "outs" fighting to get in. The real thing he will always underestimate. Such a man is not the power he seems. He is formidable only in proportion to the amount of shaking it takes to rouse the community's conscience.

The boss is like the measles, a distemper of a self-governing people's infancy. When we shall have come of age politically, he will have no terrors for us. Meanwhile, being charged with the business of governing, which we left to him because we were too busy making money, he follows the track laid out for him, and makes the business pan out all that is in it. He fights when we want to discharge him. Of course he does. No man likes to give up a good job. He will fight or bargain, as he sees his way clear. He will give us small parks, play piers, new schools, anything we ask, to keep his place, while trying to find out "the price" of this conscience which he does not understand. Even to the half of his kingdom he will give, to be "in" on the new deal. He has done it before, and there is no reason that he can see why it should not be done again. And he will appeal to the people whom he is plundering to trust him because they know him.

Odd as it sounds, this is where he has

his real hold. I have shown why this is so. To the poor people of his district the boss is a real friend in need. He is one of them. He does not want to reform them; far from it. No doubt it is very ungrateful of them, but the poor people have no desire to be reformed. They do not think they need to be. They consider their moral standards quite as high as those of the rich, and resent being told that they are mistaken. The reformer comes to them from another world to tell them these things, and goes his way. The boss lives among them. He helped John to a job on the pipes in their hard winter, and got Mike on the force. They know him as a good neighbor, and trust him to their harm. He drags their standard ever farther down. The question for those who are trying to help them is how to make them transfer their allegiance, and trust their real friends instead.

It ought not to be a difficult question to answer. Any teacher could do it. He knows, if he knows anything, that the way to get and keep the children's confidence is to trust them, and let them know that they are trusted. They will almost always come up to the demand thus made upon them. Preaching to them does little good; preaching at them, still less. Men, whether rich or poor, are much like children. The good in them is just as good as it is said to be, and the bad, considering their enlarged opportunities for mischief, not so much worse than it is called. A vigorous optimism, a stout belief in one's fellow man, is better equipment in a campaign for civic virtue than stacks of tracts and arguments, economic and moral, are. There is good bottom, even in the slum, for that kind of an anchor to get a grip on. A year ago I went to see a boxing match there had been much talk about. The hall was jammed with a rough and noisy crowd, hotly intent upon its favorite. His opponent, who hailed, I think, from somewhere in Delaware, was greeted

with hostile demonstrations as a "foreigner." But as the battle wore on, and he was seen to be fair and manly, while the *New Yorker* struck one foul blow after another, the attitude of the crowd changed rapidly from enthusiastic approval of the favorite to scorn and contempt; and in the last round, when he knocked the Delawarean over with a foul blow, the audience rose in a body and yelled to have the fight given to the "foreigner," until my blood tingled with pride. For the decision would leave it practically without a cent. It had staked all it had on the *New Yorker*. "He is a good man," I heard on all sides, while the once favorite sneaked away without a friend. "Good" meant fair and manly to that crowd. I thought, as I went to the office the next morning, that it ought to be easy to appeal to such a people with measures that were fair and just, if we could only get on common ground. But the only hint I got from my reform paper was an editorial denunciation of the brutality of boxing, on the same page that had an enthusiastic review of the college football season. I do not suppose it did any harm, for the paper was probably not read by one of the men it had set out to reform. But suppose it had been: how much would it have appealed to them? Exactly the qualities of robust manliness which football is supposed to encourage in college students had been evoked by the trial of strength and skill which they had witnessed. As to the brutality, they knew that fifty young men are maimed or killed at football to one who fares ill in a boxing match. Would it seem to them common sense, or cant and humbug?

It comes down in the end to a question of common sense and common honesty. For how many failures of reform effort is insincerity not to blame! Last spring I attended a meeting at Albany that had been called by the Governor to discuss the better enforcement of the labor laws.

We talked the situation over, and Mr. Roosevelt received from those present their ready promise to aid him in every way in making effective the laws that represented so much toil and sacrifice, yet had until then been in too many instances barren of results. Some time after, a workingman told me with scorn how, on our coming home, one of our party had stopped in at the factory inspector's office to urge him to "let up" on a friend, a cigar manufacturer, who was violating a law for which the labor organizations had fought long years as absolutely necessary to secure human conditions in the trade. How much stock might he and his fellows be supposed to take in a movement that had such champions? "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours," is a kind of politics in which the reformer is no match for the boss. The latter will win out on that line every time. A sense of humor might have avoided that and many other pitfalls. I am seriously of the opinion that a professional humorist ought to be attached to every reform movement, to keep it from making itself ridiculous by either too great solemnity or too much conceit. As it is, the enemy sometimes employs him with effect. Failing the adoption of that plan, I would recommend a decree of banishment against photographers, press-clippings men, and the rest of the congratulatory staff. Why should the fact that a citizen has done a citizen's duty deserve to be celebrated in print and picture, as if something extraordinary had happened? The smoke of battle had not cleared away after the victory of reform, in the fall of 1894, before the citizens' committee and all the little sub-committees rushed pell-mell to the photographer's to get themselves on record as the men who did it. The spectacle might have inspired in the humorist the advice to get two sets of pictures made, while they were about it, — one to serve by and by as an exhibit of the men who did n't;

and, as the event proved, he would have been right.

But it is easy to find fault, and on that tack we get no farther. Those men did a great work, and they did it well. The mileposts they set up on the road to better things will guide another generation to the goal, however the present may go astray. Good schools, better homes, and a chance for the boy are arguments that are not lost upon the people. They wear well. It may be that, like Moses and his followers, we of the present day shall see the promised land only from afar and with the eye of faith, because of our sins; that to a younger and sturdier to-morrow it shall be given to blaze the path of civic righteousness that was our dream. I like to think that it is so, and that that is the meaning of the coming of men like Roosevelt and Waring at this time with their simple appeal to the reason of honest men. Unless I greatly err in reading the signs of the times, it is indeed so, and the day of the boss and of the slum is drawing to an end. Our faith has felt the new impulse; rather, I should say, it has given it. The social movements, and that which we call politics, are but a reflection of what the people honestly believe, a chart of their aims and aspirations. Charity in our day no longer means alms, but justice. The social settlements are substituting vital touch for the machine charity that reaped a crop of hate and beggary. They are passenger bridges, it has been truly said, not mere chutes for the delivery of coal and groceries, — bridges upon which men go over, not down, from the mansion to the tenement. We have learned that we cannot pass off checks for human sympathy in settlement of our brotherhood arrears. The church, which once stood by indifferent, or worse, is hastening to enter the life of the people. In the memory of men yet living, one church, moving uptown away from the crowd, left its old Mulberry Street home to be converted into

tenements that justly earned the name of "dens of death" in the Health Department's records, while another became the foulest lodging house in an unclean city. It was a church corporation which in those bad days owned the worst underground dive downtown, and turned a deaf ear to all remonstrances. The church was "angling for souls." But souls in this world live in bodies endowed with reason. The results of that kind of fishing were empty pews and cold hearts, and the conscience-stricken cry, "What shall we do to lay hold of this great multitude that has slipped from us?"

Ten years have passed, and to-day we see the churches of every denomination uniting in a systematic canvass of the city to get at the facts of the people's life of which they had ceased to be a part, pleading for parks, playgrounds, kindergartens, libraries, clubs, and better homes. There is a new and hearty sound to the word "brother" that is full of hope. The cry has been answered. The gap in the social body, between rich and poor, is no longer widening. We are certainly coming closer together. Ten years ago, when the King's Daughters lighted a Christmas tree in Gotham Court, the children ran screaming from Santa Claus as from a "bogymen." Last Christmas, the boys in the Hebrew Institute's schools nearly broke the bank laying in supplies to do him honor. I do not mean that the Jews are deserting to join the Christian church. They are doing that which is better, — they are embracing its spirit; and they and we are the better for it. God knows we waited long enough; and how close we were to each other all the while without knowing it! Last Christmas, a clergyman, who lives out of town and has a household of children, asked me if I could not find for them a poor family in the city with children of about the same ages, whom they might visit and befriend. He worked every day in the office of a foreign mission in Fifth Avenue, and

knew little of the life that moved about him in the city. I picked out a Hungarian widow in an East Side tenement, whose brave struggle to keep her little flock together had enlisted my sympathy and strong admiration. She was a cleaner in an office building; not until all the arrangements had been made did it occur to me to ask where. Then it turned out that she was scrubbing floors in the missionary society's house, right at my friend's door. They had passed each other every day, each in need of the other, and each as far from the other as if oceans separated them instead of a doorstep four inches wide.

Looking back over the years that lie behind with their work, and forward to those that are coming, I see only cause for hope. As I write these last lines in a far distant land, in the city of my birth, the children are playing under my window, and calling to one another with glad cries in my sweet mother tongue, even as we did in the long ago. Life and the world are before them, bright with the promise of morning. So to me seem the skies at home. Not lightly do I say it, for I have known the toil of rough-hewing it on the pioneer line that turns men's hair gray; but I have seen also the reward of the toil. New

York is the youngest of the world's great cities, barely yet out of its knickerbockers. It may be that the dawning century will see it as the greatest of them all. The task that is set it, the problem it has to solve and which it may not shirk, is the problem of civilization, of human progress, of a people's fitness for self-government that is on trial among us. We shall solve it by the world-old formula of human sympathy, of humane touch. Somewhere in these pages I have told of the woman in Chicago who accounted herself the happiest woman alive because she had at last obtained a playground for her poor neighbors' children. "I have lived here for years," she said to me, "and struggled with principalities and powers, and have made up my mind that the most and the best I can do is to live right here with my people, and smile with them, — keep smiling; weep when I must, but smile as long as I possibly can." And the tears shone in her gentle old eyes as she said it. When we have learned to smile and weep with the poor, we shall have mastered our problem. Then the slum will have lost its grip and the boss his job.

Until then, while they are in possession, our business is to hold taut and take in slack, never letting go for a moment.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE ETERNITY OF ART.

SECURE the honey cell,
The spider's web is strong;
A song — there's none can tell —
It may live long and long.

For laggard hours or fleet
May bring no harm to art;
Once sweet, forever sweet,
Life holds it to her heart.

John Vance Cheney.

A DUNNET SHEPHERDESS.

I.

EARLY one morning at Dunnet Landing, as if it were still night, I waked, suddenly startled by a spirited conversation beneath my window. It was not one of Mrs. Todd's morning soliloquies; she was not addressing her plants and flowers in words of either praise or blame. Her voice was declamatory though perfectly good-humored, while the second voice, a man's, was of lower pitch and somewhat deprecating.

The sun was just above the sea, and struck straight across my room through a crack in the blind. It was a strange hour for the arrival of a guest, and still too soon for the general run of business, even in that tiny Eastern haven where daybreak fisheries and early tides must often rule the day.

The man's voice suddenly declared itself to my sleepy ears. It was Mr. William Blackett's.

"Why, sister Almiry," he protested gently, "I don't need none o' your nostrums."

"Pick me a small han'ful," she commanded, — "no, no, a *small* han'ful, I said, — o' them large penny'yal sprigs! I go to all the trouble an' cossetin' of 'em just so as to have you ready to meet such occasions, an' last year, you may remember, you never stopped here at all, the day you went up country. An' the frost come at last an' blacked it. I never saw any herb that so objected to garden ground; might as well try to flourish mayflowers in a common front yard. There, you can come in now, an' set an' eat what breakfast you've got patience for. I've found everything I want, an' I'll mash 'em up an' be all ready to put 'em on."

I heard such a pleading note of appeal as the speakers went round the cor-

ner of the house, and my curiosity was so demanding, that I dressed in haste, and joined my friends a little later, with two unnoticed excuses, of the beauty of the morning and the early mail boat. William's breakfast had been slighted; he had taken his cup of tea, and merely pushed back the rest on the kitchen table. He was now sitting in a helpless condition by the side window, with one of his sister's purple calico aprons pinned close about his neck. Poor William was meekly submitting to being smeared, as to his countenance, with a most pungent and unattractive lotion of pennyroyal and other green herbs which had been hastily pounded and mixed with cream in the little white stone mortar.

I had to cast two or three looks at William to reassure myself that he really looked happy and expectant in spite of his melancholy circumstances, and was not being overtaken by retribution. The brother and sister seemed to be on delightful terms with each other for once, and there was something of cheerful anticipation in their morning talk. I was reminded of Medea's anointing Jason before the great episode of the iron bulls; but to-day William really could not be going up country to see a railroad for the first time. I knew this to be one of his great schemes; but he was not fitted to appear in public, or to front an observing world of strangers. As I came in he essayed to rise, but Mrs. Todd pushed him back into the chair.

"Set where you be till it dries on," she insisted. "Land sakes, you'd think he'd get over bein' a boy some time or 'nother, gettin' along in years as he is. An' you'd think he'd seen full enough o' fish; but once a year he has to break loose like this, an' travel off 'way up back o' the Bowden place — far out o' my beat, 't is — an' go a trout-fishin'!"

Her tone of amused scorn was so full of challenge that William changed color even under the green streaks.

"I want some change," he said, looking at me, and not at her. "'T is the prettiest little shady brook you ever saw."

"If he ever fetched home more 'n a couple o' minnies, 't would seem worth while," Mrs. Todd concluded, putting a last dab of the mysterious compound so perilously near her brother's mouth that William flushed again and was silent.

A little later I witnessed his escape, when Mrs. Todd had taken the foolish risk of going down cellar. There was a horse and wagon outside the garden fence, and presently we stood where we could see him driving up the hill with thoughtless speed. Mrs. Todd said nothing, but watched him affectionately out of sight.

"It serves to keep the mosquitoes off," she said, and a moment later it occurred to my slow mind that she spoke of the pennyroyal lotion. "I don't know sometimes but William's kind of poetical," she continued, in her gentlest voice. "You'd think, if anything could cure him of it, 't would be the fish business."

It was only twenty minutes past six on a summer morning, but we both sat down to rest as if the activities of the day were over. Mrs. Todd rocked gently for a time, and seemed to be lost, though not poorly, like Macbeth, in her thoughts. At last she resumed relations with her actual surroundings. "I shall now put my lobsters on. They'll make us a good supper," she announced. "Then I can let the fire out for all day; give it a holiday, same 's William. You can have a little one now, nice an' hot, if you ain't got all the breakfast you want. Yes, I'll put the lobsters on. William was very thoughtful to bring 'em over. William is thoughtful; if he only had a spark o' ambition, there be few could match him."

This unusual concession was afforded

a sympathetic listener from the depths of the kitchen closet. Mrs. Todd was getting out her old iron lobster pot, and began to speak of prosaic affairs. I hoped that I should hear something more about her brother and their island life, and sat idly by the kitchen window looking at the morning-glories that shaded it, believing that some flaw of wind might set Mrs. Todd's mind on its former course. Then it occurred to me that she had spoken about our supper rather than our dinner, and I guessed that she might have some great scheme before her for the day.

When I had loitered for some time, and there was no further word about William, and at last I was conscious of receiving no attention whatever, I went away. It was something of a disappointment to find that she put no hindrance in the way of my usual morning affairs, of going up to the empty little white schoolhouse on the hill where I did my task of writing. I had been almost sure of a holiday when I discovered that Mrs. Todd was likely to take one herself,—we had not been far afield to gather herbs and pleasures for many days now; but a little later she had silently vanished. I found my luncheon ready on the table in the little entry, wrapped in its shining old homespun napkin; and as if by way of special consolation, there was a stone bottle of Mrs. Todd's best spruce beer, with a long piece of cod line wound round it, by which it could be lowered, for coolness, into the deep schoolhouse well.

I walked away with a dull supply of writing paper and these provisions, feeling like a reluctant child who hopes to be called back at every step. There was no relenting voice to be heard, and when I reached the schoolhouse I found that I had left an open window and a swinging shutter the day before, and the sea wind that blew at evening had fluttered my poor sheaf of papers all about the room.

So the day did not begin very well,

and I began to recognize that it was one of the days when nothing could be done without company. The truth was that my heart had gone trouting with William, but it would have been too selfish to say a word even to one's self about spoiling his day. If there is one way above another of getting so close to nature that one simply is a piece of nature, following a primeval instinct with perfect self-forgetfulness, and forgetting everything except the dreamy consciousness of pleasant freedom, it is to take the course of a shady trout brook. The dark pools and the sunny shallows beckon one on; the wedge of sky between the trees on either bank, the speaking, companioning noise of the water, the amazing importance of what one is doing, and the constant sense of life and beauty make a strange transformation of the quick hours. I had a sudden memory of all this, and another, and another. I could not get myself free from "fishing and wishing."

At that moment I heard the unusual sound of wheels, and I looked past the high-growing thicket of wild roses and straggling sumac to see the white nose and meagre shape of the Caplin horse; then I saw William sitting in the open wagon, with a small expectant smile upon his face.

"I've got two lines," he said. "I was quite a piece up the road. I thought perhaps 't was so you'd feel like going."

There was enough excitement for most occasions in hearing William speak three sentences at once. Words seemed but vain to me at that bright moment. I stepped back from the schoolhouse window with a beating heart. The spruce-beer bottle was not yet in the well, and with that and my luncheon, and Pleasure at the helm, I went out into the happy world. The land breeze was blowing, and, as we turned away, I saw a flutter of white go past the window as I left the schoolhouse and my morning's work to their neglected fate.

II.

I seldom gave way to a cruel impulse to look at an ancient seafaring William, but I felt as if he were a growing boy; I only hope that he felt much the same about me. He did not wear the fishing clothes that belonged to his sea-going life, but a strangely shaped old suit of tea-colored linen garments that might have been brought home years ago from Canton or Bombay. William had a peculiar way of giving silent assent when you spoke, but of answering your unspoken thoughts as if they reached him better than words. "I find them very easy," he said, frankly referring to the clothes. "Father had them in his old sea chest."

The antique fashion, a quaint touch of foreign grace and even imagination about the cut, were very pleasing; if ever Mr. William Blackett had faintly resembled an old beau, it was upon that day. He now appeared to feel as if everything had been explained between us, as if everything were quite understood; and we drove for some distance without finding it necessary to speak again about anything. At last, when it must have been a little past nine o'clock, he stopped the horse beside a small farmhouse, and nodded when I asked if I should get down from the wagon. "You can steer about northeast right across the pasture," he said, looking from under the eaves of his hat with an expectant smile. "I always leave the team here."

I helped to unfasten the harness, and William led the horse away to the barn. It was a poor-looking little place, and a forlorn woman looked at us through the window before she appeared at the door. I told her that Mr. Blackett and I came up from the Landing to go fishing. "He keeps a-comin', don't he?" she answered, with a funny little laugh, to which I was at a loss to find answer. When he joined us, I could not see that he took notice

of her presence in any way except to take an armful of dried salt fish from a corded stack in the back of the wagon which had been carefully covered with a piece of old sail. We had left a wake of their pungent flavor behind us all the way. I wondered what was going to become of the rest of them, and some fresh lobsters which were also disclosed to view; but he laid the present gift on the doorstep without a word, and a few minutes later, when I looked back as we crossed the pasture, the fish were being carried into the house.

I could not see any signs of a trout brook until I came close upon it in the bushy pasture, and presently we struck into the low woods of straggling spruce and fir mixed into a tangle of swamp maples and alders which stretched away on either hand up and down stream. We found an open place in the pasture where some taller trees seemed to have been overlooked rather than spared. The sun was bright and hot by this time, and I sat down in the shade, while William produced his lines and cut and trimmed us each a slender rod. I wondered where Mrs. Todd was spending the morning, and if later she would think that pirates had landed and captured me from the schoolhouse.

III.

The brook was giving that live, persistent call to a listener that trout brooks always make; it ran with a free, swift current even here where it crossed an apparently level piece of land. I saw two unpromising, quick barbel chase each other upstream from bank to bank, as we solemnly arranged our hooks and sinkers. I noticed that William's glances changed from anxiety to relief when he found that I was used to such gear; perhaps he felt that we must stay together if I could not bait my own hook; but we parted happily, full of a pleasing sense of companionship.

William had pointed me up the brook, but I chose to go down, which was only fair because it was his day, though one likes as well to follow and see where a brook goes as to find one's way to the places it comes from, and its tiny springs and head waters, and in this case trout were not to be considered. William's only real anxiety was lest I might suffer from mosquitoes. His own complexion was still strangely impaired by its defenses; but I kept forgetting it, and looking to see if we were treading fresh pennyroyal underfoot, so efficient was Mrs. Todd's remedy. I was conscious, after we parted, and I turned to see if he were already fishing, and saw him wave his hand gallantly as he went away, that our friendship had made a great gain.

The moment that I began to fish the brook I had a sense of its emptiness; when my bait first touched the water and went lightly down the quick stream, I knew that there was nothing to lie in wait for it. It is the same certainty that comes when one knocks at the door of an empty house, a lack of answering consciousness and of possible response; it is quite different if there is any life within. But it was a lovely brook, and I went a long way through woods and breezy open pastures, and found a forsaken house and overgrown farm, and laid up many pleasures for future joy and remembrance. At the end of the morning I came back to our meeting place, hungry and without any fish. William was already waiting, and we did not mention the matter of trout. We ate our luncheons with good appetites, and William brought our two stone bottles of spruce beer from the deep place in the brook where he had left them to cool. Then we sat awhile longer in peace and quietness on the green bank.

As for William, he looked more boyish than ever, and kept a more remote and juvenile sort of silence. Once I wondered how he had come to be so curiously wrinkled, — forgetting, absent-

mindedly, to recognize the effects of time. He did not expect any one else to keep up a vain show of conversation, and so I was silent as well as he. I glanced at him now and then, but I watched the leaves tossing against the sky and the red cattle moving in the pasture. "I don't know 's we need head for home. It's early yet," he said at last, and I was as startled as if one of the gray firs had spoken.

"I guess I'll go up-along and ask after Thankful Hight's folks," he continued. "Mother 'd like to get word." And I nodded a pleased assent.

IV.

William led the way across the pasture, and I followed with a deep sense of pleased anticipation. I do not believe that my companion had expected me to make any objection, but I knew that he was gratified by the easy way that his plans for the day were being seconded. He gave a look at the sky to see if there were any portents; but the sky was frankly blue; even the doubtful morning haze had disappeared.

We went northward along a rough, clayey road, across a bare-looking, sun-burnt country full of tiresome long slopes where the sun was hot and bright, and I could not help observing the forlorn look of the farms. There was a great deal of pasture, but it looked deserted; and I wondered afresh why the people did not raise more sheep, when that seemed the only possible use to make of their land. I said so to Mr. Blackett, who gave me a look of pleased surprise.

"That 's what She always maintains," he said eagerly. "She's right about it, too. Well, you'll see!"

I was glad to find myself approved, but I had not the least idea whom he meant, and waited until he felt like speaking again.

A few minutes later we drove down a steep hill and entered a large tract of dark spruce woods. It was delightful to be sheltered from the afternoon sun, and when we had gone some distance in the shade, to my great pleasure William turned the horse's head toward some bars, which he let down, and I drove through into one of those narrow, still, sweet-scented byways which seem to be paths rather than roads. Often we had to put aside the heavy drooping branches which barred the way, and once, when a sharp twig struck William in the face, he announced with such spirit that somebody ought to go through there with an axe that I felt unexpectedly guilty. So far as I now remember, this was William's only remark all the way through the woods to Thankful Hight's folks, but from time to time he pointed or nodded at something which I might have missed, — a sleepy little owl snuggled into the bend of a branch, or a tall stalk of cardinal flowers where the sunlight came down at the edge of a small, bright piece of marsh. Many times, being used to the company of Mrs. Todd and other friends who were in the habit of talking, I came near making an idle remark to William, but I was for the most part happily preserved; to be with him only for a short time was to live on a different level, where thoughts served best because they were thoughts in common, the primary effect upon our minds of the simple things and beauties that we saw. Once when I caught sight of a lovely gay pigeon woodpecker eyeing us curiously from a dead branch, and instinctively turned toward William, he gave an indulgent, comprehending nod which silenced me all the rest of the way. The wood road was not a place for common noisy conversation; one would interrupt the birds and all the still little beasts that belonged there. But it was mortifying to find how strong the habit of idle speech may become in one's self. One need not always be saying

something in this noisy world. I grew conscious of the difference between William's usual fashion of life and mine; for him there were long days of silence in a sea-going boat, and I could believe that he and his mother usually spoke very little because they so perfectly understood each other. There was something peculiarly unresponding about their quiet island in the sea, solidly fixed into the still foundations of the world, against whose rocky shores the sea beats and calls, and is unanswered.

We were quite half an hour going through the woods; the horse's feet made no sound on the brown, soft track under the dark evergreens. I thought that we should come out at last into more pastures, but there was no half-wooded strip of land at the end; the high woods grew squarely against an old stone wall and a sunshiny open field, and we came out suddenly into broad daylight that startled us, and even startled the horse, who might have been napping as he walked, like an old soldier. The field sloped up to a low, unpainted house that faced the east. Behind it were long, frost-whitened ledges that made the hill, with strips of green turf and bushes between. It was the wildest, most Titanic sort of pasture country up there; there was a sort of daring in putting a frail-wooden house before it, though it might have the homely field and honest woods to front against. You thought of the elements and even of possible volcanoes as you looked up the stony heights. Suddenly I saw that a region of what I had imagined gray stones was slowly moving, as if the sun was making my eyesight unsteady.

"There's the sheep!" exclaimed William, pointing eagerly. "You see the sheep?" And sure enough, it was a great company of woolly backs, which seemed to have taken a mysterious protective resemblance to the ledges themselves. I could discover but little chance

for pasturage on that high, sunburnt ridge, but the sheep were moving steadily in a satisfied way, as they fed along the slopes and hollows.

"I never have seen half so many sheep as these, all summer long!" I cried, with admiration.

"There ain't so many," answered William soberly. "It's a great sight. They do so well because they're shepherded; but you can't beat sense into some folks."

"You mean that somebody stays and watches them?" I asked.

"She observed years ago in her reading that they don't turn out their flocks without protection anywhere but in the state o' Maine," returned William. "First thing that put it into her mind was a little old book mother's got; she read it one time when she come out to the Island. They call it the Shepherd o' Salisbury Plain. 'Twas n't the purpose o' the book to most, but when she read it, 'There, Mis' Blackett!' she said, 'that's where we've all lacked sense; our Bibles ought to have taught us that what sheep need is a shepherd.' You see most folks about here gave up sheep-raisin' years ago 'count o' the dogs. So she gave up school-teachin' and went out to tend her flock, and has shepherded ever since, an' done well."

For William this approached an oration. He spoke with enthusiasm, and I shared the triumph of the moment. "There she is now!" he exclaimed, in a different tone, as the tall figure of a woman came following the flock and stood still on the ridge, looking toward us as if her eyes had been quick to see a strange object in the familiar emptiness of the field. William stood up in the wagon, and I thought he was going to call or wave his hand to her; but he sat down again more clumsily than if the wagon had made the familiar motion of a boat, and we drove on toward the house.

It was a most solitary place to live in,

—a place where one might think that a life could hide itself. The thick woods were between the farm and the main road, and as one looked up and down the country there was no other house in sight.

"Potatoes look well," announced William. "The old folks used to say that there wa'n't no better land outdoors than the Hight field."

I found myself possessed of a surprising interest in the shepherdess, who stood far away in the hill pasture with her great flock, like a figure of Millet's, high against the sky.

V.

Everything about the old farmhouse was clean and orderly, as if the green dooryard were not only swept, but dusted. I saw a flock of turkeys stepping off carefully at a distance, but there was not the usual untidy flock of hens about the place to make everything look in disarray. William helped me out of the wagon as carefully as if I had been his mother, and nodded toward the open door with a reassuring look at me; but I waited until he had tied the horse and could lead the way himself. He took off his hat just as we were going in, and stopped for a moment to smooth his thin gray hair with his hand, by which I saw that we had an affair of some ceremony. We entered an old-fashioned country kitchen, the floor scrubbed into unevenness, and the doors well polished by the touch of hands. In a large chair facing the window there sat a masterful-looking old woman, with the features of a warlike Roman emperor, emphasized by a bonnet-like black cap with a band of green ribbon. Her sceptre was a palm-leaf fan.

William crossed the room toward her, and bent his head close to her ear.

"Feelin' pretty well to-day, Mis' Hight?" he asked, with all the voice his narrow chest could muster.

"No, I ain't, William. Here I have to set," she answered coldly, but she gave an inquiring glance over his shoulder at me.

"This is the young lady who is stopping with Almiry this summer," he explained, and I approached as if to give the countersign. She offered her left hand with considerable dignity, but her expression never seemed to change for the better. A moment later she said that she was pleased to meet me, and I felt as if the worst were over. William must have felt some apprehension, while I was only ignorant, as we had come across the field. Our hostess was more than disapproving,—she was forbidding; but I was not long in suspecting that she felt the natural resentment of a strong energy that has been defeated by illness and made the spoil of captivity.

"Mother well as usual since you was up last year?" And William replied by a series of cheerful nods. The mention of dear Mrs. Blackett was a help to any conversation.

"Been fishin' ashore," he explained, in a somewhat conciliatory voice. "Thought you'd like a few for winter," which at once accounted for the generous freight we had brought in the back of the wagon. I could see that the offering was no surprise, and that Mrs. Hight was interested.

"Well, I expect they're good as the last," she said, but did not even approach a smile. She kept a straight, discerning eye upon me.

"Give the lady a cheer," she admonished William, who hastened to place close by her side one of the straight-backed chairs that stood against the kitchen wall. Then he lingered for a moment, like a timid boy. I could see that he wore a look of resolve, but he did not ask the permission for which he evidently waited.

"You can go search for Esther," she said, at the end of a long pause that became anxious for both her guests. "Es-

ther 'd like to see her." And William in his pale nankeens disappeared with one light step and was off.

VI.

"Don't speak too loud; it jars a person's head," directed Mrs. Hight plainly. "Clear an' distinct is what reaches me best. Any news to the Landin'?"

I was happily furnished with the particulars of a sudden death, and an engagement of marriage between a Caplin, a seafaring widower home from his voyage, and one of the younger Harrises; and now Mrs. Hight really smiled and settled herself in her chair. We exhausted one subject completely before we turned to the other. One of the returning turkeys took an unwarrantable liberty, and, mounting the doorstep, came in and walked about the kitchen without being observed by its strict owner; and the tin dipper slipped off its nail behind us and made an astonishing noise, and jar enough to reach Mrs. Hight's inner ear and make her turn her head to look at it; but we talked straight on. We came at last to understand each other upon such terms of friendship that she unbent her majestic port and complained to me as any poor old woman might of the hardships of her illness. She had already fixed various dates upon the sad certainty of the year when she had the shock, which had left her perfectly helpless except for a clumsy left hand which fanned and gestured, and settled and resettled the folds of her dress, but could do no comfortable time-shortening work.

"Yes'm, you can feel sure I use it what I can," she said severely. "'T was a long spell before I could let Esther go forth in the mornin' till she 'd got me up an' dressed me; but now she leaves things ready overnight, and I get 'em as I want 'em with my light pair o' tongs, and I feel very able about helpin' myself

to what I once did. Then when Esther returns, all she has to do is to push me out here into the kitchen. Some parts o' the year Esther stays out all night, — them moonlight nights when the dogs are apt to be after the sheep, — but she don't use herself as hard as she once had to. She 's well able to hire somebody, Esther is; but there, you can't find no hired man that wants to git up before five o'clock nowadays; 't ain't as 't was in my time. They 're liable to fall asleep, too; and them moonlight nights she 's so anxious she can't sleep, and out she goes. There 's a kind of a fold, she calls it, up there in a sheltered spot, and she sleeps up in a little shed she 's got, — built it herself for lambin' time, and when the poor foolish creatur's gets hurt or anything. I 've never seen it, but she says it 's in a lovely spot, and always pleasant in any weather. You see off, other side of the ridge, to the south'ard, where there 's houses. I used to think some time I 'd get up to see it again, and all them spots she lives in, but I shan't now. I 'm beginnin' to go back; an' 't ain't surprisin'. I 've kind of got used to disappointments," and the poor soul drew a deep sigh.

VII.

It was long before we noticed the lapse of time. I not only told every circumstance known to me of recent events among the households of Mrs. Todd's neighborhood at the shore, but Mrs. Hight became more and more communicative on her part, and went carefully into the genealogical descent and personal experience of many acquaintances, until between us we had pretty nearly circumnavigated the globe and reached Dunnet Landing from an opposite direction to that in which we had started. It was long before my own interest began to flag; there was a flavor of the best sort in her definite and descriptive fash-

ion of speech. It may be only a fancy of my own that in the sound and value of many words, with their lengthened vowels and doubled cadences, there is some faint survival on the Maine coast of the sound of English speech of Chaucer's time.

At last Mrs. Thankful Hight gave a suspicious look through the window.

"Where do you suppose they be?" she asked me. "Esther must ha' been off to the far edge o' everything. I doubt William ain't been able to find her. Can't he hear their bells? His hearin' all right?"

William had heard some herons that morning which were beyond the reach of my own ears, and almost beyond eyesight in the upper skies, and I told her so. I was luckily preserved by some unconscious instinct from saying that we had seen the shepherdess so near, as we crossed the field. Unless she had fled faster than Atalanta, William must have been but a few minutes in reaching her immediate neighborhood. I now discovered, with a quick leap of amusement and delight in my heart, that I had fallen upon a serious chapter of romance. The old woman looked suspiciously at me, and I made a dash to cover with a new piece of information; but she listened with lofty indifference, and soon interrupted my eager statements.

"Ain't William been gone some considerable time?" she demanded, and then in a milder tone: "The time has re'lly flown; I do enjoy havin' company. I set here alone a sight o' long days. Sheep is dreadful fools; I expect they heard a strange step, and set right off through bush an' brier, spite of all she could do. But William might have the sense to return, 'stead o' searchin' about. I want to inquire of him about his mother. What was you goin' to say? I guess you'll have time to relate it."

My powers of entertainment were on the ebb, but I doubled my diligence, and we went on for another half hour,

at least, with banners flying; but still William did not reappear. Mrs. Hight frankly began to show fatigue.

"Somethin' 's happened, an' he 's stopped to help her!" groaned the old lady, in the middle of what I had found to tell her about a rumor of disaffection with the minister of a town I merely knew by name, in the weekly newspaper to which Mrs. Todd subscribed. "You step to the door, dear, an' look if you can't see 'em."

I promptly stepped, and once outside the house I looked anxiously in the direction which William had taken.

To my astonishment, I saw all the sheep so near that I wonder we had not been aware in the house of every bleat and tinkle; and there, within a stone's throw, on the first long gray ledge that showed above the juniper, were William and the shepherdess, engaged in pleasant conversation. At first I was provoked, and then amused, and a thrill of sympathy warmed my whole heart. They had seen me and risen as if by magic; I had a sense of being the messenger of Fate. One could almost hear their sighs of regret as I appeared; they must have passed a lovely afternoon. I hurried into the house with the reassuring news that they were not only in sight, but perfectly safe, with all the sheep.

VIII.

Mrs. Hight, like myself, was spent with conversation, and had ceased even the one activity of fanning herself. I brought a desired drink of water, and happily remembered some fruit that was left from my luncheon. She revived with splendid vigor, and told me the simple history of her later years since she had been smitten in the prime of her life by the stroke of paralysis, and her husband had died and left her alone with Esther and a mortgage on their farm. There was only one field of good land,

but they owned a great region of sheep pasture and a little woodland. Esther had always been laughed at for her belief in sheep-raising, when one by one their neighbors were giving up their flocks, and when everything had come to the point of despair she had raised all the money and bought all the sheep she could; insisting that Maine lambs were as good as any, and that there was a straight path by sea to Boston market. And by tending her flock herself she had managed to succeed: she had made money enough to pay off the mortgage five years ago, and now what they did not spend was safe in the bank. "It has been stubborn work, day and night, summer and winter, an' now she's beginnin' to get along in years," said the old mother sadly. "She's tended me 'long o' the sheep, an' she's been a good girl right along, but she ought to have been a teacher;" and Mrs. Hight sighed heavily and plied the fan again.

We heard voices, and William and Esther entered; they did not know that it was so late in the afternoon. William looked almost bold, and oddly like a happy young man rather than an ancient boy. As for Esther, she might have been Jeanne d'Arc returned to her sheep, touched with age and gray with the ashes of a great remembrance. She wore the simple look of sainthood and unfeigned devotion. My heart was moved by the sight of her plain, sweet face, weatherworn and gentle in its looks, her thin figure in its close dress, and the strong hand that clasped a shepherd's staff; and I could only hold William in new reverence, this silent farmer-fisherman who knew, and he alone, the noble and patient heart that beat within her breast. I am not sure that they acknowledged even to themselves that they had always been lovers,—they could not consent to anything so definite or pronounced; but they were happy in being together in the world. Esther was untouched by the fret and fury of life; she

had lived in sunshine and rain among her silly sheep, and been refined instead of coarsened, while her touching patience with a ramping old mother, stung by the sense of defeat and mourning her lost activities, had given back a lovely self-possession and habit of sweet temper. I had seen enough of old Mrs. Hight to know that nothing a sheep might do could vex a person who was used to the uncertainties and severities of her companionship.

IX.

Mrs. Hight told her daughter at once that she had enjoyed a beautiful call, and got a great many new things to think of. This was said so frankly in my hearing that it gave a consciousness of high reward, and I was indeed recompensed by the grateful look in Esther's eyes. We did not speak much together, but we understood each other. For the poor old woman did not read, and could not sew or knit with her helpless hand, and they were far from any neighbors, while her spirit was as eager in age as in youth, and expected even more from a disappointing world. She had lived to see the mortgage paid and money in the bank, and Esther's success acknowledged on every hand, and there were still a few pleasures left in life. William had his mother and Esther had hers, and they had not seen each other for a year, though Mrs. Hight had spoken of a year's making no change in William even at his age. She must have been in the far eighties herself, but of a noble courage and persistence in the world she ruled from her stiff-backed rocking-chair.

William unloaded his gift of dried fish, each one chosen with perfect care, and Esther stood by, watching him; and then she walked across the field with us, beside the wagon. I believed that I was the only one who knew their happy secret, and she blushed a little as we said good-by.

"I hope you ain't goin' to feel too tired, mother's so deaf; no, I hope you won't be tired," she said kindly, speaking as if she well knew what tiredness was. We could hear the neglected sheep bleating on the hill in the next moment's silence. Then she smiled at me, a smile of noble patience, of uncomprehended sacrifice, which I can never forget. There was all the remembrance of disappointed hopes, the hardships of winter, the loneliness of single-handedness, in her look; but I understood, and I love to remember her worn face and her young blue eyes.

"Good-by, William," she said gently; and William said good-by and gave her a quick glance, but he did not turn to look back, though I did, and waved my hand as she was putting up the bars behind us. Nor did he speak again until we had passed through the dark woods and were on our way homeward by the main road. The grave yearly visit had

been changed from a hope into a happy memory.

"You can see the sea from the top of her pasture hill," said William at last.

"Can you?" I asked, with surprise.

"Yes, it's very high land; the ledges up there show very plain in clear weather from the top of our island, and there's a high upstandin' tree that makes a landmark for the fishin' grounds." And William gave a happy sigh.

When we had nearly reached the Landing, my companion looked over into the back of the wagon and saw that the piece of sailcloth was safe with which he had covered the dried fish. "I wish we had got some trout," he said wistfully. "They always appease Almiry, and make her feel 't was worth while to go."

I stole a glance at William Blackett. We had not seen a solitary mosquito, but there was a dark stripe across his mild face, which might have been an old scar won long ago in battle.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

A PHILISTINE VIEW.

THE circumstances connected with the production of Browning's play of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* have been almost from the beginning a subject of controversy and of contradictory statement. Macready's diary, to which we should naturally look for full information, affords us here no help. The relations between him and the poet had been intimate. The quarrel arising on this occasion caused an estrangement which lasted for years. But in the diary as published there are only three references to this tragedy, and they are all very meagre. Nor do we find in them any opinion expressed by the actor as to the fitness of the play for the stage, nor any information given as to its success or failure. It seems probable that anything and every-

thing on this matter, which could provoke the slightest discussion, was carefully edited out of the work when it was given to the press.

Talk about it — talk involving the idea that it had been a failure — undoubtedly abounded among the friends of Macready. No authoritative statement to that effect, however, was put forth on his side. On the part of Browning there existed the same reticence. No published account, giving his view of the circumstances, came from him while he was living; but when Mrs. Sutherland Orr's biography appeared, in 1890, it contained two letters of the poet bearing directly upon the subject. There had been in 1884 a performance of the play in London, under the auspices of the

Browning Society. In America it had been brought out by Barrett. This partial revival led to the preparation of an article for a London daily paper, in which was repeated the common assertion that the play as originally produced had been a failure, and a failure, too, in spite of the efforts of powerful and experienced actors to insure its success. The editor entertained some doubt as to the truth of this statement. Consequently, before the piece was published he submitted a proof of it to Browning himself. In reply he received the two letters just mentioned.

In these letters Browning tells us that so long as the misstatements about the play, to which Macready and his friends had given currency at the time, were confined to private circles, he had chosen to keep silence. Now, however, that they were passing from conversation into print, now that he was compelled not merely to hear them, but to read them, their untruth was becoming somewhat hard to bear. He furnished the editor, therefore, not for publication, but for his personal information, the true story of the events connected with the production of this tragedy. It was an altogether different story from the one which had hitherto been current. Since its appearance in Mrs. Orr's biography, it has been pretty generally, perhaps universally, regarded as an authoritative and indisputable account of the occurrences that then took place, and as a complete answer to the misleading reports that had been previously in circulation. In fact, when the consideration of this play is reached, in one of the latest notices of his career, we are informed that "a favorite weapon in the hands of the Philistines has been the oft-reiterated statement that the performance was a failure. A letter from Browning to Mr. Hill, editor of the Daily News at the time of the revival of *The Blot* by Lawrence Barrett in 1884, drawn out by the same old falsehood, gives the truth in regard to

the matter, and should silence once for all the ubiquitous Philistines."

There has come to be a widespread feeling in our day that if the Philistines had left us a version of the events connected with the controversies they had with the children of Israel, quite a different impression would now prevail in regard to their character and conduct. The mistake they made was in conforming to the policy of silence here recommended. Their side we do not know. Accordingly, there is a possibility, to say the least, that they have been unduly disparaged. Their descendants at this day should learn from their fate not to repeat their error. It may therefore be permitted a humble inhabitant of Gath to examine this true story which is to put to shame his ubiquitous countrymen, and to test the accuracy of its statements. That Browning himself believed every word of it he wrote, no one would think of denying. A man of his lofty character was absolutely incapable, even in thought, of making an intentional misstatement, and least of all in his own favor. None the less is it true that a strict examination of his two letters brings to view no small number of irreconcilable discrepancies, of confused dates, and of variations from easily ascertainable fact.

In this discussion, the central point to be kept in mind is that *A Blot in the Scutcheon* was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre on February 11, 1843, while Macready was manager. Furthermore, it is not to be forgotten that Macready himself did not act in it; that the part which he naturally would have assumed was taken by Samuel Phelps. With these facts in mind, and disregarding the details which Browning gives of the occurrences which led to the rupture of his friendship with the great actor, let us confine our attention exclusively to the statements he makes which bear directly upon the fortunes of the play. They number six, and are as follows:—

(1.) Macready received and accepted *A Blot* in the 'Scutcheon while he was playing at the Haymarket Theatre, and retained it for Drury Lane, of which he was about to become the manager. Of any such plan on his part Browning was ignorant at the time.

(2.) It was not accepted by Macready at any one's "instigation," and Charles Dickens, who is the person really alluded to, was not in England when it was accepted; nor did he see the play till it was read to him by Forster, after his return.

(3.) When the Drury Lane season began, Macready informed Browning that he should act *A Blot* in the 'Scutcheon when he had brought out two other plays, *The Patrician's Daughter* and *Plighted Troth*.

(4.) After he had brought out these two, he wrote to Browning that the former had been unsuccessful in money-drawing, and that the latter had "smashed his arrangements altogether." Nevertheless he would produce the poet's play.

(5.) Macready at first decided not to take any part in the play, himself, and his rôle was assigned to Phelps. Afterwards he manifested a willingness, if not desire, to assume the character which had been given to his subordinate. Browning refused to allow Phelps to be deprived of his part, and this was the main cause of the estrangement that followed. Naturally, this circumstance tended to make Macready indifferent to the success of the play.

(6.) The play was treated most unfairly. Nothing was spent upon it in the way of scenery and dresses. Yet, with all its hurried preparation and lack of accessories to adequate representation, it was sufficiently successful. "It 'made way' for Macready's own benefit, and the theatre closed a fortnight after." This last sentence is in Browning's own words.

These are the principal statements of the author of the play in regard to the

circumstances attending its production. Certain of them can be accepted without hesitation; but in the case of several there seems no escape from the conclusion that Browning's memory, after the lapse of forty years, had played him false. Let us recount some of the difficulties in the way of his report being regarded as an entirely trustworthy representation of the events that then took place.

First, Macready ended his engagement at the Haymarket Theatre on December 7, 1841. He began the management of Drury Lane a little while after. Hence, if *A Blot* in the 'Scutcheon was accepted by him while he was still acting at the former theatre and retained for the latter, it must have been written some time during the closing months of 1841, — probably in November. As it was not produced until February 11, 1843, this necessitates the conclusion that it was kept by Macready in his possession for a year and a quarter at the least, and apparently without his exhibiting any intention during that time of bringing it out. Of course this is possible. Yet it does not accord well with the generally received statement that the piece was written in five days; for while such rapid composition does not actually require us so to believe, it nevertheless gives the impression that it was produced under the stress of an urgent demand. Still less does this long delay harmonize with Browning's further assertion in these letters that he had contributed the play as a proof of personal friendship for the actor.

In the second place, the time of the composition of the play necessitated by Browning's statement does not agree with his further assertion that Dickens was not in England at the time it was accepted by Macready. Dickens was in England in 1841. It was on the 4th of January, 1842, that he set sail for the United States, from which he returned in the following June. His enthusiastic letter eulogizing the play is dated Novem-

ber 25, 1842. The manuscript had just then been shown him by Forster.

Thirdly, Macready's diary testifies that it was not until August 29, 1842, that he read for the first time Marston's *Patrician's Daughter*. He liked it, and added, "I will act it if I am prosperous." Yet if Browning's statement can be trusted, he had already had *A Blot* in the *'Scutcheon* in his hands for eight months, at least. Furthermore, Macready had informed him, according to this same statement, at the opening of his first Drury Lane season, — which took place December 27, 1841, — that he could not bring out his play till he had produced *The Patrician's Daughter*. Yet it is clear from what has just been quoted that at that time he had never seen *The Patrician's Daughter*, if indeed he had ever heard of it; for it is doubtful if it was then in existence.

It may be conceded that it was confused recollection on Browning's part that led him to attribute the composition of *A Blot* in the *'Scutcheon* to the period in which Macready was playing at the Haymarket; that it was not Macready's first Drury Lane season of 1841-42 that he really had in mind, but his second one of 1842-43. In that case, he would have written his play in the summer or autumn of 1842. This would harmonize perfectly with Macready's remarks in August about *The Patrician's Daughter*, and with the perusal of Browning's own manuscript in November by Dickens. It thus meets most of the requirements of the situation, so far as they have been indicated, and would furnish a perfectly satisfactory explanation of what might justly be termed a venial slip of memory.

But, in the fourth place, we are confronted at this point with still another difficulty. Browning was informed that *The Patrician's Daughter* was to be produced before his piece could be performed; also Darley's *Plighted Troth*. But Darley's *Plighted Troth* belongs to

Macready's first Drury Lane season, not to his second. It was on April 20, 1842, that this piece was brought out. It met with a reception so unfavorable that it was withdrawn after the second night. It was not played again during that season, — which closed May 23, 1842, — nor was it revived during the season that followed. These facts, taken in connection with the poet's own assertions, lead to the following perplexing situation. If Macready's communication to Browning in regard to the time of producing his play was made at the beginning of his Drury Lane season of 1841-42, he could not then have informed him that his piece would have to wait until *The Patrician's Daughter* had been brought out; for *The Patrician's Daughter* was not submitted to Macready's inspection till late in the summer of 1842, more than three months after that season had closed. If, on the other hand, the communication was made at or near the date of the opening of the season of 1842-43, Macready could not then have told Browning that he would have to wait for the production of *Plighted Troth*; for *Plighted Troth* had been brought out the previous season, and had been most effectually damned.

The fifth point to be mentioned is that the season of 1842-43 — during which Browning's tragedy was produced — opened on the 1st of October. On the 10th of the following December John Westland Marston's play of *The Patrician's Daughter* was presented. During the season it was acted ten times, the last performance being on January 20, 1843. While this cannot be deemed a success, it can hardly be called a failure; for those were not the days of long runs.

Browning's own production was brought out, as has been said, on February 11, 1843. It was subsequently acted two nights, — the 15th and the 17th. Then it was permanently withdrawn. Mr. Browning tells us that it gave way to

Macready's benefit. Macready's benefit took place on the 24th of February. In the interval between February 17 and February 24 there had been played *She Stoops to Conquer*, *Macbeth*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *As You Like It*.

Lastly, Mr. Browning tells us that the theatre closed a fortnight after. The fact is that Drury Lane closed for this season just about four months after the production of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. The final performance was on June 14, when *Macbeth* was acted. Furthermore, during these four months Macready had tried his fortune with two new plays: James Sheridan Knowles's *Secretary*, first acted on April 24, 1843; and William Smith's *Athelwold*, first acted on May 18. Both were unsuccessful.

With these great discrepancies between the facts and Browning's report of the facts, variations of little moment need not be too much considered. One may be taken as an illustration. The play was originally read to the company by the prompter, who murdered it. On Browning's protest it was then read by Macready himself, and, as the poet tells us, read very adequately. But he further informs us that it was acted the fifth day after Macready's reading, so that Phelps, who had been ill, had but two days in which to rehearse his part. Macready's diary shows that the play was read by him to the company on February 4. This would be seven days before it was acted, instead of five. The variation is not a matter of consequence, but it doubles the time afforded Phelps for preparation.

It may be worth while to add, in passing, that the dates of performances here given can be verified for himself by any one who will take the trouble to consult the columns of the London daily papers of that period which contain theatrical advertisements. The facts thus revealed impart a somewhat depressing feeling as to the value of the most trustworthy

human testimony. If we cannot rely upon the recollections of a man of Browning's lofty character, great intellect, and keen sense of honor, in regard to a matter in which he himself was profoundly interested, to what quarter are we to look for accuracy? A peculiar proneness to error seems indeed to have overtaken the memory of every one who has dealt with the fortunes of this particular play. Here, for instance, is one reference to it by Mrs. Bridell-Fox, the daughter of the man whom Browning styled his "literary father," given in a contribution to the *Argosy* of February, 1890. "In this play," she wrote, "Macready took the part of Lord Thorold, the elder brother, on the first night of its representation only. I well remember his noble bearing and dignified grace. It was, however, produced by him in the latter days of his management of Drury Lane, when, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he was unable to continue to sustain the part, and handed it over to Mr. Phelps for the remainder of the nights the play ran." As Macready never acted in the play at all, the noble bearing and dignified grace he exhibited necessarily belong to some other occasion. We are not much better off when we come to the actor who took originally the leading part. Phelps, as is well known, revived the play in 1848, while he was manager of the theatre at Sadler's Wells. It was there more successful than at Drury Lane, but its success then cannot be regarded as conspicuous. Yet Mr. Phelps's nephew and biographer wrote in all honesty and sincerity to the Browning Society that "on its reproduction in November, 1848, it was played four nights a week for an entire month (the run he usually gave a play produced by him at that period) to large and enthusiastic audiences, as I can testify, having been in the theatre the greatest part of each evening." This would make at least sixteen performances in all. Now the facts are

that the play was brought out and first acted at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on November 27, 1848. It was subsequently performed on November 28 and 29, and on December 7, 8, and 9. It was not acted again during that year, and but twice more — on February 2 and 3, 1849, — before the season closed, at the end of May. The run of four nights a week for an entire month is consequently an error, and instead of being played sixteen times at least, it was actually played but eight during this revival.

So much for the history of the production of the play. There is assuredly a good deal in the facts here given to furnish the Philistine with a certain justification for his belief that it was not a success. But there now arises another question, of a somewhat different character. Whether *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* is fitted to succeed or not as an acting play, how will it stand the test of close scrutiny as a work of art? Does it fulfill the Shakespearean ideal of holding the mirror up to nature? In this respect, there is one test in particular by which a play must stand or fall as an artistic production. The plot may be what you please. The story upon which it is based may be so far from probable that it verges upon the impossible. But this, while objectionable, can be pardoned. What is without excuse is to find the characters acting without adequate motive; or, if the motive be adequate, to find them acting in the most incomprehensible way for rational beings.

In the observance of what may fairly be called dramatic propriety Shakespeare stands at the head of all writers for the English stage. It is only in two or three instances that we discover the personages of his creation behaving in a way that jars upon our feelings as being unsuited to their character, or as pursuing a course of action which in real life would seem, for them at least, irrational and unnatural. The plot of his play

may rest upon a story which is simply incredible, as is notably the case in *The Merchant of Venice*. All that Shakespeare asks is that the story shall be one which his hearers are willing to accept as likely to happen, whether in itself likely or not. This granted, there is no further demand upon our trust in him as opposed to our judgment. We say of every situation: This is the natural way for the characters, as here portrayed, to think and feel and act. The motives are sufficient; the conduct that follows is what we have a right to expect.

Let us then test by this standard *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. It is of course understood that the production is here treated from the uncultured, unspiritual Philistine point of view exclusively. This involves the consideration of it not as a poem, but as a play; not as a contribution to literature, but as an attempt at a dramatic representation of real life. In order to make the discussion of it clear, it is desirable to begin with a brief statement of the situation upon which the action of the tragedy turns.

Mildred, a young and beautiful girl, is the idolized sister of Lord Tresham, a man of noblest character, but possessed of boundless pride in the spotlessness of his lineage. Unfortunately, she has become engaged in a secret criminal intrigue with the youthful Earl of Merctoun. The lovers are preparing to condone their guilt by marriage; and the play opens with a portrayal of what is going on in the Tresham household at the time the earl presents himself to make a formal application for Mildred's hand.

Naturally, the first thing that strikes with surprise the purely practical man is, how the situation described could ever have arisen under the conditions given. How could a girl, so loved, so surrounded, so tenderly watched over, have had the opportunity to become involved in this love affair, and to have

carried it on for months, without any notice taken of it, without even any suspicion entertained of it by those most deeply interested in her welfare and associating with her constantly? We need not, however, lay too much stress upon this point. Dramatic writers have been so accustomed to make demands upon our faith, if not our credulity, in their plots, that it would be hard to hold Browning censurable for complying with a practice so frequently adopted. The objection to the play as a picture of any real life goes much deeper. The characters throughout scrupulously avoid doing what they might reasonably be expected to do; while the things they would naturally be expected to avoid are the very things which they do not seem to conceive the idea of refraining from doing. The play consequently violates every motive which is supposed to influence human conduct; it outrages every probability which is supposed to characterize human action.

Let us take up first the initial conception. Here are two young persons who are depicted as possessed of the finest character, and as animated by the noblest feelings. They are represented as being desperately in love with each other. They belong to the same station in life. There are no difficulties existing in the way of their union. In fact, it is a natural one, suitable from the point of view of parity of age and neighborhood of estates, as well as of mutual love. The proposed alliance would not only have met with no opposition; it would have been gladly welcomed, as the trial proved. What motive was there, then, for two persons, such as these are supposed to be, engaging in an intrigue of this sort? There is no reason why the hero should not from the very outset have wooed the heroine in the way of honorable marriage, as he is represented as doing at the time the play opens. What has prevented him? it will reasonably be asked. Why has not this lofty-

minded lover applied to the head of the house for the hand of the woman he cherishes so ardently? Only one reason is given for his failure to follow this most natural of all courses. He tells Lord Tresham, in his dying moments, that it was fear of him and his surpassing reputation, fear of him, the all-courted, the all-accomplished scholar and gentleman, that had kept him from presuming to take this daring step. Unfortunately, this fear had not extended to the other members of the family, where it would have been more in place. The timidity which trembled before man's austerity stood in no awe of woman's purity. That which had prevented him from seeking from the brother what could have been had for the asking did not prevent him from engaging and succeeding in the effort to overcome the virtue of the sister.

Let us next take the other party in the affair. She is portrayed as an embodiment of purity. Such she is, at least, in the eyes of her lover and of her nearest of kin. She is filled with the most agonizing remorse for her guilt. Yet no more than he could she have been ignorant of the fact that there were no insurmountable obstacles in the way of her lover securing her hand. Certainly, the experiment might have seemed to her well worth trying, before she yielded herself up to his solicitations. A perfectly pure woman at heart can indeed be made the victim of an overpowering passion. But she would never be likely to sacrifice original modesty and maidenly reserve on a slight pretext; least of all on one so attenuated as this, that her suitor felt a certain timidity about making an application for her hand in regular form. Had the situation been different; had there existed between the two an all-absorbing affection, to the prosperous issue of which circumstances had opposed an impregnable barrier; had there been between the two families a hostility so bitter that the obstacles raised by

mutual enmity were, or appeared, insurmountable; had their positions in life been so different that a proposition of marriage on the part of the lover would have seemed to her brother to partake of the nature of unwarrantable presumption, if not of actual insult: under such circumstances there would have been palliation for the conduct of the two in the eyes of the austerest of those who might have been unwilling to grant pardon. But not a single one of these mitigating circumstances existed. What had been done was done with the full knowledge of both that there was not the slightest necessity of doing it.

Here, then, at the very outset, is exhibited the lack of adequate motive for the existence of the situation in which the lovers are represented as being at the time the play opens. And this is followed by a succession of acts each one of which seems to vie with the one preceding in folly, if not to surpass it. It is a kind of behavior to which nearly all the characters are addicted. It is simply impossible to conceive rational beings in real life conducting themselves with so thorough a disregard of ordinary sense. The earl has overcome his dread of Mildred's brother sufficiently to venture to ask for her hand in due form. He has been graciously, even warmly received. Both hero and heroine now know that it is in their power to atone, so far as in them lies, for the past; that the former can henceforth visit the latter as her acknowledged and accepted suitor. Only two days at most must pass — one day is all that is really necessary — before he can claim openly as his promised bride the woman he loves. It would certainly seem that during this brief interval the two might conduct themselves with common prudence; they might refrain from doing the slightest thing that would so much as remotely tend to bring about the revelation of their secret. The meeting in her chamber must always have been hazardous, —

so hazardous that its having remained so long undiscovered is one of the inherent improbabilities of the plot which we have accepted without murmur. But now that perfect safety is in sight, there is surely no need of running further risk. Such a common-sense procedure was evidently something that never occurred to the minds of Browning's two lovers. The earl takes the occasion of the night following the day of his acceptance by Mildred's brother to visit Mildred herself in her own chamber. As secrecy was all important, it would have been natural for him in real life to have preserved the profoundest silence till the haven was reached. On the contrary, he announces his coming with a song. It is a beautiful lyric. Too much cannot be said in praise of its passionate intensity. It cannot, however, be regarded as in the least appropriate to the circumstances, and not altogether so to the character. It must jar upon the feelings of the auditors, who can hardly help knowing the facts, to have the heroine saluted with its opening line: —

"There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than the purest."

Pure at heart she may be conceded to be, in spite of all that has happened. It would have been fitting for her lover to have assured her, when alone with her, that such she was in his eyes. But the song is as much addressed to the audience as it is to her it celebrates. It can hardly fail to grate upon their feelings to have it chanted to them, almost defiantly, that the woman who to their knowledge has fallen is actually purer than the purest among them, or the purest anywhere. It is not surprising to learn that the first night this play was presented the irreverent were disposed to laugh.

Let us move forward another step in this prosaic examination. The fact of the long-continued series of visits to the chamber has at last been revealed. Mildred is reproached for her course

by her agonized brother. She does not deny her guilt, but refuses absolutely to disclose the name of her guilty partner. At the same time she expresses her perfect willingness and intention to go on with the contemplated marriage. Naturally, her brother is horrified at the apparent dishonor to be inflicted by his family upon an honorable man. One can understand her refusal to reveal her lover's name, if she has made up her mind to expiate her sin by leading henceforth a life of solitary contrition. But so long as she purposes to persist in marrying the suitor she has accepted, why not disclose the fact, in the situation in which she finds herself, that he and the nightly visitor to her chamber are the same person? Several defenses have been pleaded for her refusal to make a revelation which is morally obligatory, if she intends to enter into the proposed union. They have been put forth from the point of view of high art, and again from that of profound philosophy of human nature. The moment any one of them is subjected to careful scrutiny, it is seen to be an effort, equally laborious and futile, to explain what in these ways is unexplainable. But looked at from the point of view of the author, there is no difficulty whatever in accounting for her course. Had she told the name of her lover, the play would have had to stop; the catastrophe planned would have had to be thrown aside. In fact, this tragedy has all along a series of narrow escapes from coming to a happy termination; and nothing has been able to save it from that fate but a corresponding series of peculiarly irrational acts on the part of the characters.

We come now to the conduct of Guendolen, who is represented as possessing fully that common sense which is conspicuous for its absence in the conduct of the lovers. She it is who surprises Mildred's secret. She discovers by her own intuitive sagacity that Mildred's midnight visitor and her affianced hus-

band are one and the same man. She learns, too, that the brother has gone off in an agony of desperation, and is lost to any direct communication. Yet she has her own lover, Austin, at command. To a certain extent, therefore, she is mistress of the situation. Now that the truth is known, it is all important that the earl should not venture the ensuing night to Mildred's chamber. In real life, that would be the one absorbing thought which would be uppermost all the while in the mind of even the foolishest person, once made acquainted with the facts. There is absolute certainty that the earl's coming will be watched, and will be watched by hostile eyes. Consequently, the visit must be prevented, at all hazards. This is a precaution the necessity of which flits across the brain of each of the persons chiefly interested, but seems to make no permanent lodgment in that of any one of them; at least it does not affect their conduct. What action does Guendolen take to warn the earl of what she recognizes as his inevitable danger? She discovers that Lord Tresham has disappeared and cannot be found. With the knowledge of that fact her responsibility apparently ceases, in her own eyes. Everything is against us, she remarks, and then all effort collapses. This woman of tact and resource simply folds her hands and awaits the results of the coming storm; and though she has learned Mildred's secret, she does not even act as her counselor.

On her part, Mildred remains to the last faithful to the ideal of conduct to which she has conformed from the outset. She cannot and she does not fail to foresee the deadly peril which threatens the earl. She declares to Guendolen that he is lost if he comes to her chamber that night. Yet, with almost inconceivable fatuousness, she takes the very course which is certain to lure the man she loves to his destruction. She proceeds to transfer the lamp from the

red square in the painted glass to the small dark blue pane, higher up. That is the appointed signal. The lover of course obeys it. The result follows which any one not a positive idiot would expect. The earl is intercepted. When he discovers who it is that has waylaid him, he makes only a pretended defense, and the lofty-minded Lord Tresham contributes an additional lustre to the purity of his 'scutcheon by slaying a man who makes no resistance. The earl's death is followed by that of Mildred, and hers by the suicide of her brother. The cold-blooded, hard-headed, and hard-hearted practical man feels that persons who display so little sense ought to die; for they are not fit to live in a world of rational or even semi-rational beings.

That these repeated violations of what we feel to be right and reasonable escape ordinarily the attention of the reader is perhaps the highest sort of tribute to the genius of the author. We are so

carried along by the fervor and fire and passion which he puts into his production that we pay no heed to its failure to fulfill the first conditions of dramatic propriety. But a play as a literary product must stand, not upon the excellence of detailed scenes, but upon its perfection as an artistic whole; not upon the beauty of its poetry, but upon its adequate representation of life. The necessities of the drama at times exact, or at least permit, an occasional neglect of probability in the conduct of the characters; but they certainly do not require a persistent defiance of it, as is exhibited throughout this tragedy, which is in no sense a picture of any life that was ever lived. We are in a world of unreal beings, powerfully portrayed; for the situations are exciting, and the pathos of the piece is harrowing. But the action constantly lies out of the realm of the reality it purports to represent, and therefore out of the realm of the highest art.

Thomas R. Lounsbury.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.¹

XXVIII.

IN WHICH I AM IN PRISON AND AM VISITED.

TIRED of dicing against myself, and of the books that Rolfe had sent me, I betook myself to the gaol window, and, leaning against the bars, looked out in search of entertainment. The nearest if not the merriest thing the prospect had to offer was the pillory. It was built so tall that it was but little lower than the low upper story of the gaol, and it faced my window at so short a distance that I could hear the long, whistling breath of

the wretch who happened to occupy it. It was not a pleasant sound; neither was a livid face, new branded on the cheek with a great R, and with a trickle of dark blood from the mutilated ears staining the board in which the head was immovably fixed, a pleasant sight. A little to one side was the whipping post: a woman had been whipped that morning, and her cries had tainted the air even more effectually than had the decayed matter with which certain small devils had pelted the runaway in the pillory. I looked away from the poor rogue below me into the clear, hard brightness of the March day, and was

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most heartily weary of the bars between me and it. The wind blew keenly; the sky was blue as blue could be, and the river a great ribbon of azure sewn with diamonds. All colors were vivid and all distances near. There was no haze over the forest; brown and bare it struck the cloudless blue. The marsh was emerald, the green of the pines deep and rich, the budding maples redder than coral. The church, with the low green graves around it, appeared not a stone's throw away, and the voices of the children up and down the street sounded clearly, as though they played in the brown square below me. When the drum beat for the nooning the roll was close in my ears. The world looked so bright and keen that it seemed new made, and the brilliant sunshine and the cold wind stirred the blood like wine.

Now and then men and women passed through the square below. Well-nigh all glanced up at the window, and their eyes were friendly. It was known now that Buckingham was paramount at home, and my Lord Carnal's following in Virginia was much decayed. Young Hamor rode by, bravely dressed and whistling cheerily, and doffed a hat with a most noble broken feather. "We're going to bait a bear below the fort!" he called. "Sorry you'll miss the sport! There will be all the world — and my Lord Carnal." He whistled himself away, and presently there came along Master Edward Sharpless. He stopped and stared at the rogue in the pillory, — with no presence, I suppose, of a day when he was to stand there himself; then looked up at me with as much malevolence as his small soul could write upon his mean features, and passed on. He had a jaded look; moreover, his clothes were swamp-stained and his cloak had been torn by briars. "What did you go to the forest for?" I muttered.

The key grated in the door behind me, and it opened to admit the gaoler and Diccon with my dinner, — which I

was not sorry to see. "Sir George sent the venison, sir," said the gaoler, grinning, "and Master Piersey the wild fowl, and Madam West the pasty and the marchpane, and Master Pory the sack. Be there anything you lack, sir?"

"Nothing that you can supply," I answered curtly.

The fellow grinned again, straightened the things upon the table, and started for the door. "You can stay until I come for the platters," he said to Diccon, and went out, locking the door after him with ostentation.

I applied myself to the dinner, and Diccon went to the window, and stood there looking out at the blue sky and the man in the pillory. He had the freedom of the gaol. I was somewhat more straitly confined, though my friends had easy access to me. As for Jeremy Sparrow, he had spent twenty-four hours in gaol, at the end of which time Madam West had a fit of the spleen, declared she was dying, and insisted upon Master Sparrow's being sent for to administer consolation; Master Bucke, unfortunately, having gone up to Henricus on business connected with the college. From the bedside of that despotic lady Sparrow was called to bury a man on the other side of the river, and from the grave to marry a couple at Mulberry Island. And the next day being Sunday, and no minister at hand, he preached again in Master Bucke's pulpit, — and preached a sermon so powerful and moving that its like had never been heard in Virginia. They marched him not back from the pulpit to gaol. There were but five ministers in Virginia, and there were a many more sick to visit and dead to bury. Master Bucke, still feeble in body, tarried up river discussing with Thorpe the latter's darling project of converting every imp of an Indian this side the South Sea, and Jeremy slipped into his old place. There had been some talk of a public censure, but it died away.

The pasty and sack disposed of, I

turned in my seat and spoke to Diccon: "I looked for Master Rolfe to-day. Have you heard aught of him?"

"No," he answered. As he spoke, the door was opened and the gaoler put in his head. "A messenger from Master Rolfe, captain." He drew back, and the Indian Nantauquas entered the room.

Rolfe I had seen twice since the arrival of the George at Jamestown, but the Indian had not been with him. The young chief now came forward and touched the hand I held out to him. "My brother will be here before the sun touches the tallest pine," he announced in his grave, calm voice. "He asks Captain Percy to deny himself to any other that may come. He wishes to see him alone."

"I shall hardly be troubled with company," I said. "There's a bear-baiting toward."

Nantauquas smiled. "My brother asked me to find a bear for to-day. I bought one from the Paspaheghs for a piece of copper, and took him to the ring below the fort."

"Where all the town will presently be gone," I said. "I wonder what Rolfe did that for?"

Filling a cup with sack, I pushed it to the Indian across the table. "You are little in the woods nowadays, Nantauquas."

His fine dark face clouded ever so slightly. "Opechancanough has dreamt that I am Indian no longer. Singing birds have lied to him, telling him that I love the white man, and hate my own color. He calls me no more his brave, his brother Powhatan's dear son. I do not sit by his council fire now, nor do I lead his war bands. When I went last to his lodge and stood before him, his eyes burned me like the coals the Monacans once closed my hands upon. He would not speak to me."

"It would not fret me if he never spoke again," I said. "You have been to the forest to-day?"

"Yes," he replied, glancing at the

smear of leaf mould upon his beaded moccasins. "Captain Percy's eyes are quick; he should have been an Indian. I went to the Paspaheghs to take them the piece of copper. I could tell Captain Percy a curious thing" —

"Well?" I demanded, as he paused.

"I went to the lodge of the werowance with the copper, and found him not there. The old men declared that he had gone to the weirs for fish, — he and ten of his braves. The old men lied. I had passed the weirs of the Paspaheghs, and no man was there. I sat and smoked before the lodge, and the maidens brought me chinquapin cakes and pohickory; for Nantauquas is a prince and a welcome guest to all save Opechancanough. The old men smoked, with their eyes upon the ground, each seeing only the days when he was even as Nantauquas. They never knew when a wife of the werowance, turned child by pride, unfolded a doeskin and showed Nantauquas a silver cup carved all over and set with colored stones."

"Humph!"

"The cup was a heavy price to pay," continued the Indian. "I do not know what great thing it bought."

"Humph!" I said again. "Did you happen to meet Master Edward Sharpless in the forest?"

He shook his head. "The forest is wide, and there are many trails through it. Nantauquas looked for that of the werowance of the Paspaheghs, but found it not. He had no time to waste upon a white man."

He gathered his otterskin mantle about him and prepared to depart. I rose and gave him my hand, for I thoroughly liked him, and in the past he had made me his debtor. "Tell Rolfe he will find me alone," I said, "and take my thanks for your pains, Nantauquas. If ever we hunt together again, may I have the chance to serve you! I bear the scars of the wolf's teeth yet; you came in the nick of time, that day."

The Indian smiled. "It was a fierce old wolf. I wish Captain Percy free with all my heart, and then we will hunt more wolves, he and I."

When he was gone, and the gaoler and Diceon with him, I returned to the window. The runaway in the pillory was released, and went away homewards, staggering beside his master's stirrup. Passers-by grew more and more infrequent, and up the street came faint sounds of laughter and hurrahing, — the bear must be making good sport. I could see the half-moon, and the guns, and the flag that streamed in the wind, and on the river a sail or two, white in the sunlight as the gulls that swooped past. Beyond rose the bare masts of the George. The Santa Teresa rode no more forever in the James. The King's ship was gone home to the King without the freight he looked for. Three days, and the George would spread her white wings and go down the wide river, and I with her, and the King's ward, and the King's sometime favorite. I looked down the wind-ruffled stream, and saw the great bay into which it emptied, and beyond the bay the heaving ocean, dark and light, league on league, league on league; then green England, and London, and the Tower. The vision disturbed me less than once it would have done. Men that I knew and trusted were to be passengers on that ship, as well as one I knew and did not trust. And if, at the journey's end, I saw the Tower, I saw also his Grace of Buckingham. Where I hated he hated, and was now powerful enough to strike. He would soon know that my Lord Carnal was not of the dead. One of the ships forming the consort of the George, while still in Southern waters, had turned back to England with letters from Sir Francis Wyatt and Master Sandys to the Company, and from my lord to the King. Men said that the knowledge that his rival lived would not greatly disconcert the now all-powerful duke, — might even give a new zest to the din-

ner of that day on which he should learn the news.

The wind blew from the west, from the unknown. I turned my head, and it beat against my forehead, cold and fragrant with the essence of the forest, — pine and cedar, dead leaves and black mould, fen and hollow and hill, — all the world of woods over which it had passed. The ghost of things long dead, which face or voice could never conjure up, will sometimes start across our path at the beckoning of an odor. A day in the Starving Time came back to me: how I had dragged myself from our broken palisade and crazy huts, and the groans of the famished and the plague-stricken, and the presence of the unburied dead, across the neck and into the woods, and had lain down there to die, being taken with a sick fear and horror of the place of cannibals behind me; and how weak I was! — too weak to care any more. I had been a strong man, and it had come to that, and I was content to let it be. The smell of the woods that day, the chill brown earth beneath me, the blowing wind, the long stretch of the river gleaming between the pines, . . . *and fair in sight the white sails of the Patience and the Deliverance* . . .

I had been too nigh gone then to greatly care that I was saved; now I cared, and thanked God for my life. Come what might in the future, the past was mine. Though I should never see my wife again, I had that hour in the state cabin of the George. I loved, and was loved again.

There was a noise outside the door, and Rolfe's voice speaking to the gaoler. Impatient for his entrance I started toward the door, but when it opened he made no move to cross the threshold. "I am not coming in," he said, with a face that he strove to keep grave. "I only came to bring some one else." With that he stepped back, and a second figure, coming forward out of the dimness behind him, crossed the threshold. It

was a woman, cloaked and hooded. The door was drawn to behind her, and we were alone together.

Beside the cloak and hood she wore a riding mask. "Do you know who it is?" she asked, with a low laugh, when she had stood, so shrouded, for a long minute, during which I had found no words with which to welcome her.

"Yea," I answered: "the princess in the fairy tale."

She freed her dark hair from its covering, and unclasping her cloak let it drop to the floor. "Shall I unmask?" she asked, with a sigh. "Faith! I should keep the bit of silk between your eyes, sir, and my blushes. Am I ever to be the forward one? Do you not think me too bold a lady?" As she spoke, her white hands were busy about the fastening of her mask. "The knot is too hard," she murmured, with a little tremulous laugh and a catch of her breath.

I untied the ribbons.

"May I not sit down?" she said plaintively, but with soft merriment in her eyes. "I am not quite strong yet. My heart — you do not know what pain I have in my heart sometimes. It makes me weep of nights and when none are by, indeed it does!"

There was a settle beneath the window. I led her to it, and she sat down.

"You must know that I am walking in the Governor's garden, that hath only a lane between it and the gaol." Her eyes were downcast, her cheeks pure rose.

"When did you first love me?" I demanded.

"Lady Wyatt must have guessed why Master Rolfe alone went not to the bear-baiting, but joined us in the garden. She said the air was keen, and fetched me her mask, and then herself went in-doors to embroider Samson in the arms of Delilah."

"Was it here at Jamestown, or was it when we were first wrecked, or on the island with the pink hill when you wrote my name in the sand, or" —

"The George will sail in three days, and we are to be taken back to England after all. It does not scare me now."

"In all my life I have kissed you only once," I said.

The rose deepened, and in her eyes there was laughter, with tears behind. "You are a gentleman of determination," she said. "If you are bent upon having your way, I do not know that I — that I — can help myself. I do not even know that I want to help myself."

Outside the wind blew and the sun shone, and the laughter from below the fort was too far away and elfin to jar upon us. The world forgot us, and we were well content. There seemed not much to say: I suppose we were too happy for words. I knelt beside her, and she laid her hands in mine, and now and then we spoke. In her short and lonely life, and in my longer stern and crowded one, there had been little tenderness, little happiness. In her past, to those about her, she had seemed bright and gay; I had been a comrade whom men liked because I could jest as well as fight. Now we were happy, but we were not gay. Each felt for the other a great compassion; each knew that though we smiled to day, the groan and the tear might be to-morrow's due; the sunshine around us was pure gold, but that the clouds were mounting we knew full well.

"I must soon be gone," she said at last. "It is a stolen meeting. I do not know when we shall meet again."

She rose from the settle, and I rose with her, and we stood together beside the barred window. There was no danger of her being seen; street and square were left to the wind and the sunshine. My arm was around her, and she leaned her head against my breast. "Perhaps we shall never meet again," she breathed.

"The winter is over," I answered. "Soon the trees will be green and the flowers in bloom. I will not believe that our spring can have no summer."

She took from her bosom a little flower that had been pinned there. It lay, a purple star, in the hollow of her hand. "It grew in the sun. It is the first flower of spring." She put it to her lips, then laid it upon the window ledge beside my hand. "I have brought you evil gifts, — foes and strife and peril. Will you take this little purple flower — and all my heart beside?"

I bent and kissed first the tiny blossom, and then the lips that had proffered it. "I am very rich," I said.

The sun was now low, and the pines in the square and the upright of the pilory cast long shadows. The wind had fallen and the sounds had died away. It seemed very still. Nothing moved but the creeping shadows until a flight of small white-breasted birds went past the window. "The snow is gone," I said. "The snowbirds are flying north."

"The woods will soon be green," she murmured wistfully. "Ah, if we could ride through them once more, back to Weyanoke" —

"To home," I said.

"Home," she echoed softly.

There was a low knocking at the door behind us. "It is Master Rolfe's signal," she said. "I must not stay. Tell me that you love me, and let me go."

I drew her closer to me and pressed my lips upon her bowed head. "Do you not know that I love you?" I asked.

"Yea," she answered. "I have been taught it. Tell me that you believe that God will be good to us. Tell me that we shall be happy yet; for oh, I have a boding heart this day!"

Her voice broke, and she lay trembling in my arms, her face hidden. "If the summer never comes for us" — she whispered. "Good-by, my lover and my husband. If I have brought you ruin and death, I have brought you, too, a love that is very great. Forgive me and kiss me, and let me go."

"Thou art my dearly loved and honored wife," I said. "My heart fore-

bodes summer, and joy, and peace, and home."

We kissed each other solemnly, as those who part for a journey and a warfare. I spoke no word to Rolfe when the door was opened and she had passed out with her cloak drawn about her face, but we clasped hands, and each knew the other for his friend indeed. They were gone, the gaoler closing and locking the door behind them. As for me, I went back to the settle beneath the window, and, falling on my knees beside it, buried my face in my arms.

XXIX.

IN WHICH I KEEP TRYST.

The sun dropped below the forest, blood red, dyeing the river its own color. There were no clouds in the sky, — only a great suffusion of crimson climbing to the zenith; against it the woods were as black as war paint. The color faded and the night set in, a night of no wind and of numberless stars. On the hearth burned a fire. I left the window and sat beside it, and in the hollows between the red embers made pictures, as I used to make them when I was a boy.

I sat there long. It grew late, and all sounds in the town were hushed; only now and then the "All's well!" of the watch came faintly to my ears. Diccon lodged with me; he lay in his clothes upon a pallet in the far corner of the room, but whether he slept or not I did not ask. He and I had never wasted words; since chance had thrown us together again we spoke only when occasion required.

The fire was nigh out, and it must have been ten of the clock when, with somewhat more of caution and less of noise than usual, the key grated in the lock; the door opened, and the gaoler entered, closing it noiselessly behind him. There was no reason why he should in-

trude himself upon me after nightfall, and I regarded him with a frown and an impatience that presently turned to curiosity.

He began to move about the room, making pretense of seeing that there was water in the pitcher beside my pallet, that the straw beneath the coverlet was fresh, that the bars of the window were firm, and ended by approaching the fire and heaping pine upon it. It flamed up brilliantly, and in the strong red light he half opened a clenched hand and showed me two gold pieces, and beneath them a folded paper. I looked at his furtive eyes and brutal, doltish face, but he kept them blank as a wall. The hand closed again over the treasure within it, and he turned away as if to leave the room. I drew a noble — one of a small store of gold pieces conveyed to me by Rolfe — from my pocket, and stooping made it spin upon the hearth in the red firelight. The gaoler looked at it askance, but continued his progress toward the door. I drew out its fellow, set it too to spinning, then leaned back against the table. "They hunt in couples," I said. "There will be no third one."

He had his foot upon them before they had done spinning. The next moment they had kissed the two pieces already in his possession, and he had transferred all four to his pocket. I held out my hand for the paper, and he gave it to me grudgingly, with a spiteful slowness of movement. He would have stayed beside me as I read it, but I sternly bade him keep his distance; then kneeling before the fire to get the light, I opened the paper. It was written upon in a delicate, woman's hand, and it ran thus: —

"An you hold me dear, come to me at once. Come without tarrying to the deserted hut on the neck of land, nearest to the forest. As you love me, as you are my knight, keep this tryst.

In distress and peril,

THY WIFE."

Folded with it was a line in the commander's hand and with his signature: "The bearer may pass without the pallsade at his pleasure."

I read the first paper again, refolded it, and rose to my feet. "Who brought this, sirrah?" I demanded.

His answer was glib enough: "One of the Governor's servants. He said as how there was no harm in the letter, and the gold was good."

"When was this?"

"Just now. No, I did n't know the man."

I saw no way to discover whether or not he lied. Drawing out my handful of gold pieces, I laid two side by side upon the table. He eyed them greedily, edging nearer and nearer.

"For leaving this door unlocked," I said.

His eyes narrowed and he moistened his lips, shifting from one foot to the other.

I put down another piece. "For opening the outer door," I said.

He wet his lips again, made an inarticulate sound in his throat, and finally broke out with, "The commander will nail my ears to the pillory."

"You can lock the doors after me, and know as little as you choose in the morning. No gain without some risk."

"That's so," he agreed, and made a clutch at the gold.

I swept it out of his reach. "First earn it," I said dryly. "Look at the foot of the pillory an hour from now and you'll find it. I'll not pay you this side of the doors."

He bit his lips and studied the floor. "You're a gentleman," he growled at last. "I suppose I can trust ye."

"I suppose you can."

Taking up his lantern he turned toward the door. "It's growing late," he said, with a most uncouth attempt to feign a guileless drowsiness. "I'll to bed, captain, when I've locked up. Good-night to ye!"

He was gone, and the door was left unlocked. I could walk out of that gaol as I could have walked out of my house at Weyanoke. I was free, but should I take my freedom? Going back to the light of the fire I unfolded the paper and stared at it, turning its contents this way and that in my mind. The hand — but once had I seen her writing, and then it had been wrought with a shell upon firm sand. I could not judge if this were the same. Had the paper indeed come from her? Had it not? If in truth it was a message from my wife, what had befallen in the few hours since our parting? If it was a forger's lie, what trap was set, what toils were laid? I walked up and down, and tried to think it out. The strangeness of it all, the choice of a lonely and distant hut for trysting place, that pass coming from a sworn officer of the Company, certain things I had heard that day . . . A trap . . . and to walk into it with my eyes open. . . . *An you hold me dear. As you are my knight, keep this tryst. In distress and peril.* . . . Come what might, there was a risk I could not run.

I had no weapons to assume, no preparations to make. Gathering up the gaoler's gold I started toward the door, opened it, and going out would have closed it softly behind me but that a booted leg thrust across the jamb prevented me. "I am going with you," said Diccon in a guarded voice. "If you try to prevent me, I will rouse the house." His head was thrown back in the old way; the old daredevil look was upon his face. "I don't know why you are going," he declared, "but there 'll be danger, anyhow."

"To the best of my belief I am walking into a trap," I said.

"Then it will shut on two instead of one," he answered doggedly.

By this he was through the door, and there was no shadow of turning on his dark, determined face. I knew my man, and wasted no more words. Long

ago it had grown to seem the thing most in nature that the hour of danger should find us side by side.

When the door of the firelit room was shut, the gaol was in darkness that might be felt. It was very still: the few other inmates were fast asleep; the gaoler was somewhere out of sight, dreaming with open eyes. We groped our way through the passage to the stairs, noiselessly descended them, and found the outer door unchained, unbarred, and slightly ajar.

When I had laid the gold beneath the pillory, we struck swiftly across the square, being in fear lest the watch should come upon us, and took the first lane that led toward the palisade. Beneath the burning stars the town lay stark in sleep. So bright in the wintry air were those far-away lights that the darkness below them was not great. We could see the low houses, the shadowy pines, the naked oaks, the sandy lane glimmering away to the river, star-strewn to match the heavens. The air was cold, but exceedingly clear and still. Now and then a dog barked, or wolves howled in the forest across the river. We kept in the shadow of the houses and the trees, and went with the swiftness, silence, and caution of Indians.

The last house we must pass before reaching the palisade was one that Rolfe owned, and in which he lodged when business brought him to Jamestown. It and some low outbuildings beyond it were as dark as the cedars in which they were set, and as silent as the grave. Rolfe and his Indian brother were sleeping there now, while I stood without. Or did they sleep? Were they there at all? Might it not have been Rolfe who had bribed the gaoler and procured the pass from West? Might I not find him at that strange trysting place? Might not all be well, after all? I was sorely tempted to rouse that silent house and demand if its master were within. I did it not. Servants were there, and noise would be made, and time that

might be more precious than life blood was flying fast. I went on, and Diccon with me.

There was a cabin built almost against the palisade, and here one man was supposed to watch, whilst another slept. To-night we found both asleep. I shook the younger to his feet, and heartily cursed him for his negligence. He listened stupidly, and read as stupidly, by the light of his lantern, the pass which I thrust beneath his nose. Staggering to his feet, and drunk with his unlawful slumber, he fumbled at the fastenings of the gate for full three minutes before the ponderous wood finally swung open and showed the road beyond. "It's all right," he muttered thickly. "The commander's pass. Good-night, the three on ye!"

"Are you drunk or drugged?" I demanded. "There are only two. It's not sleep that is the matter with you. What is it?"

He made no answer, but stood holding the gate open and blinking at us with dull, unseeing eyes. Something ailed him besides sleep; he may have been drugged, for aught I know. When we had gone some yards from the gate, we heard him say again, in precisely the same tone, "Good-night, the three on ye!" Then the gate creaked to, and we heard the bars drawn across it.

Without the palisade was a space of waste land, marsh and thicket, tapering to the narrow strip of sand and scrub joining the peninsula to the forest, and here and there upon this waste ground rose a mean house, dwelt in by the poorer sort. All were dark. We left them behind, and found ourselves upon the neck, with the desolate murmur of the river on either hand, and before us the deep blackness of the forest. Suddenly Diccon stopped in his tracks and turned his head. "I did hear something then," he muttered. "Look, sir!"

The stars faintly lit the road that had been trodden hard and bare by the feet

of all who came and went. Down this road something was coming toward us, something low and dark, that moved not fast, and not slow, but with a measured and relentless pace. "A panther!" said Diccon.

We watched the creature with more of curiosity than alarm. Unless brought to bay, or hungry, or wantonly irritated, these great cats were cowardly enough. It would hardly attack the two of us. Nearer and nearer it came, showing no signs of anger and none of fear, and paying no attention to the withered branch with which Diccon tried to scare it off. When it was so close that we could see the white of its breast it stopped, looking at us with large unfaltering eyes, and slightly moving its tail to and fro.

"A tame panther!" ejaculated Diccon. "It must be the one Nantauquas tamed, sir. He would have kept it somewhere near Master Rolfe's house."

"And it heard us, and followed us through the gate," I said. "It was the *third* the warder talked of."

We walked on, and the beast, addressing itself to motion, followed at our heels. Now and then we looked back at it, but we feared it not.

As for me, I had begun to think that a panther might be the least formidable thing I should meet that night. By this I had scarcely any hope — or fear — that I should find her at our journey's end. The lonesome path that led only to the nighttime forest, the deep and dark river with its mournful voice, the hard, bright, pitiless stars, the cold, the loneliness, the distance, — how should she be there? And if not she, who then?

The hut to which I had been directed stood in an angle made by the neck and the main bank of the river. On one side of it was the water, on the other a deep wood. The place had an evil name, and no man had lived there since the planter who had built it hanged himself upon its threshold. The hut was ruinous: in the summer tall weeds grew up

around it, and venomous snakes harbored beneath its rotted and broken floor; in the winter the snow whitened it, and the wild fowl flew screaming in and out of the open door and the windows that needed no barring. To-night the door was shut and the windows in some way obscured. But the interstices between the logs showed red; the hut was lighted within, and some one was keeping tryst.

The stillness was deadly. It was not silence, for the river murmured in the stiff reeds, and far off in the midnight forest some beast of the night uttered its cry, but a hush, a holding of the breath, an expectant horror. The door, warped and shrunken, was drawn to, but was not fastened, as I could tell by the unbroken line of red light down one side from top to bottom. Making no sound, I laid my hand upon it, pushed it open a little way, and looked within the hut.

I had thought to find it empty or to find it crowded. It was neither. A torch lit it, and on the hearth burned a fire. Drawn in front of the blaze was an old rude chair, and in it sat a slight figure draped from head to foot in a black cloak. The head was bowed and hidden, the whole attitude one of listlessness and dejection. As I looked, there came a long tremulous sigh, and the head drooped lower and lower, as if in a growing hopelessness.

The revulsion of feeling was so great that for the moment I was dazed as by a sudden blow. There had been time during the walk from the gaol for enough of wild and whirling thoughts as to what should greet me in that hut; and now the slight figure by the fire, the exquisite melancholy of its posture, its bent head, the weeping I could divine, — I had but one thought, to comfort her as quickly as I might. Diceon's hand was upon my arm, but I shook it off, and pushing the door open crossed the uneven and noisy floor to the fire, and bent over the lonely figure beside it. "Jocelyn," I said, "I have kept tryst."

As I spoke, I laid my hand upon the bowed and covered head. It was raised, the cloak was drawn aside, and there looked me in the eyes the Italian.

As if it had been the Gorgon's gaze, I was turned to stone. The filmy eyes, the smile that would have been mocking had it not been so very faint, the pallor, the malignance, — I stared and stared, and my heart grew cold and sick.

It was but for a minute; then a warning cry from Diceon roused me. I sprang backward until the width of the hearth was between me and the Italian, then wheeled and found myself face to face with the King's late favorite. Behind him was an open door, and beyond it a small inner room, dimly lighted. He stood and looked at me with an insolence and a triumph most intolerable. His drawn sword was in his hand, the jeweled hilt blazing in the firelight, and on his dark, superb face a taunting smile. I met it with one as bold, at least, but I said no word, good or bad. In the cabin of the *George* I had sworn to myself that thenceforward my sword should speak for me to this gentleman.

"You came," he said. "I thought you would."

I glanced around the hut, seeking for a weapon. Seeing nothing more promising than the thick, half-consumed torch, I sprang to it and wrested it from the socket. Diceon caught up a piece of rusted iron from the hearth, and together we faced my lord's drawn sword and a small, sharp, and strangely shaped dagger that the Italian drew from a velvet sheath.

My lord laughed, reading my thoughts. "You are mistaken," he declared coolly. "I am content that Captain Percy knows I do not fear to fight him. This time I play to win." Turning toward the outer door, he raised his hand with a gesture of command.

In an instant the room was filled. The red-brown figures, naked save for the loincloth and the headdress, the impas-

sive faces dashed with black, the ruthless eyes, — I knew now why Master Edward Sharpless had gone to the forest, and what service had been bought with that silver cup. The Paspaheghs and I were old enemies; doubtless they would find their task a pleasant one.

"My own knaves, unfortunately, were out of the way; sent home on the Santa Teresa," said my lord, still smiling. "I am not yet so poor that I cannot hire others. True, Nicolo might have done the work just now, when you bent over him so lovingly and spoke so softly; but the river might give up your body to tell strange tales. I have heard that the Indians are more ingenious, and leave no such witness anywhere."

Before the words were out of his mouth I had sprung upon him, and had caught him by the sword wrist and the throat. He strove to free his hand, to withdraw himself from my grasp. Locked together, we struggled backward and forward in what seemed a blaze of lights and a roaring as of mighty waters. Red hands caught at me, sharp knives panted to drink my blood; but so fast we turned and writhed, now he uppermost, now I, that for very fear of striking the wrong man hands and knives could not be bold. I heard Diccon fighting, and knew that there would be howling tomorrow among the squaws of the Paspaheghs. With all his might my lord strove to bend the sword against me, and at last did cut me across the arm, causing the blood to flow freely. It made a pool upon the floor, and once my foot slipped in it, and I stumbled and almost fell.

Two of the Paspaheghs were silent for evermore. Diccon had the knife of the first to fall, and it ran red. The Italian, quick and sinuous as a serpent, kept beside my lord and me, striving to bring his dagger to his master's aid. We two panted hard; before our eyes blood, within our ears the sea. The noise of the other combatants suddenly fell. The

hush could only mean that Diccon was dead or taken. I could not look behind to see. With an access of fury I drove my antagonist toward a corner of the hut, — the corner, so it chanced, in which the panther had taken up its quarters. With his heel he struck the beast out of his way, then made a last desperate effort to throw me. I let him think he was about to succeed, gathered my forces and brought him crashing to the ground. The sword was in my hand and shortened, the point was at his breast, when my arm was jerked backwards. A moment, and half a dozen hands had dragged me from the man beneath me, and a supple savage had passed a thong of deerskin around my arms and pinioned them to my sides. The game was up; there remained only to pay the forfeit without a grimace.

Diccon was not dead; pinioned, like myself, and breathing hard, he leaned sullenly against the wall, they that he had slain at his feet. My lord rose, and stood over against me. His rich doublet was torn and dragged away at the neck, and my blood stained his hand and arm. A smile was upon the face that had made him master of a kingdom's master.

"The game was long," he said, "but I have won at last. A long good-night to you, Captain Percy, and a dreamless sleep!"

There was a swift backward movement of the Indians, and a loud "The panther, sir! Have a care!" from Diccon. I turned. The panther, maddened by the noise and light, the shifting figures, the blocked doors, the sight and smell of blood, the blow that had been dealt it, was crouching for a spring. The red-brown hair was bristling, the eyes were terrible. I was before it, but those glaring eyes had marked me not. It passed me like a bar from a catapult, and the man whose heel it had felt was full in its path. One of its forefeet sank in the velvet of the doublet; the claws of the other entered the flesh below the temple,

and tore downwards and across. With a cry as awful as the panther's scream the Italian threw himself upon the beast and buried his poniard in its neck. The panther and the man it had attacked went down together.

When the Indians had unlocked that dread embrace and had thrust aside the dead brute, there emerged from the dimness of the inner room Master Edward Sharpless, gray with fear, trembling in every limb, to take the reins that had fallen from my lord's hands. The King's minion lay in his blood, a ghastly spectacle; unconscious now, but with life before him, — life through which to pass a nightmare vision. The face out of which had looked that sullen, proud, and wicked spirit had been one of great beauty; it had brought him exceeding wealth and power beyond measure; the King had loved to look upon it; and it had come to this. He lived, and I was to die: better my death than his life. In every heart there are dark depths, whence at times ugly things creep into the daylight; but at least I could drive back that unmanly triumph, and bid it never come again. I would have killed him, but I would not have had him thus.

The Italian was upon his knees beside his master: even such a creature could love. From his skeleton throat came a low, prolonged, croaking sound, and his bony hands strove to wipe away the blood. The Paspaheghs drew around us closer and closer, and the werowance clutched me by the shoulder. I shook him off. "Give the word, Sharpless," I said, "or nod, if thou art too frightened to speak. Murder is too stern a stuff for such a base kitchen knave as thou to deal in."

White and shaking, he would not meet my eyes, but beckoned the werowance to him, and began to whisper vehemently; pointing now to the man upon the floor, now to the town, now to the forest. The Indian listened, nodded, and glided back to his fellows.

"The white men upon the Powhatan are many," he said in his own tongue, "but they build not their wigwams upon the banks of the Pamunkey. The singing birds of the Pamunkey tell no tales. The pine splinters will burn as brightly there, and the white men will smell them not. We will build a fire at Uttamussac, between the red hills, before the temple and the graves of the kings." There was a murmur of assent from his braves.

Uttamussac! They would probably make a two days' journey of it. We had that long, then, to live.

Captors and captives, we presently left the hut. On the threshold I looked back, past the poltroon whom I had flung into a brook one midsummer day, to that prone and bleeding figure. As I looked, it groaned and moved. The Indians behind me forced me on; a moment, and we were out beneath the stars. They shone so very brightly; there was one — large, steadfast, golden — just over the dark town behind us, over the Governor's house. Did she sleep or did she wake? Sleeping or waking, I prayed God to keep her safe and give her comfort. The stars now shone through naked branches, black tree trunks hemmed us round, and under our feet was the dreary rustling of dead leaves. The leafless trees gave way to pines and cedars, and the closely woven, scented roof hid the heavens, and made a darkness of the world beneath.

XXX.

IN WHICH WE START UPON A JOURNEY.

When the dawn broke, it found us traveling through a narrow valley, beside a stream of some width. Upon its banks grew trees of extraordinary height and girth; cypress and oak and walnut, they towered into the air, their topmost branches stark and black against the roseate heavens. Below that iron tracery glowed the firebrands of the maples,

and here and there a willow leaned a pale green cloud above the stream. Mist closed the distances; we could hear, but not see, the deer where they stood to drink in the shallow places, or couched in the gray and dreamlike recesses of the forest.

Spectral, unreal, and hollow seems the world at dawn. Then, if ever, the heart sickens and the will flags, and life becomes a pagcant that hath ceased to entertain. As I moved through the mist and the silence, and felt the tug of the thong that bound me to the wrist of the savage who stalked before me, I cared not how soon they made an end, seeing how stale and unprofitable were all things under the sun.

Diceon, walking behind me, stumbled over a root and fell upon his knees, dragging down with him the Indian to whom he was tied. In a sudden access of fury, aggravated by the jeers with which his fellows greeted his mishap, the savage turned upon his prisoner and would have struck a knife into him, bound and helpless as he was, had not the wero-wance interfered. The momentary altercation over, and the knife restored to its owner's belt, the Indians relapsed into their usual menacing silence, and the sullen march was resumed. Presently the stream made a sharp bend across our path, and we forded it as best we might. It ran dark and swift, and the water was of icy coldness. Beyond, the woods had been burnt, the trees rising from the red ground like charred and blackened stakes, with the ghostlike mist between. We left this dismal tract behind, and entered a wood of mighty oaks, standing well apart, and with the earth below carpeted with moss and early wild flowers. The sun rose, the mist vanished, and there set in the March day of keen wind and brilliant sunshine.

Farther on, an Indian bent his bow against a bear shambling across a little sunny glade. The arrow did its errand, and where the creature fell, there we sat

down and feasted beside a fire kindled by rubbing two sticks together. According to their wont the Indians ate ravenously, and when the meal was ended began to smoke, each warrior first throwing into the air, as thankoffering to Kiwassa, a pinch of tobacco. They all stared at the fire around which we sat, and the silence was unbroken. One by one, as the pipes were smoked, they laid themselves down upon the brown leaves and went to sleep, only our two guardians and a third Indian over against us remaining wide-eyed and watchful.

There was no hope of escape, and we entertained no thought of it. Diccon sat, biting his nails, staring into the fire, and I stretched myself out, and burying my head in my arms tried to sleep, but could not.

With the midday we were afoot again, and we went steadily on through the bright afternoon. We met with no harsh treatment other than our bonds. Instead, when our captors spoke to us, it was with words of amity and smiling lips. Who accounteth for Indian fashions? It is a way they have, to flatter and caress the wretch for whom have been provided the torments of the damned. If, when at sunset we halted for supper and gathered around the fire, the wero-wance began to tell of a foray I had led against the Paspaheghs years before, and if he and his warriors, for all the world like generous foes, loudly applauded some daring that had accompanied that raid, none the less did the red stake wait for us; none the less would they strive, as for heaven, to wring from us groans and cries.

The sun sank, and the darkness entered the forest. In the distance we heard the wolves, so the fire was kept up through the night. Diccon and I were tied to trees, and all the savages save one lay down and slept. I worked awhile at my bonds; but an Indian had tied them, and after a time I desisted from the useless labor. We two could have no

speech together; the fire was between us, and we saw each other but dimly through the flame and wreathing smoke, — as each might see the other to-morrow. What Diccon's thoughts were I know not; mine were not of the morrow.

There had been no rain for a long time, and the multitude of leaves underfoot were crisp and dry. The wind was loud in them and in the swaying trees. Off in the forest was a bog, and the will-o'-the-wisps danced over it, — pale, cold flames, moving aimlessly here and there like ghosts of those lost in the woods. Toward the middle of the night some heavy animal crashed through a thicket to the left of us, and tore away into the darkness over the loud-rustling leaves; and later on wolves' eyes gleamed from out the ring of darkness beyond the firelight. Far on in the night the wind fell and the moon rose, changing the forest into some dim, exquisite, far-off land, seen only in dreams. The Indians awoke silently and all at once, as at an appointed hour. They spoke for a while among themselves; then we were loosed from the trees, and the walk toward death began anew.

On this march the werowance himself stalked beside me, the moonlight whitening his dark limbs and relentless face. He spoke no word, nor did I deign to question or reason or entreat. Alike in the darkness of the deep woods, and in the silver of the glades, and in the long twilight stretches of sassafras and sighing grass, there was for me but one vision. Slender and still and white, she moved before me, with her wide dark eyes upon my face. *Jocelyn! Jocelyn!*

At sunrise the mist lifted from a low hill before us, and showed an Indian boy, painted white, poised upon the summit, like a spirit about to take its flight. He prayed to the One Over All, and his voice came down to us pure and earnest. At sight of us he bounded down the hillside like a ball, and would have rushed away into the forest had not a Paspahgeh,

starting out of line, seized him and set him in our midst, where he stood, cool and undismayed, a warrior in miniature. He was of the Pamunkeys, and his tribe and the Paspahgeh were at peace; therefore, when he saw the totem burnt upon the breast of the werowance, he became loquacious enough, and offered to go before us to his village, upon the banks of a stream, some bowshots away. He went, and the Paspahgeh rested under the trees until the old men of the village came forth to lead them through the brown fields and past the ring of leafless mulberries to the strangers' lodge. Here on the green turf mats were laid for the visitors, and water was brought for their hands. Later on, the women spread a great breakfast of fish and turkey and venison, maize bread, tuckahoe and pohickory. When it was eaten, the Paspahgeh ranged themselves in a semicircle upon the grass, the Pamunkeys faced them, and each warrior and old man drew out his pipe and tobacco pouch. They smoked gravely, in a silence broken only by an occasional slow and stately question or compliment. The blue incense from the pipes mingled with the sunshine falling freely through the bare branches; the stream which ran by the lodge rippled and shone, and the wind rose and fell in the pines upon its farther bank.

Diccon and I had been freed for the time from our bonds, and placed in the centre of this ring, and when the Indians raised their eyes from the ground it was to gaze steadfastly at us. I knew their ways, and how they valued pride, indifference, and a bravado disregard of the worst an enemy could do. They should not find the white man less proud than the savage.

They gave us readily enough the pipes I asked for. Diccon lit one and I the other, and sitting side by side we smoked in a contentment as absolute as the Indians' own. With his eyes upon the werowance, Diccon told an old story of

a piece of Paspahagh villainy and of the payment which the English exacted, and I laughed as at the most amusing thing in the world. The story ended, we smoked with serenity for a while; then I drew my dice from my pocket, and, beginning to throw, we were at once as much absorbed in the game as if there were no other stake in the world beside the remnant of gold that I piled between us. The strange people in whose power we found ourselves looked on with grim approval, as at brave men who could laugh in Death's face.

The sun was high in the heavens when we bade the Pamunkeys farewell. The cleared ground, the mulberry trees and the grass beneath, the few rude lodges with the curling smoke above them, the warriors and women and brown naked children, all vanished, and the forest closed around us. A high wind was blowing, and the branches far above beat at one another furiously, while the pendent, leafless vines swayed against us, and the dead leaves went past in the whirlwind. A monstrous flight of pigeons crossed the heavens, flying from west to east, and darkening the land beneath like a transient cloud. We came to a plain covered with very tall trees that had one and all been ringed by the Indians. Long dead, and partially stripped of the bark, with their branches, great and small, squandered upon the ground, they stood, gaunt and silver gray, ready for their fall. As we passed, the wind brought two crashing to the earth. In the centre of the plain something — deer or wolf or bear or man — lay dead, for to that point the buzzards were sweeping from every quarter of the blue. Beyond was a pine wood, silent and dim, with a high green roof and a smooth and scented floor. We walked through it for an hour, and it led us to the Pamunkey. A tiny village, counting no more than a dozen warriors, stood among the pines that ran to the water's edge, and tied to the trees that shadowed the slow-moving flood

were its canoes. When the people came forth to meet us, the Paspahaghs bought from them, for a string of roanoke, two of these boats; and we made no tarrying, but, embarking at once, rowed up river toward Uttamussac and its three temples.

Diecon and I were placed in the same canoe. We were not bound: what need of bonds, when we had no friend nearer than the Powhatan, and when Uttamussac was so near? After a time the paddles were put into our hands, and we were required to row while our captors rested. There was no use in sulkiness; we laughed as at some huge jest, and bent to the task with a will that sent our canoe well in advance of its mate. Diecon burst into an old song that we had sung in the Low Countries, by camp fires, on the march, before the battle. The forest echoed to the loud and werelike tune, and a multitude of birds rose startled from the trees upon the bank. The Indians frowned, and one in the boat behind called out to strike the singer upon the mouth; but the werowance shook his head. There were none upon that river who might not know that the Paspahaghs journeyed to Uttamussac with prisoners in their midst. Diecon sang on, his head thrown back, the old bold laugh in his eyes. When he came to the chorus I joined my voice to his, and the woodland rang to the song. A psalm had better befitted our lips than those rude and vaunting words, seeing that we should never sing again upon this earth; but at least we sang bravely and gayly, with minds that were reasonably quiet.

The sun dropped low in the heavens, and the trees cast shadows across the water. The Paspahaghs now began to recount the entertainment they meant to offer us in the morning. All those tortures that they were wont to practice with hellish ingenuity they told over, slowly and tauntingly, watching to see a lip whiten or an eyelid quiver. They boasted that they would make women

of us at the stake. At all events, they made not women of us beforehand. We laughed as we rowed, and Diccon whistled to the leaping fish, and the fish-hawk, and the otter lying along a fallen tree beneath the bank.

The sunset came, and the river lay beneath the colored clouds like molten gold, with the gaunt forest black upon either hand. From the lifted paddles the water showered in golden drops. The wind died away, and with it all noises, and a dank stillness settled upon the flood and upon the endless forest. We were nearing Uttamussac, and the Indians rowed quietly, with bent heads and fearful glances; for Okee brooded over this place, and he might be angry. It grew colder and stiller, but the light dwelt in the heavens, and was reflected in the bosom of the river. The trees upon the southern bank were all pines; as if they had been carved from black stone they stood rigid against the saffron sky. Presently, back from the shore, there rose before us a few small hills, treeless, but covered with some low, dark growth. The one that stood the highest bore upon its crest three black houses shaped like coffins. Behind them was the deep yellow of the sunset.

An Indian rowing in the second canoe commenced a chant or prayer to Okee. The notes were low and broken, unutterably wild and melancholy. One by one his fellows took up the strain; it swelled higher, louder, and sterner, became a deafening cry, then ceased abruptly, making the stillness that followed like death itself. Both canoes swung round from the middle stream and made for the bank. When the boats had slipped from the stripe of gold into the inky shadow of the pines, the Paspaheghs began to divest themselves of this or that which they conceived Okee might desire to possess. One flung into the stream a handful of

copper links, another the chaplet of feathers from his head, a third a bracelet of blue beads. The werowance drew out the arrows from a gaudily painted and beaded quiver, stuck them into his belt, and dropped the quiver into the water.

We landed, dragging the canoes into a covert of overhanging bushes and fastening them there; then struck through the pines toward the rising ground, and presently came to a large village, with many long huts, and a great central lodge where dwelt the emperors when they came to Uttamussac. It was vacant now, Opechancanough being no man knew where.

When the usual stately welcome had been extended to the Paspaheghs, and when they had returned as stately thanks, the werowance began a harangue for which I furnished the matter. When he ceased to speak a great acclamation and tumult arose, and I thought they would scarce wait for the morrow. But it was late, and their werowance and conjurer restrained them. In the end the men drew off, and the yelling of the children and the passionate cries of the women, importunate for vengeance, were stilled. A guard was placed around the vacant lodge, and we two Englishmen were taken within and bound down to great logs, such as the Indians use to roll against their doors when they go from home.

There was revelry in the village; for hours after the night came, everywhere were bright firelight and the rise and fall of laughter and song. The voices of the women were musical, tender, and plaintive, and yet they waited for the morrow as for a gala day. I thought of a woman who used to sing, softly and sweetly, in the twilight at Weyanoke, in the firelight at the minister's house. At last the noises ceased, the light died away, and the village slept beneath a heaven that seemed somewhat deaf and blind.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

NEW ZEALAND NEWEST ENGLAND.

IN a journey two years ago among the coöperators of Great Britain, I undertook to study on the ground the results of this notable attempt to better industrial civilization by individual effort and voluntary organization. There the people are trying to settle the labor and capital question by playing both parts themselves and becoming their own employers and masters; and they are even attacking the landlord and tenant problem, and setting up to be their own landed nobility.

The world of coöperation — “a state within a state” — is a non-political democracy developing within the political government, an economic republic arising within the monarchical industries of Europe, an instance of emancipation of the people by the people themselves, unique for its independence of outside aid and for its accelerating success.

This year I went to New Zealand, to see what had been done for the same end, a higher social life, by opposite methods, those of politics, in the country in which those methods have been given the best trial. That that country is New Zealand will be admitted by all, — by those who approve and by those who disapprove. New Zealand democracy is the talk of the world to-day. It has made itself the policeman and partner of industry to an extent unknown elsewhere. New Zealand is the “experiment station” of advanced legislation. Reforms that others have been only talking about New Zealand has put in practice, and it has anticipated the others in some they had not even begun to talk about.

The New Zealanders, Sir Charles Dilke says, have put into practical operation more of the “radical ideas” that are under discussion at the present time than any other people. South Australia, founded, as I heard Chief Justice Way declare, upon “philosophical radical-

ism,” once had the first place, and when Dilke wrote his *Greater Britain* virtually was the leader; but now, by common consent, that rank belongs to New Zealand.

Coöperation is the “Farthest North” in the sphere of self-help. New Zealand democracy is the “Farthest South” in the sphere of politics, which must still be called “self-help;” for in a democracy, in self-government, state-help is self-help.

This country, with the newest institutions, has the oldest land, Alfred Russel Wallace tells us, and his opinion is confirmed by colonial geologists; but if the first to be made, it is the last to be used. When the Maoris reached it, about five hundred years ago, they found it almost wholly destitute of food plants or food animals, except a few unappetizing but, as the event proved, not indigestible aborigines. It was an unfurnished house; even the rat was imported, and by accident, in the canoes of the first Maoris. Cattle, game, cereals, vegetables, fruit, men, and institutions have all had to be provided, and the process is still going on. The ship on which I sailed carried, besides other American passengers, three hundred and fifty Kansas quail, sent for by the New Zealand Acclimatization Society; and I arrived in time to see the first quarter's payment made to worn-out working men and women by the only people in Christendom who have been willing to tax every one of themselves for old-age pensions.

New Zealand lies about as far to the south of the equator as Japan to the north. It is, like Japan, a group of islands, and is not unlike Japan in the lay of the land, running in a long, narrow strip about fifteen hundred miles north and south, and is like Japan in a beauty of scenery which even the coolest

traveler finds it hard not to rave about. This country lies midway between the extremes of the tropics and the pole, and is cooled by the mountains and the sea, with plenty of rain and sunshine, and all that rain and sunshine bring. Australia is a sunburned continent, desert in the interior and almost without rivers, rimmed with a fertile coast line, with droughts lasting for years. The New Zealander begins to grumble about the "drought" if he goes a month without rain. The New Zealand climate is like a wine with no headache in it; like that of Japan, — the best, though not the most perfect, to be found anywhere. It has the variability that gives vigor, without the perpetual smile that makes Hawaii so depressing, if you outstay its first welcome. The soil is largely a wash from the mountains, and you hear nothing of the malaria which plays such mischief with the early settlers in the Mississippi Valley and in Africa.

Almost every New Zealander lives within sight of the mountains or the ocean, or both. The landscapes show long ranges and solitary giants, tipped with alpine glow; there are waterfalls everywhere, some of them among the finest in the world, luxuriant countryside, golden farms, lakes, geysers, volcanoes, forests with miles of pink, white, and red flowering trees in spring; and there are fiords of the sea threading their way around the feet of mountains crowned with glaciers and perpetual snow. The scenery is a synopsis of the best of Norway, Switzerland, Italy, and England, with occasional patches of the Desert of Sahara in the pumice country around the hot lakes.

New Zealand has the area, approximately, of Italy, but Italy has forty times its population of about 780,000, 40,000 of them Maoris. Australia is as large as the United States without Alaska, but has only a little more than one twentieth of our population, and only one ninety-fifth of that of Europe, which it equals

in area, but in area only. We speak commonly of New Zealand and Australia as if they were in hail of each other; but New Zealand is half as far from Australia as America is from Europe, and they are stormy waters that guard those shores. He will need to be a bolder and more successful invader than Philip of Spain who proposes to land hostile troops on the coast of this Britain of the Pacific.

It is not so much the fashion as it used to be to interpret men and their institutions in the terms of their climate and soil; but if any people and any institutions are, and will be more and more, affected by these things, they are those of Australasia. This is especially true of New Zealand. Its isolation protects it from tidal waves of heat, cold, immigration, and invasion. The people are likely to remain what they are, the most homogeneous Anglo-Saxon blend there is anywhere, — English predominant, Scotch next, Irish third. There is practically no other blood; the foreigners and Maoris are too few to color the strain.

The Australasian commonwealths have, beyond doubt, the most harmonious constituency of any country of our race; and this has been one of the things to make possible reforms for which we in America have struggled so far in vain, with our mixed and antagonistic races.

There is a soil of wonderful fertility in New Zealand, but it lies in patches, in valleys, and between mountains and the sea. The eyes were easily picked out by the first comers. Great stretches are fit only for sheep and cattle, and only profitable when held in large blocks. This is just the environment for land monopoly, which soon took on an intense form, with serious consequences, economic and political. Immigration into New Zealand and Australia was hard for men, easy for money; and Anglo-Saxon people on such a soil, with Anglo-Saxon institutions, including the greatest of all, the government bond,

could borrow all they could use. Hence, there is here, on a very small population, a very large debt, — larger in proportion than in any other country, even France. The climate of New Zealand has no extremes, and the people are most moderate in their temper and policies. The purpose one hears them most often avow is that they mean to have no millionaires or paupers, — a political rendition of Agur's "neither poverty nor riches." Their temperate climate is a democratic climate; for the more opportunities there are, the more need there is for democracy, which is the organization of opportunity for all.

New Zealand is made up of two large islands and some smaller ones, — like the mother country, — and race and situation are at work here, as Emerson saw them in England, making every islander himself an island; and as is always the way with islanders, these are growing to their home with heartstrings stronger than steel. Its policy of prosperity for all, instead of excess for a few, will prevent for many ages the appearance in New Zealand of any concentrated splendor to tempt the cupidity of enemies. It is too far from Australia for federation. No matter what improvements are made in ocean travel, it will always be five or six times as far from Europe to New Zealand as from Europe to America. Modern steamships and, alas, men-of-war are converting the Pacific into a mere Mediterranean, but a Mediterranean of a new civilization, — a sea to connect, not to divide, the awakening East and the advancing West; but New Zealand, unlike its mother country, is so much to one side of the world's great currents that it cannot become the clearing house of these movements of commerce and population, destined to be the greatest in history.

Australasia produces more wealth and spends more for every man, woman, and child than any other country, and New Zealand is the most prosperous of the

seven colonies of Australasia. New Zealand has practically every resource for the support of life and the creation of wealth. It is a white man's country, if there ever was one, and the people fit the country, with much more than the European or the American average of energy, physique, intelligence, honesty, and industry. A tree falls in the forest, and in its roots is found a gold mine; a citizen digs a post hole, and cuts into a vein of coal forty feet thick. The most precious metal of all, iron, is found in abundant deposits, one of them in the Taranaki sands, of inexhaustible quantity, and so pure and rich that it has thus far defied reduction. There is flax, and there can be cotton whenever the people choose to grow it. There are no other traveling rugs so soft and warm as those made out of New Zealand wool. Electric power beyond calculation is going to waste in a thousand and one waterfalls and rapids. This exceeding bounty and beauty of the new home pull more strongly every day against the recall of the old home. All these physical circumstances make for "New Zealand for the New Zealanders," and New Zealanders for New Zealand. We can easily foresee the "lengthening chain" that holds these people to old England lengthening into invisibility:

Other forces than these of nature, and not unfamiliar to the student of the official Briton, were suggested in an incident which occurred while I was there. The Premier, the Hon. Richard J. Seddon, during the Samoan trouble, cabled to Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, an offer of soldiers and a man-of-war. He could get neither acceptance nor acknowledgment, until, after more than patient waiting, he cabled again for one or the other. Many a New Zealander, none too loyal, grew less loyal still at this reminder of the crusted indifference of the "imperial" Englishman to any Englishman outside his set in London.

The crow in New Zealand strikes as sweet a note as any heard in the woodland; the robin has no song and no red breast; the native hen is the greatest of rat-killers; there is a caterpillar which turns into a plant. These and some other productions of nature have done for New Zealand what the kangaroo and the ornithorhynchus have done for Australia, — given it the suggestion of oddity and the marvelous. Rabbits and sweetbrier, introduced for pleasure, spread like wildfire, and it is an attraction to be duly advertised, in the sale of land, that it has been cleared of sweetbrier and fenced against rabbits; and then later, the rabbit becomes a profit instead of a pest, and is exported by millions to feed the English.

There is something in the air which makes ideas, too, run, and not among men alone. A kea parrot, hungry or curious, tastes of a sheep lying derelict on one of the great grazing plains, and forthwith the whole tribe, hitherto irreproachably vegetarian, turns carnivorous; and not carnivorous alone, but epicurean. The kea finds that the kidney is the choice morsel, and that it is most to its taste when eaten from the living animal. Within our memory, the Maoris, on the contrary, have turned from cannibals into citizens and members of Parliament, and their women have changed from squaws to voters. The woods and plains of Africa and America were found by the natives and by new arrivals rich in game, but the New Zealand larder was empty when man came. The European in search of "somebody else's burden" to carry off has never encountered any other aborigines with the strength, bravery, and intelligence of the Maoris. They won recognition which no other aborigines have received. As property owners, voters, members of Parliament, and even members of the government, their rights are unquestioned. The Maori fought the white man so well for his land because

he had had to fight nature so hard for his life. The lack of food, animal and vegetable, in primitive New Zealand developed this Maori out of the inferior Polynesian, and has thus left deep marks and beneficent ones on the social institutions of the country.

There are earthquakes and volcanoes in New Zealand, and some of the conservatives there number with them the progressive land tax, the graduated income tax, the labor legislation, and old-age pensions. The traveler sees in and out of museums many varieties of the wingless birds peculiar to New Zealand; and if he is a democratic traveler, he will think that not the least interesting among them are the capitalists, who have not taken flight, as it was predicted they would, if arbitration were made compulsory, and the great estates were "resumed" by the government and cut up into small farms for "closer settlement."

The secret of the democratic efflorescence of Australasia is the same as that of the new vigor shown there by European plants and animals. The secret is the same as that of the long step ahead of the mother country taken by New England, with its Puritans and Pilgrims. The wonderful propagative power of democratic ideas in Australasia is a fact of the same order as the miraculous multiplication of the European sweetbrier and rabbits introduced there. The old ideas and institutions, given a new chance in a new country, gain a new vigor. It is their new world. Hopes and purposes which had fossilized in the old country live again. When the holdback of custom, laws, and old families is removed, there is a leap forward as from a leash. What Australasia has been doing is only what England and the older countries have been slowly attempting to do. Paradoxically, too, this renaissance of democracy in Australasia is not the fruit of colonization by religious enthusiasts, or social reformers, or patriots choosing exile, but of coloniza-

tion by plain, every-day, matter-of-fact Englishmen, thinking only of making a better living.

The one new idea which the founders of New Zealand carried with them — and a very important one it was, and most interesting to Americans — was that which revolutionized the policy of England toward its colonies and gave them home rule. The political foundation of the present English colonial empire was laid by a man almost unknown to the general public, though a man of genius both in thought and in action, — Edward Gibbon Wakefield. Wakefield was the first Englishman to read and apply the lesson written for English statesmen between the lines of the American Revolution. He took the lead in the colonization of New Zealand, and secured for it and the other colonies of England the rights which have kept Canada, Australasia, and, so far, South Africa, for the home country, — the rights to have their own legislatures, to tax themselves, and to be free from all control, industrial or political, by the home government, except that a governor-general sent from England represents the Crown, mainly as a figurehead. He makes speeches at the opening of Parliament, and gives state balls. The actual government is in the hands of a ministry on the English plan, responsible to the colonial Parliament alone. The only real power of the governor-general is, like that of the Crown, the right of veto, and that, like the Crown, he practically never uses.

The Australasian people are not different from people elsewhere; they pursue their self-interests as others do, and have no more fondness for martyrdom than others have; but these English people found themselves in a place and in a time in which the English tendencies could run instead of crawl, and they ran. Of everything that has been done in Australasia the germs were stored in the older countries, — every one. In all the

list of Australasian reforms, there is nothing bizarre, nothing out of line with the evolution in progress, even in monarchical countries; but it was the good fortune of the Australasians, and of us who can see that they are experimenting for the rest of the world, that they could make the history we sigh for, without making the revolutions for fear of which we do nothing but sigh. The importance of the work they are doing cannot be overestimated. In Australasia, the westward march of empire has reached around to the eastern point of beginning. Even the Maori is believed, by the best students of the Polynesians, to have originated in India, and when the white man arrived in Maoriland Aryan met Aryan. There waited the last piece of virgin soil on earth where the white race can spend its governing genius unhampered by climate, slavery, monarchy, vested rights and vested ruts, immigration, or the enervating seductions of power over subject races. As Englishmen admit that America, in its Revolution, saved English constitutional liberty, we can hope that the Australasians, in their extension and acceleration of reforms that are in the air everywhere, are saving the commonwealth of the whole world.

This Newest England is no Utopia, no paradise. That is self-evident from the fact that honest, industrious people can reach the age of sixty-five, after having been twenty-five years in New Zealand, and yet need an old-age pension. Both New Zealand and Australia are far behind England and the United States in the new municipal life which is the most promising thing in our politics. Trade-unionism there is still weak from the effects of the catastrophe in which it was overwhelmed by the defeat of the great strike of 1890. When I was in New Zealand, a representative body of workmen would not order the names of their officers published, for fear it would make them "marked

men" in the eyes of their masters. The press and the people are anxiously discussing the decrease of the birth rate, which, the inquirer learns, is certainly in part due to an economic pressure which makes people afraid to have children. Just now New Zealand is in a boom and everybody can get work, but it was only a few years ago that the reports of the secretary of labor were as gloomy reading as the statistics of any other country. The streets of the larger towns swarm at night with young men and women, who, unfortunately, are not unemployed, though their hands are idle. When the traveler reads the police reports of the principal Australasian cities, he feels as if he were at home in New York, London, or some other Babylon.

There is a sheep ring and there is a coal ring in New Zealand, — we would call them trusts; and there are indications of other combinations, — one in timber, and another against the sheep farmers, among the great meat-freezing exporters. There is not one of the new institutions, on trial to deal with land, labor, taxation, finance, and government industry, which is not lame somewhere, as any reporter who is not a rhapsodist must declare; but the experimenting has this superiority, that, though lame, "it

still moves," and moves faster there than elsewhere.

New Zealand has reached no final "social solutions," and no New Zealanders, citizen or official, can be found who would pretend that it had. All they claim is that they have tried to find solutions, and they believe the fair-minded observer will declare that they are entitled to "report progress" to the rest of us. They are experimental. They know it and are proud of it, but they do not think that could be made a reproach against them by the political heirs of such experimenters as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Samuel Adams.

The prudent portrait painter would not say that the New Zealanders are the most civilized, the most happy, the most prosperous people in the world; but they certainly are the least uncivilized, the least unhappy, the least disinherited. Danton's great political genius taught him to say of the laws and policies he proposed, not that they were good, but that they were "the least bad." There are no absolutely good governments or peoples; but some are not so bad as others, and for New Zealand it may be claimed that its government and people are "the least bad" this side of Mars.

Henry Demarest Lloyd.

WANTED, A CHAIR OF TENT-MAKING.

THE modern divinity school is not up to date. It is out of step with the age. It is still teaching theology, Hebrew and Greek, church history, homiletics, elocution, and here and there sociology. Strangely enough, it overlooks the most conspicuous and most urgent demand of our time. What is needed is a brand-new chair: call it a Chair of Tent-Making, for that is Pauline. The

need is especially apparent in the Baptist and Congregationalist bodies, but even Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism would hail the new departure here proposed.

Unrest is everywhere, — fickleness, insincerity, criticism, short pastorates. Men now living easily remember the days when a pastorate was accounted a life position, and when, in a New Eng-

land Congregational church, three pastorates might span a century. In some of the leading denominations, three years are now counted as about the average term of a pastorate.

Over against this class of facts place another class. The number of theological students in our great universities is steadily and rapidly declining, even while the universities themselves are rapidly growing in attendance, and while the number of churches in nearly all denominations is also growing. Universities which were founded primarily, if not solely, for the education of ministerial students, having existed for one or two centuries, and having grown to an attendance of 1000, 2000, and even 3000 students, count less than a score, sometimes less than a dozen candidates for the ministry in a class of 200 or 300. The Harvard catalogue recently issued shows 551 students in the law school, 560 in the medical school, and only 26 in the divinity school. Thus, in what used to be termed the three learned professions, there are 21 students in law and 21 in medicine to one in the ministry.

But Harvard is hardly a fair representative of New England orthodoxy. Let us turn to Yale. When President Dwight resigned, after an administration of extraordinary progress, it was announced that the single department which had declined during his term of service was the divinity school. At the end of the first century of Yale's history thirty-nine per cent of her graduates turned to the ministry; and the average for the entire century had been forty per cent. During the last decade of her second century the number of ministerial students is *seven per cent*. The decline has been comparatively steady, but most rapid during the past twenty years. Yet in law the decrease has been only from forty-two per cent to thirty-five per cent; and in medicine the percentage at the end of the century is precisely what it was at the beginning, namely, eight. Here are star-

ling facts as related to the church and its ministry.

Is there any traceable relation between the two classes of facts already noted?

Let us be concrete. Here is a conscientious young man who feels impelled toward the ministry. But he is clear-eyed, and can read the signs of the times. He may say, and with reason: "At the point of adjustment of demand and supply between church and pastor, the economy of great denominations is breaking down. Under present conditions, no young man should enter the ministry of these communions without possessing some secular trade which will support him when he gets beyond midlife. Paul knew the art of tent-making, and worked at his trade with an enviable sense of independence when the heathen peoples would have none of him. But to-day I note: (1) that few men enter the theological seminary with a secular trade; (2) that none learn such there; (3) that multitudes of theological students, within twenty years, will have need of the trade which they have had no chance to acquire. Have I any right to give hostages to fortune; unfit myself for all lines of work except one; fling myself into that, with bridges burned behind me, knowing that at the caprice of any temper, or set of tempers, I and the hostages may be set adrift in a cold world, penniless, helpless, hopeless, branded with that fatal stigma in the ministry, 'Without charge'?"

It is a fact that the crime of embezzlement in a cashier or bookkeeper is hardly more fatal or more final than the misfortune of being "without charge" in the ministry. This the student well knows. He may also have the sagacity to discern that, though young to-day, the years will make him older.

This very week, the most prominent organ of one of the two largest denominations in the country prints an advertisement calling for an assistant pastor to a large city church. In this frank paragraph two cardinal points of quali-

education are mentioned: The man for the place must be already in a place. The man must be young.

Stand far off, you men who have sacrificed self and dearer selves to high ideals for sweet peace' sake, for love's sake, for Christ's sake; and have left your pastorates lest some root of bitterness springing up might excite tumult in the church of Christ. You we do not want. Give us the man who sticks to place and salary, no matter at what cost of spiritual integrity. His restive church may long have wished him out of it; but he has had the transcendent merit of having looked out for his own advantage, and he has held on. Such as he are eligible to the vacancy in the great city church, — eligible, that is, if young. If you have a few gray hairs, if you have been in the ministry long enough to know what not to do, there is no place for you here. You have learned patience, steadiness, effectiveness. Obviously, this is final. Sorry for you, but you were born a generation too late. Our age cannot use you. We want boys.

A man is a lawyer. At forty-five he is counted as just ready to enter upon the best period of a life of strenuous, telling service in his profession. Or he is a physician. We do not send for boys to trifle with us, in hours of grave physical crisis. Plunge into your arduous profession, young men, if you can; but do not be discouraged if the men of experience are chosen before you. It will take you years to win a foothold; but by the time you are forty, if you have the right stuff in you, you may be heard from. There are still thirty good years ahead of you; and riches and honor may increase.

A man is a banker, an editor, a manufacturer, a professor, a technician, a merchant. His youth may be full of promise, but the actual and cumulative strength of his powers shall reveal itself after he has passed the equator of life.

But a man is a minister of Christ. He has espoused the loftiest of callings.

He has to do, not with men's perishable bodies, but with their immortal part. He is to speak to the human soul, — to interpret God, life, death, the eternal mystery. Surely this man must be no new-comer in the field of life. He must have dwelt long in the presence of the Deity. He must have studied ceaselessly and profoundly upon the truths of a divine revelation. So one would reason.

But what is the fact? An utter reversal of all the conditions of professional demand and usefulness; a denial of all the laws which elsewhere hold sway. Is this perchance the realm of faith, where the ripest reason is discarded? Experience, elsewhere the indispensable qualification, is in the ministry fast becoming a disqualification to any position of large influence. While we will not trust our bodies or our business in the hands of callow youth, to youth we insist upon intrusting the care of our spiritual being, the handling of the divine revelation, the building up of the body of Christ in the most holy faith.

Again, let us be concrete, exact, nice, definite. A promising student, fresh from the divinity school, will be allowed to try his apprentice hand on a church of moderate pretensions. If by any means he shall come into the public view in this pastorate, he will be in good repute and eligible to the larger churches for a period of about ten years, — from thirty to forty. From forty to fifty he is respectfully regarded as not wholly ineligible, but still at a disadvantage as compared with younger men, unless he has acquired an exceptional name, — such a name as is too often won by sensational success. From fifty to sixty his case is pitiable, unless he be fortunate enough to find some comfortable professorship or secretaryship, or some modest parish into which he can judiciously retire. From sixty to seventy he is superannuated.

This is to say that a man of good average ability, contemplating the ministry as a calling, and not aspiring to a

place among the first twenty-five or thirty of his sect, may count in a general way on five years in which to make his name; ten years in which to maintain his rank; ten years in which he may hover on the borders of ministerial usefulness; and twenty indescribable years beyond the border of public usefulness, but this side the border of life.

Who shall say that it costs nothing of self-sacrifice to enter the ministry to-day? Grant that the truest men are readiest for self-sacrifice; but this is not that kind of sacrifice that appeals to heroic souls. Many a young man, full of noble purpose, would rather know that he must die at the close of the period when he could work according to the power which was working in him, than know that he must live on twenty or thirty years after the larger activities of his calling had ceased.

Who shall blame the young man if he draw back, believing he can better serve God and mankind in other professions, where he can do a man's work through a man's lifetime?

But here it is that the prudent, the politic father of the church steps in with his incontrovertible wisdom, and seeks to save the young man to the ministry by two axioms or maxims: (1.) A pastorate held is never to be relinquished until another is secured. (2.) A prominent pastorate, affording a comfortable income, should never be relinquished after the age of forty.

Ay di me, we sigh with Carlyle. Alas for the nobler ideals of youth, — the strange old paradox that the man shall lose his life to gain it, which the boy, in his boy's enthusiasm, has still dared to cherish! They pale and fail in this breath of wisdom. Yet some undaunted lad, who still believes nobly in truth, flushes hotly, shamed for his mentor, and says inwardly: —

“ Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do.”

So he goes forth to meet “the world's slow stain.” Will he “bring back at eve immaculate the manners of the morn”?

How shall we explain these singular conditions, — to be in demand in the ministry, one must be in a pastorate, and he must be young?

The explanation of the first condition is not difficult. It is found in the coarsely obvious consideration that the rank and file of men do not want a thing unless others want it, too; in the desire to bear away the prize which others covet; in the shallow conclusion that if a man were capable he would surely be at work. The consequence of this attitude on the part of churches reacts disastrously upon themselves, while the distress which it brings into the ministry is profound and far-reaching. By reason of it, many men stay on till the pastoral relation becomes sorely strained, till congregations are decimated, membership disintegrated, and faction rife; being too timid or too prudent to hazard an entrance into that realm of inoccupation from whose bourn so few return. Both pastor and people are embittered, humiliated, and harassed, perhaps through years.

The second condition indicated is more difficult to explain. Until these last times, the favorite pastoral figure in classic poetry and prose and in the popular imagination has been the venerable and saintly man, rich in years and in ripened graces. Why then this present passion for youth only in the ministry? Doubtless the rise and rule of young people's organizations have something to do with it. But is there not beyond that a certain subtle psychological consideration? The preponderance of women in our churches to-day is a fact too familiar to require comment. By the side of this put another fact, indisputable though unconsidered: that womankind is attracted by the romantic and the picturesque. The Hon. Mrs. Chapman, in a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, says, “Religion assuredly has its emotional

and passionate side." Dimly perceived and acknowledged though they are, the mysterious links which connect the passionate and the religious nature are no less real. In short, the young clergyman appeals to the emotional, hero-worshipping side of human nature in a far greater degree than do his elders. It cannot be denied that the ardent, highly endowed youth, with his future all before him, untrammelled and undefined, stimulates the feminine imagination as the sober, middle-aged man of family never can do.

Another reason for the craving of churches for young clergymen in our age of unrest is this: the youth still believes in the impossible. He has not discovered the limitations to which older men have sadly adapted themselves. He stirs the hope anew that here at last, at the hands of this young knight, Apollyon is to receive that mortal thrust for which the whole creation has waited, groaning.

It will have been noted that the sects suffering most from the conditions under discussion are those which have no centralized system of church government; no body, as in the Methodist church, determining the relations of ministerial supply, no bishop, no synod. The Congregationalist and Baptist churches, eschewing all forms of hierarchical government, are the most truly American in their genius, of all sects; the most thoroughly liberal and democratic; the freest from politics, wire-pulling, and place-seeking. The great Methodist body, with its highly organized political system, frankly grasps this matter of pastoral adjustment with both hands, and regulates it with despotic authority. Among bodies of the Congregational order, such attempt at regulation would be promptly rejected. There still obtains, perhaps as a survival of a more pietistic age, a vague underlying notion that there exists an immediately supernatural and divine factor in ministerial adjustments. This conception is not unapostolic, but little emphasis is laid upon it in church busi-

ness meetings at the end of the nineteenth century.

It will be seen, however, that, with this prepossession in mind, men are chary of anything like a fixed systematic business-like machinery for the supply of their pulpits; and, unhappily, we find in the sects named, and to some extent in others, a singularly accidental and undignified method of ministerial supply, which all condemn and nearly all employ. It is known by the objectionable phrase "the candidating system," and to it undoubtedly is due much of the existing confusion and disaster. This system involves a keen competitive contest among rival candidates for a pulpit. In this contest, the determining factor is commonly the immediate personal impression made by the preacher upon a critical congregation.

Here is a simple account of the working of this system in a recent authentic instance: The pastor of a leading church in one of our Western cities resigned. A committee was at once appointed to secure a list of eligible candidates for the pulpit soon to be vacant. When the pastor's work was closed, two months later, the committee held the names of a hundred aspirants for the vacant place. These names had come directly from the candidates themselves or from their influential friends. The men appeared in the pulpit in rapid succession. Naturally, the congregation soon became divided into numerous small factions. One was satisfied with the straightforward sturdiness of Paul; another could be fed on nothing but the eloquence of Apollos; while a third saw in the impetuous enthusiasm of Cephas the only hope of a downtown church. No one man could possibly be expected, on a single trial, to win the unqualified approval of all.

It is a fact that the strongest men in the ministry are often — yes, generally — the weakest candidates. They are frequently men of rough-hewn features; of quiet or reserved manner; not fluent, not flattering; with careworn faces and ges-

tures ungraceful; inapt at making the pulpit a stage for the display of personal advantages; ill at ease, because all the manhood in them is in revolt at the humiliation to which, by force of circumstance, they submit. The successful candidate, the man who easily secures calls, is of quite another sort.

In the case of the church in question, one of the latter class at last appeared. The new man was tall and graceful in figure, irreproachable in person and attire. He was perfect in his self-confidence and poise; amazing in fluency; flattering in conversation, especially with women; and bowed his well-shaped head in tender reverence before the elders. Above all, he was young. With easy grace he mentioned to the committee the call which he had just received to a metropolitan pulpit; he would doubtless accept it within the week, but really longed for a less exacting field, etc.

The result can readily be guessed. It was not necessary to inquire into the nature of his work elsewhere, for his frequent allusion to his intimate friends of high repute in the denomination was sufficient guarantee. The matter must be decided at once, or the opportunity would be lost. The committee and church, alike desperate and worn out, could find no fault with this man. He was called at once. Sheer exhaustion was responsible for the call, and the visitor's shrewd art was responsible for the reckless haste. In two weeks the church had for its pastor a weak, frivolous man, a clerical adventurer; and in two months the church was filled with confusion and dismay.

The pastorate was soon over, of course, but the penalty of folly is not yet fully paid. Among the men who had been heard and rejected were not a few of high spiritual quality, intellectual power, and proved wisdom. But they could not show all these qualities in the service of a single Sunday, and they would have scorned to attempt it. The young man

who was called could easily show all his qualifications in one service.

This is a typical case, but it is by no means asserted that the system now in vogue always results so badly. It is mitigated by the efforts of sagacious men, who bring forward no candidate until his past record is thoroughly known. But even so, the danger of division and discord in the church is not averted.

Here, now, is the other side: The preacher is a man, say, in the forties, at his best physically, intellectually, spiritually, full of executive force and ability. He has a half dozen children. For ten, fifteen years he has held a prominent pastorate, and has done strong work in it. But, under the restless spirit of the age, his congregation begins to long for a new voice and novel methods. A man who appeals to the craving for sensational preaching comes into his neighborhood. His congregations diminish. His people love their pastor, but they become uneasy. He learns the fact; fears to bring dissension into the church that he loves; and, with fine disregard of all personal interest, and with the spirit which impels a man

"Just to scorn the consequence,
And just to do the thing,"

resigns, without awaiting or looking for a call elsewhere.

For some months he is able to live and to support his family on what has been laid aside for such an emergency. Believing that his own shall come to him, he scorns to advertise himself, or to enter his name as a competitor in the mad race for empty pulpits. He has the vague sense of the supernatural agency in these matters. When he resigned, a theological professor said to him, "Don't you know what a risk you are running?" He knew something of the "risk." Had he known it all, he might have chosen no different course. He preaches here and there, but always finds that other men have been heard before him or are to be heard after him, and that the church is

not ready to reach a decision. When the calls are extended, he notices that they go to younger men, and generally to men who have won immediate and showy results by artificial methods. He perceives that what is wanted is, not wise leadership of a church, but short cuts to large congregations. A few months of this, and the preacher suddenly awakens to find that he is no longer sought by pulpit committees. His name is no longer considered, because he has been out of a pastorate for several months.

Now to his tent-making, or to the piteous humiliation of a man without a life work, with his family scattered, the plans for his children's education unrealized, his self-respect tortured, his heart broken. In the battle of life, the brave man and the true has lost the day. He is accounted a failure at the very hour when he has reached the full height of his capacity and power. What a pathetic anomaly! "What shipwreck!" men say. Yet who shall affirm that he has not pursued the only manly and unselfish course, fatal though the result has been to himself and his own? This bit of biography is continually being written in the ministry to-day.

It will not do, however, to overlook the fact that the beginning of existing conditions is to be found in the general and increasing restlessness among pastors as well as among congregations. Here is a force which acts and reacts. The church cultivates rather than re-

presses its own craving for variety, novelty, excitement, change. The church becomes restless, and the pastor is quick to feel it. If his is a fine-spirited, sensitive nature, his position grows increasingly embarrassing, and he is tempted to seize any means which will secure swift release, even though it may involve compromise of his principles and a lowering of self-respect. Or, on the other hand, the pastor himself is restless, aspiring to a prominent position (this possibility must be admitted), a place-seeker. To such a man the practice of preaching before various churches is not without a piquant, personal stimulus. He is by no means averse to it.

But from whatever cause, short pastorates have become the order of the day. A man knowing that his time is brief is sorely tempted to turn his energies toward the production of showy results, and thus to attract the attention of pulpit committees. Here is in part the explanation of a growing tendency to factitious methods in the ministry.

Thus, at the end of the century, there is an ominous combination of causes working to the weakening of the moral fibre of the ministry and to the deterioration of the highest of callings. At the same time all the standards of the church are being brought low.

What can be done? Is the Chair of Tent-Making inevitable, or can the Christian ministry yet be made a vocation for life?

Alfred Brown, Layman.

THE SEVEN SEAS AND THE RUBÁIYÁT.

SOME months ago, a London editor was rash enough to wager that no paragraph on Kipling or Fitzgerald should appear in his journal during a stated time, — and needless to add, he lost the bet in the very next issue. This end-

less flux of gossip about two chosen names, with here and there a word of serious criticism smuggled in, is indeed one of the curiosities of our modern literary weeklies; and the peculiarity of it all is enhanced by the fact that two

authors could scarcely be selected from the body of English literature more opposed to each other in style and intention.

Apart from this journalistic notoriety, none of our poets, not even Byron, has enjoyed just the kind of popularity which Kipling has achieved. Other poets have received equal or greater honor from the cultured public, but our new Anglo-Saxon bard appeals with like force to the scholarly and to the illiterate; his speech has become, as it were, the voice of the people. Mr. William Archer, in his *American Jottings*, gives an apt illustration of this. On leaving his steamer Mr. Archer "jumped on the platform of a horse car on West Street," and was accosted by the conductor as follows: " 'I s'pose you've heard that Kipling has been very ill? . . . He's pulling through now, though. . . . He ought to be the next Poet Laureate. . . . He don't follow no beaten tracks. He cuts a road for himself every time, right through; an' a mighty good road, too!'"

The fame of the *Rubáiyát* is of a different sort altogether, yet not less real in its own sphere. One of our ambassadors, himself a devotee of the "Suffolk dreamer," has related how he heard a stanza of the poem quoted in a far-away mining camp; and I have read of a society of enthusiasts in England, who, with roses garlanding their brows, meet together and dine in honor of their prophet. Very few poems, perhaps no poem of its length, have had so marked an effect on writers of a certain class; and the homage paid to this jewel among translations is strikingly manifested by the number of aspirants — including Mr. Le Gallienne, it may be observed, one of Kipling's few literary foes — who have tried, and are still trying, to do the work over again more to their own taste, eager apparently to win renown by gilding refined gold.

The interest taken in these two authors is, in fact, so persistent and ex-

traordinary that it might seem as if the *corpus vulgatum* of our poetry were destined to shrink within these narrow limits; and it is a timely question to consider what strange fatality has yoked together in notoriety this ill-assorted couple, and what their fame signifies to us in our racial development.

The cause of Kipling's popularity is not far to seek. For many years the Anglo-Saxon people, in their ever growing self-consciousness, have been waiting for some poet to formulate their experiences and needs, and have not been slow to express open dissatisfaction with otherwise accredited singers. Tennyson dwelt for them in a world of shadowy idealism; he had no sympathy with the democratic movement; he lapsed in his latter days into a spirit of pantheistic mysticism especially abhorrent to the straightforward Briton. Browning, as R. H. Hutton has observed, was interested chiefly in that subtle line of demarcation between the worlds of sense and faith which finds its problems and symbolism in the Roman Church, — and nothing so disturbs the stolid Philistine as this confusing of the real and the unreal; furthermore, Browning was obscure. Longfellow sang with exquisite grace the virtues and aspirations of the home-loving people, but failed to voice its rude conquering temper out of doors. Matthew Arnold chose for himself a region of sublimated doubt and faith, interesting enough to Oxford, but incomprehensible to the larger public. Each and all of these poets had of necessity strong traits of the Anglo-Saxon character, but they missed its dominant chord, and so remained more or less isolated in the realm of pure art.

For this reason, we can understand the acclaim with which a poet has been received who actually sings in stirring rhythm the instincts of the people. And in truth, both the virtues and the defects of Kipling are such as to render him a popular idol. One cannot easily imagine

to himself a car conductor enthusiastic over Milton or Spenser or Shakespeare as a poet to be read: these luminaries dwell in a region beyond his comprehension. Yet if Kipling fails to strike the highest note, the reception given him by such critics as Professor Norton proves that he too, in his own way, is a true artist, and no mountebank of the cross-roads.

Probably, what first impresses every one, on reading *The Seven Seas*, — and the idea comes with peculiar emphasis just now, — is the imperialistic temper of the poet; his earnest conviction that the English race, “the Sons of the Blood,” are destined to sweep over the earth and fulfill the law of order and civilization. “After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few,” he has sung his stave of victory so lustily that the hearts of the toilers in the fields and of the “dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town,” have leaped in response to his call. So great is the influence of hymns like the *Recessional* and *The White Man’s Burden* that to his fame as a poet has been added something of the authority of a statesman; he has made himself, as no other poet before him, *accepti pars imperii*. His sympathy with the impulse toward expansion and his penetration into the hidden causes of ferment are written large in his *Song of the English*. He sees in the forward movement no ministerial programme or prudential wisdom, such as guides the rulers of Germany and France to fortify their empire by seizing new lands, but an inevitable instinct of the people, driving them out to subdue and possess.

“Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the
Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man’s soul was lent
us to lead.
As the deer breaks — as the steer breaks —
from the herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our
ways.”

But there is another and a deeper in-

stinct of the Anglo-Saxon race than the impulse to expand and absorb. With the power of conquest they carry everywhere the law of order and obedience.

“The ‘eathen in ‘is blindness bows down to
wood an’ stone;
‘E don’t obey no orders unless they is
own;
‘E keeps ‘is side-arms awful: ‘e leaves ‘em
all about,
An’ then comes up the regiment an’ pokes
the ‘eathen out,”

sings Tommy Atkins in his vigorous barrack-room idiom; and he is right. It is the sense of life as a vast complicated organization, in which every member must play his part bravely and uncomplainingly in subjection to the whole; it is the hearkening to “Law, Orrder, Duty an’ Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!” so eloquently ascribed by Mister McAndrews to his beloved “seven thousand horse-power,” that drives the race irresistibly to its goal. There may be, indeed there are, a few left, even in England, who are not “damned ijjits,” and who still think something of the old romance at sea is spoiled by steam; who feel that in some way the fairer and richer flower of life is crushed out by the grinding of mill wheels, and that there is a deeper joy of philosophy than can come to a man driven ruthlessly and restlessly by his own invented machine. But the truth remains that the civilization of the day is a product of iron and steam, and that victory belongs to those who are strong to adapt themselves to the new demands. Our late war with Spain was sufficient proof of this.

Is it strange, therefore, that the people of England and America, in these days of unsettled ideals, should be genuinely thrilled by the clarion notes of a poet who sings of the courage and discipline of the men behind the “reeking tube” with the vigor and truth, if not with the grace, of Homer’s glorification of the ancient bronze-clad heroes; who sees in one of the masterful inventions of commerce a mystical Power carrying salu-

tations and warnings "o'er the waste of the ultimate slime," and whispering its message of union to worlds dis severed by the sea; who has brought together, and in a way spiritualized, all the "miracles" of a materialistic age for the celebration of his love; who has discovered in the despised banjo, that can "travel with the cooking-pots and pails," a true successor of the heroic lyre, and has heard from this "Prophet of the Utterly Absurd" a divine song crying to the dweller in wild places: —

"By the wisdom of the centuries I speak —
To the tune of yesternorn I set the truth —
I, the joy of life unquestioned — I, the
Greek —
I, the everlasting Wonder Song of
Youth!" —

is it strange that such a singer should appeal to the busy brood of the old "Sea-wife" with something more than the force of a mere lover of beauty and maker of pretty verses? The eyes even of the dullest are opened, and from the midst of his homely surroundings he seems to see arise in the purity of unsoiled loveliness the vision of the True Romance: —

"A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law
And Man's infirmity,
A shadow kind to dumb and blind
The shambles where we die."

But there is a still higher reach in Kipling than this glorification of a prosaic civilization and lauding of the militant character. At its best, his sense of order and obedience rises into a pure feeling for righteousness that reminds one of the ancient Hebrew prophets. There is in him something of the stern Calvinistic temper of his own McAndrews brooding over a world in which the active and mechanical virtues fulfill their mission under the law of "interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed." We shall not soon outlive the impression produced on the Anglo-Saxon heart by those unexpected words, "Lest we forget, lest we forget!" Amid the

empty jubilation of a thoughtless optimism, the mind was suddenly brought to recoil upon itself, and ask what higher destiny was ruling in the affairs of men. The Anglo-Saxon race more than any other has retained the real temper of Hebraism, the worship of a force, dwelling apart, yet human in its limitations, that shapes the activities of the world to its own end. Jehovah, the Lord of righteousness, is still England's God, and nowhere else is the religion of the land better expressed than in the Hymn before Action: —

"The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions —
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!"

When to Kipling's instinctive utterance of the popular needs are added his wit and dramatic power, his skill in telling a story, his pulsating language and sturdy rhythms, it is easy to understand his immense vogue. The limitations which debar him from ranking with the truly great poets of England and the world are again inherent in the people for whom he writes, — limitations which the master singers were able to transcend, while still retaining the strength of the national character.

It is one of the ironical whims of Fate that the man who stands preëminently for the Anglo-Saxon and Hebraic temperament should have been born in India, the land furthest removed from it of all the world. Righteousness that rules in the hurly-burly of a contentious life, he knows and celebrates; but of that other spirit that turns from the passion and toil of existence as from a wasteful illusion, and whose eyes are set on solitude and a triumph of peace beyond earthly victories, there is in Kipling hardly a breath. I know that a poet is not called to be a mystic, that his office is not that of a Hindu Rishi or mediæval

Thomas à Kempis. There must be about him always something of that union of *l'illusion et la sagesse* which to Joubert seemed the essence of art. Yet poetry, to accomplish its nobler mission, must both evoke and lay the passions. Through the din of personal struggle and personal emotions must break at times the voice of something deeper within us, calling us to rest. In the clash of worldly ambitions, it happens now and then to a man to pause, while a feeling of unreality comes over him; and for a moment he knows that his concern in the drama about him is purely fictitious, and that there is in him a witness looking down with disdain on the strutting part he plays. No man ever achieved anything really great in this world without these moments of deeper insight, and without a certain contemptuous indifference to his own fate. No poet ever causes the hearts of his hearers to expand with the larger joy who does not lift the veil occasionally and destroy the illusion he is himself creating.

So at times, in Homer, the ten years of calamity about Ilium seem filled with the warfare of shadows.

"Thus the gods fated, and such ruin wove,
That song might flourish for posterity,"

he sings, as if the wrath of Achilles and the passion of Hector were no more than the phantasmagoria of a dream. Both Achilles and Hector fight ever with the sure knowledge of death upon them; and in the last book of the *Odyssey*, which is certainly added as a summing up and conclusion for both poems, the stalwart heroes who led the tumult of war now move before us as shadows, whose futile life is but a mockery of their former strenuous deeds. Virgil makes the plot of his epic revolve about the dim pantheistical scenes of the sixth canto, where all that precedes and all that is to follow arise in vision, like figures beheld through the uncertain light of the moon. Throughout the poem the mind is continually startled by phrases

filled with a strange mystical glamour. "Dabit deus his quoque finem!" cries Æneas, and we feel always that there is a fate akin to the peace of death brooding over the actions and guiding them to their end. Nor is Shakespeare different in this respect from the masters of antiquity. Who can forget the sensation of sudden liberty and enlargement that came to him, as if some new chamber of thought or windows of wider outlook were opened to his mind, when, after the storm of passion and ambition in Macbeth, the fated victim calls out, on hearing of the queen's death:—

"She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

So essential is this higher element of poetry that, at the risk of seeming to countenance a vapid mysticism, I transcribe here a paragraph from one who has recently taken upon himself the profession of Seer. "It is not," writes Maeterlinck in *Le Trésor des Humbles*, "the acts, but the words, that carry the beauty and grandeur of high tragedy; nor yet is this beauty to be found in the words that accompany and explain the acts. There must be something above and beyond the dialogue demanded by the events. . . . By the side of the indispensable dialogue there runs almost always another dialogue that at first seems superfluous; yet look more closely, and you will see that to this alone the soul listens attentively, because only here is the soul addressed; and you will further observe that the quality and extent of this unnecessary dialogue are what really determine the character and inner

power of the work. . . . The mysterious and haunting beauty of true tragedy is found in the words that are spoken by the side of the strict and apparent truth, — in the words that conform to a truth profounder and incomparably nearer the invisible soul that breathes through the poem."

I am far from sustaining any theory which would substitute the pseudo-mystical dramas of Maeterlinck for the ballads of Kipling. Yet one must confess that he misses in Kipling just this added touch of something deeper than what first meets the ear, and that, missing this, he comes away unsatisfied. We hear Kipling constantly praised for his virility and out-of-doors freedom; and this is well. But Homer and Shakespeare, no poets of the closet certainly, were able to combine this liberty with the insight of a profounder spirituality. Our new bard is lauded also for his loyalty to the present; and this too is well. Yet Byron found it possible to speak for his own age, and at the same time absorb all that was memorable in the past. In Childe Harold's reflections on Italy and other scenes of former grandeur, we enjoy the same largeness of release from the fretful constraints of circumstance which in Virgil comes to us from his pensive brooding over fate. One may indeed question whether any writer so little formed by the traditions of the past as Kipling can, in this day of inherited wisdom, escape the charge of crudeness.

An attentive study of the examples quoted in Matthew Arnold's Essay on Poetry might lead one to call this defect in Kipling a lack of the "high seriousness" which that critic adopts as a touchstone of the great style; but the term at least demands definition. Seriousness, if understood as a quality of the emotions, cannot be denied to the author of The Seven Seas; it is in fact a marked and distinguishing trait of the Anglo-Saxon race. Nor is the defect due to any weakness of the intellect. The world

was never more ready than at the present hour to expend its intellectual force on social or artistic problems; it revels in labor of the sort. As a matter of fact, the peculiarity of his vocabulary and the continual looseness of his grammar, even apart from the vitality of his thought, render Kipling one of the harder poets to read, yet they in no way detract from his popularity.

The fault lies in another and more essential faculty, — the will; and here again there is need of careful analysis. Any one who looks deeply into his own heart must recognize there two distinct principles governing his life, — the will to act, and, let us not say the will to renounce, for fear of misinterpretation, but rather the *will to refrain*; and on the right understanding of these two faculties depends largely our insight into much that is best and much that is worst in literature. Now no one can read a page of The Seven Seas without being struck by its splendid virility: the book is in this respect a faithful reflection of the restless energy impelling the race, by fair means or foul, to overrun and subdue the globe. But in that other and higher will, the will to refrain, the Anglo-Saxons are, and have always been, singularly deficient. To this deficiency must be attributed both the lack of any genuine mystical literature in England, and the comparative freedom from decadence, — phenomena which indeed the true Briton finds it difficult even to distinguish one from the other. In fact, much of the confusion of mind in regard to genius and degeneracy, spread abroad over the world by such writers as Lombroso and Max Nordau, is due to the same imperfect analysis. Let the active individual will be weakened by immorality or whatever cause, and there often arises a dissolution of the personality into a flaccid dream state, which the ordinary observer associates with mysticism, but which is in reality the very opposite of that. Out of the deliquescence

of character and loosening of the grip on things actual, such as may be seen in Paul Verlaine and Maeterlinck, springs a sham spirituality that wraps itself in the allurements of the senses. Quite different from this is the mysticism of an Emerson or a Juan de la Cruz or a Plato, where in a strong character the higher will to refrain holds the lower will as a slave subservient to its purpose. The one is the defalcation of the will altogether; the other is the subjection of the lower will to the higher, an exercise of the function which Emerson, quoting I know not what Eastern source, calls the "inner check." The one is but a bewildering illusion; the other is the truest disillusion. I would repeat that the poet is not called to be a mystic, — the sensuous element must always be too predominant in his work for that; and yet only by comparison with genuine mysticism can the recurring note of disillusion in the greater poets be explained. It was probably the voice of this higher personality heard in Dante that led Matthew Arnold to quote his

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace"

as an illustration of "high seriousness" in verse.

Kipling is indeed serious, with the strength of his Hebraic spirit; but the general absence of this will to refrain in his work, although it may add to his popularity among a people of restless, shallow energy, must effectually seclude him from the band of *sacri vates*. I remember the shock of surprise that came to me when, on first reading *The Seven Seas*, I met the lines,

"For to possess in loneliness,
The joy of all the earth;"

so incongruous did the words appear with the bustling spirit of the book as a whole. For the moment I seemed to be rapt away from the society of Tommy Atkins and Mister McAndrews to the region from which the inspired poets of old spoke to us. Had Kipling writ-

ten more in this vein, he would have escaped the charge of superficiality.

But something is required of the reader as well as of the poet. We are accustomed to say that great literature can never be really popular, because the masses have not intelligence to appreciate it; and this is partly true. But, besides intelligence, there is needed a distinct effort of the will to put aside the importunate claims of the hour, and to raise ourselves to the realm of ideas; and never before in the history of the world, perhaps, was this higher will more lacking than at the present day. We surrender ourselves to trivial literature or go into rhapsodies over verse like Kipling's, because we shrink from calling into exercise this faculty of the will to refrain. After all, may it not be that Kipling has given us the best we are capable of comprehending? "Do you think that a spirit full of lofty thoughts, and privileged to contemplate all time and all existence, can possibly attach any great importance to this life?" asks Plato; and the reverse holds equally well: How can a generation so absorbed in material prosperity be seriously interested in the contemplation of ideal truth?

But there is another defect in Kipling, which, however, at the last analysis, is closely akin to this lack of true insight: I mean that seeking after beauty as an end in itself, as an instinct of supreme joy such as inspired the opening lines of Keats' *Endymion*. In its highest manifestation, this element of beauty is but the expression of an inner harmony of the faculties depending on the same will to refrain; it is the law of the Delphian Apollo, *Nothing too much*, working itself out in perfect proportion of thought and form. Even in its lower manifestation, in the love of mere beauty of detail as displayed by the Romantic writers, there must still remain something of the power to withdraw the mind from the immediate uses of things, and

read into them a higher significance. Of this love of pure beauty there is singularly little in Kipling in comparison with the force and breadth of his genius. His most ardent admirers would probably be surprised to find how few passages of real loveliness they could recall from his poems; and it is no doubt this deficiency that inspires Kipling's enemies — and even he has enemies — to speak so contemptuously of his work.

I have attempted thus far to show how the poetry of *The Seven Seas* reflects both the dominant strength and the deficiencies of the Anglo-Saxon temper; there is a curious interest in comparing with it another volume of almost equal popularity, in which all that is un-English might seem to have come to flower. Within the body of the people has sprung up, of late years, a small circle of men to whom the restless activity of the race is distinctly repellent: they are quietists and worshipers of pure beauty. The movement began with the pre-raphaelites, who sought in mediæval Italy all that was wanting in the England about them, and has grown to include an ever increasing band of malcontents. For the very reason that they are cut off from the broader sympathies with actual life, there is something inefficient in their work, something very fair and fragile, which we are wont to stigmatize as effeminate or dilettante. Beauty and form are indeed the feminine elements of genius, which, as has been often observed, must embrace both the masculine and feminine principles to accomplish its best results. But alone and unsupported by the virility of thought and action, the love of beauty has always a tendency to become effeminate and inefficient. It is just this flower-like grace, apart from any sturdier character, that appeals to the group of dilettantes, in Fitzgerald's translation of the *Rubáiyát*. English poetry contains nothing more exquisitely lovely than such stanzas as this: —

"Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that
mourn

In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs re-
veal'd

And hidden by the sleeve of Night and
Morn."

There is in such writing all the curious felicity of Horace, to whom Fitzgerald is often likened; but it must be added that there is also a complete absence of the manly tone of Horace, and of his shrewd reflection on life, which have made him the friendly mentor of the centuries.

It might seem at first as if the *Rubáiyát* would attract this small coterie alone, were it not further true that there is a touch of the dilettante inherent in the whole race. The very fact that a person has little appreciation of harmony and beauty in their higher manifestation leads him to make a sharp distinction in his taste between what appeals to the reason or dominant emotions and what, under the designation of beauty, is a mere titillation of the fancy. This divorce between the reason and the imagination, due to an original defect of temperament in the race, has been so widened by the exigencies of modern life that any real synthesis of the powers has become almost impossible. Unwholesome and irrational as it is, the division has entered even into our scheme of education, and in our universities we now see the classical and modern language faculties separated into semi-hostile groups of pure philologists on the one side, and shallow dabblers in literature on the other; and so impossible is any mediating ground between the two that even when the scholar, who looks down so contemptuously on the æsthetes, himself turns by any chance to notice literature, we see him fall into the same trifling attitude. Our libraries are flooded with works that have no style or form on the one hand, and with books of style that have no substance on the other. And to this same division is due the almost

equal popularity of authors so diametrically opposed as Kipling and Fitzgerald.

But our English Omar has another claim on our attention besides this mere verbal grace: his work possesses a genuine psychological interest in so far as it reflects a peculiar mood of the day. The band of dilettantes to whom his felicities of style appeal so strongly represent also a marked reaction against the predominance of Anglo-Saxon ideals. To a few men has come an inner awakening after the despotism of the recent scientific period, and a weariness born of enthusiasm that has failed to carry the mind beyond its own restricted circle. Religious faith in the old formulas of salvation has been weighed and rejected by the scientific spirit, of which Renan in France and Huxley in England made themselves the spokesmen. But in the end the new faith has been found no more enlarging and no less dogmatic than the old; and to some the whirl and stress of mechanical progress seem to have taken from life all that was truly worth possessing. Even the mass of the Anglo-Saxon people, whose strenuous, unreflecting minds accepted the doctrine of material advance most eagerly, have begun at last to question blindly their own enthusiasm. The exultant words of a Kipling still draw them with the force of inspiration, but in their hours of relaxation they can listen to another voice that tells of indifference and repose. Out of the ruin of past ideals no new vision of human duty has grown as yet, and no poet has arisen to stir the heart to higher aspirations. Only we listen in our uncertainty to this prophet of disillusion and doubt:—

"Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness
cries,
'Fools, your Reward is neither Here nor
There.'"

The Rubáiyát has often been com-

pared with the Epicurean tone of the De Rerum Natura, and there is no doubt a superficial resemblance. "This too I have seen: how that men recline at table cup in hand, and shadow their brows with garlands, and how they cry out from the depth of their heart, 'Brief is this joy for feeble men; even now it has been, and never again shall we call it to return,'"—sang Lucretius to the Romans; and to-day we read in English verse:—

"Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—'While you
live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall re-
turn.'"

Yet in spirit the two poems are utterly at variance. The work of Lucretius is but a new faith of philosophy, the *dux vite Philosophia*, calling to men to put away their vain, disturbing superstitions, and to conquer for themselves a better and surer peace in strenuous thought; it is at the last the utterance of the will to refrain speaking with all the stress of the Roman character. Lucretius would have been the first to repudiate the indifference of the Persian:—

"Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine."

The stanzas of the Rubáiyát announce the surrender of the will altogether; they speak the creed of defeat, and have little in common with the mysticism—if I may use that ambiguous word—of the great poets of England and antiquity.

We have still to await the coming of the true poet, who shall unite the virility of Kipling and the graceful charm of Omar with yet a deeper note of insight into spiritual truth than has been vouchsafed to either. In the meanwhile, we cannot but admire the strange fatality that has linked together the restless rover of the seven seas and the gentle "Suffolk dreamer" in their fellowship of fame.

Paul Elmer More.

THE FORTUNE OF A DAY.

SOME one touched Beppe's arm, in the gray dawn, and he awoke with a start from dozing against Rosellina's flank, and mechanically lifted his hat while glancing about for the "fare" who had disturbed his slumbers. Then his eye fell upon Margherita, and he started again, and his heart began to thump against the shabby coat.

"Per Bacco! little one, — you, so early? What do you want?"

"To go down there," answered Margherita firmly, pointing in the direction of the valley. "To see the world."

"Per Bacco!"

Beppe was too astonished to say more. He looked at the little figure before him, resting upon its crutch, and he — who knew Margherita best of all — hardly recognized her. Above the festa gown and the pale-rose-colored kerchief her face showed white with its startling determination.

"Has some one then left you a fortune, Margherita?" he asked, with not unkindly irony.

"Yes; the signora who made the picture of me. She paid me last night, — twenty whole francs, — and I made up my mind then to see the world."

Beppe was silent again in sheer astonishment. Such a thing had never happened before in all the years he had driven cabs up and down the hills. He always knew Margherita was not like the others, — ah no; but that such an idea as this should come to even Margherita's head was beyond belief.

"Child," he said roughly, "money is fire and food next winter, and you have not too much of either, and the straw work getting worse every day."

"I shall be hungry and cold, anyway, when it is gone; but if I could see once — just once — what it is like down there, I should have that to remember always."

Beppe slipped the feed bag off Rosellina's nose.

"Jump in," he said gruffly. "Hand me the crutch; up with you." He gathered the reins and mounted to his own seat. "Are you ready?"

Margherita nodded. She sat bolt upright, with her crutch beside her, and the color blazing and fading in her cheeks.

"Believe me," muttered Beppe, "that signora was no fool; there are not two pairs of eyes like those in Tuscany."

Margherita breathed in gasps, as the carriage rolled down the winding way. She had never been beyond the Piazza. There were old men and women in the commune who had never been farther. With Margherita's back walking was impossible, and certainly nobody else ever dreamed of deliberately paying out good money to drive anywhere; that belonged to foreigners and the signori. In the wonder of it, Beppe left the way to Rosellina, who could be trusted to know it, and turned sideways on his seat.

"Up there, — what do they say to this?"

"They do not know. I slipped out very, very softly, so that no one heard." Beppe whistled.

"What! you are doing it under the plate? But whatever put it into your head, little one, to see the world?"

Margherita's cheek burned redder.

"I have heard it is so beautiful. Costanza went once to the Carnival, — and there is no one to take me, like Costanza. I did want to see" —

Beppe coughed two or three times, and moved uneasily on the seat.

"If I had known, Margheritina, I would have taken you. But you are such a quiet little one, who could know you had all that in your head?"

"Cesare says on festas it is a paradise," breathed Margherita softly, her

dreamy eyes gazing as if she already beheld it.

This time Beppe's cheek reddened, and he frowned.

"Cesare! It is that good-for-nothing, then, who puts ideas in your head. Not that I say anything against seeing the world a little." He straightened himself and looked important. "I have seen it myself in my day. I was never one of those who think Fiesole is all the good God made. But that Cesare is too handsome to do any good. He and Costanza will make a fine pair."

"He danced only once with her at the fair." Margherita spoke very low, while her slight hands gripped the crutch as if they would dent it.

"Chè, chè! one does not waste money on maids for nothing. I myself heard her ask him to bring her some beads from the city, and he laughed and never refused. Altro," — he shrugged his shoulders, — "we won't quarrel over the lad; leave that to the girls," and he began to hum an air with great indifference.

They rode in semi-silence down the historic way, winding between the walls of stately villas and gardens, over which fragmentary marbles peered, — nymphs and goddesses and gods. Beppe knew little of these stone pages of history, but Margherita knew nothing. Seventeen years comprised all her past, and the future stretched before her exactly like unto it, — a future of interminable straw-plaiting in the doorway of the same little house beyond high Fiesole, with the same struggle summer and winter to keep food in the mouth, shoes on the feet, and a drop of oil in the lamp, to plait more straw by. But this day was hers.

They were already at the foot of the hill, following the slender ribbon of the Mugnone. All at once Beppe drew up his reins and halted Rosellina.

"Listen! Do you hear that, Margherita?"

A sound of many mingled sounds, as

strange as the voice of the sea to inland ears, thrilled through Margherita's veins.

"That is the world." He straightened his shabby hat, and, flourishing his whip, started Rosellina into an ungainly canter. Margherita had a dizzy vision of many houses, carriages, horses, and people, as the cab clattered through the barrier; Beppe holding up both hands, palms open, in expressive assurance to the guards that there was not a soldo's worth of cheese or red wine in the carriage, trying to escape honest taxes.

Proud yet fearful, Margherita looked up at the rows of frowning palaces.

"If Costanza could see me now!" she thought.

"These are the houses of the signori," said Beppe, — "people who lie abed till noon, eat off of silver, and would as soon swallow a gold piece as I a fig, and never feel it. Ma chè, I will show you something better."

He touched up Rosellina, and she whirled them through echoing spaces, till Beppe reined her suddenly upon her haunches, after the manner of his Florentine brethren of the cab.

"There!"

Margherita could only sigh with happiness, her eyes climbing from the mass of rose and white and fair-colored marbles of the vast cathedral to where a hundred doves circled about the fairer tower, which has no rival in the whole round world.

"Get out and go in, Margherita," said Beppe. "It is the good God's, and he is always at home. A little prayer never does any harm."

He lifted her out, and watched her go up the great steps, his weatherbeaten face softening strangely, as the old Florentine fortress palaces do under the late sunglow. When the heavy leathern door curtain fell behind the young girl, he crossed himself.

"There is no more religion anywhere," he said to himself, "but for such as her the saints ought to do something still."

Then he beckoned loftily to the vender of corn-filled cornucopias, standing at the foot of the tower. He handed the man a soldo in exchange for one of the yellow papers, not without grumbling that a centesimo would be liberal for such foolishness as the cornucopia contained; whereupon the vender held up both hands, and bade Beppe reflect upon the price of grain, the iniquity of the taxes, and the size of the standing army, solely maintained by his own disinterested efforts in the sale of cornucopias. Beppe's response was an eloquent shrug — a Tuscan shrug, differing in form and substance from a Roman or Neapolitan kindred token — ere he turned his attention to the large door by which Margherita should emerge.

"Santa Maria!" murmured he, when she appeared at last at the top of the marble steps. "If that signora could see her now!"

"I made also a prayer for you, Beppe," said the young girl, her eyes still full of splendor and dreams.

"Thank you, Margherita," stammered he; "they will hear you, if anybody." He thrust the cornucopia into her hand, and turned to Rosellina to hide his emotion. "Who knows," he thought, — "after all, who knows?"

"Per Bacco!" ejaculated a voice behind him. "That is the prettiest face in all Florence. What a pity!" —

Beppe wheeled. Two signori, pausing in their promenade, were gazing where Margherita, brilliant and laughing with delight, stood with her arms full of doves, and a hundred glancing wings, eager bills, and bright eyes flashing about her.

"Altro," said the second gentleman, "with a face like that, what does the rest matter? All the saints, what eyes!"

Some one else turned at the words, — a slender lad, wearing his shabby cap debonairly. There was an exclamation: "Santa Maria! it is the little Margherita!"

"Cesare!" The yellow cornucopia with all its grain fell at her feet; a whirl of doves rose startled through the air, and Margherita stood paling and flushing alternately, her wide eyes shining on the newcomer.

He on his part remained staring at her, repeating to himself the words of the signori, "The prettiest face in Florence!" How had he ever helped noticing, in fact, how pretty she was? The prettiest girl in the Piazza, by all odds.

"May Cesare come too?" Margherita interrogated Beppe timidly.

"It costs no more," answered Beppe dryly.

Cesare waited for no further invitation. He was consumed with curiosity to know how Margherita came to be there, — a miracle whose magnitude he was abundantly able to estimate. Moreover, a ride in a carriage is not to be sneezed at, at any time; and finally, Margherita was certainly very, very pretty, with all that color in her cheeks and her eyes like lamps.

"Tell me, Margherita mia," he began at once, "what miracle brought you here? — for believe me, I should have looked to see Our Lady herself as soon."

"It was the signora's money. What you said is all true, Cesare, — it is a paradise." She looked at him so that he felt himself all amazed and dizzy again.

"Diavolo, little one, but you have courage!" he said aloud. To himself he kept thinking: "Who would ever have believed Margherita had it in her? She has twice the spirit of that big Costanza, who would never venture in a whole year of festas; and if her back is not so straight as some, better a crooked back than a wooden head," — which meant that big Costanza, again. "If you think this a paradise, Margherita," he said, "you should see it to-night. It is the day of the *Statuo*, and there will be illuminations."

Margherita scarcely heard him. The long, narrow streets of unimaginable

splendors, shop windows glittering with undreamed - of luxuries, stately buildings, richly dressed people, passed before her eyes like the phantasmagoria of a dream; a soundless tumult in her heart shut out the very sound of words. She had been a dreamer all her life; she was dizzy now with the coming true of all her dreams together, — oh, more than all her dreams!

Beppe, however, driving in silence, his old eyes gazing straight ahead, heard every word that fell from the lad's lips: all the chatter of events, the little city anecdotes, the bits of town-gathered wit and wisdom which the boy had picked up in those days of absence deplored of the home commune, and which he now set forth brightly for Margherita's entertainment, deferentially for Beppe's. Nor was that deference lost upon the grizzled cabman, who had his own ideas of manners and modesty. He kept an unrevealing dumbness, quite unlike Margherita's, which was of a kind to cheapen every form of response. All up and down the narrow streets he drove them grimly: past the open market, by the vanities of gold and millinery, out to the Cascine, where at last Rosellina took a tranquil place in the line of liveried turnouts comprising the high life of Florence. And oh, comedy of the human heart! to Margherita it seemed a million times less wonderful to be riding among dukes and princes of blood royal than to be riding beside Cesare, his shabby jacket brushing her faded gown, his supple brown hands and laughing eyes talking as ceaselessly as his merry tongue, and all for her, to her, for her pleasure and delight. Scarcely did she note when they left the stream of grand dukes, princelets, and petty countesses, to flash from out a maze of darkening streets upon a bridge. Beneath that bridge something went by in a golden glitter under the low sun, and the bridge was a-glitter, also, with the silver and gold of jewelers' booths.

"The Arno!" said Cesare proudly. "They say this bridge was here — who knows how long ago? My father and my grandfather saw it."

More beautiful to Margherita than the river or the bridge seemed the treasure of gold and silver trinkets, such as her eyes had never seen. Cesare's eyes followed her wistfully admiring glance, and his hand stole once or twice to his pocket, to be withdrawn again with an odd look of embarrassment.

"The palace of the king!" Beppe was saying the next minute, and there in fact was the great mass of the Pitti frowning down upon them. Guards in scarlet stood before its awful doors.

"They say there are wonders to be seen in there, — rooms and rooms full of nothing but pictures, for one thing. I brought the signora often to see them. Who knows, Margherita? — perhaps yours is there now."

"I went in once," said Cesare. "But the signora's picture was not there then, — nothing half so pretty. I saw them all, — faded old ones, for the most part, not half so beautiful as those one sees in the windows on the Lung' Arno. What *is* beautiful is the garden yonder, — the Boboli; Margherita ought to step in a moment, Beppe, — beautiful long walks and statues and fountains and seats."

"Go on in, child," was Beppe's response. "You don't mind going alone for five minutes? If Cesare here will hold Rosellina, I'll just stretch my own legs a little."

"Willingly," replied Cesare politely, though with some secret wonder, seeing that Rosellina was known to stand faster than the very stones by the hour together. Beppe, however, handed him the reins, and made a great fuss stamping about on the pavement, while the slender figure, so swift in spite of its crutch, was disappearing under the arch of the garden. Then he resumed his seat with a brief "Grazie," but did not offer to relieve Cesare of the reins; in-

stead, he slowly proceeded to light a long ten-centesimi cigar.

"There is one who has a heart," he said gruffly, between puffs, nodding vaguely backwards, "and a head as well. One who would do what she has done to-day can think for herself and others too. There is n't another in all Fiesole who would have the courage."

"You are right, Beppe," answered Cesare, with warmth. "My mother always says she has the best heart and the quickest fingers at the straw work of any girl in Fiesole."

"Your mother is a woman of sense; all Fiesole knows that. As for this one, — he who gets a wife with a heart and a face like that has not much to be pitied for."

"In fact, Margherita is very pretty" —

"Pretty! Up there they know nothing, — that fat Costanza passes for pretty; but in the city one sees the difference. You heard the signori, and all the world stares at the child. The truth is she is thrown away up there; she was made for the city. Altro, if I were younger myself" —

"Chè," protested Cesare, but rather faintly, "you are young enough yet, Beppe."

"No, no; I am too old to change even for Margherita. What would you?" He shrugged deprecatingly. "To give up driving after twenty years of it, and settle down in a little shop?" Cesare looked up with a start, but Beppe paid no heed. "Not but that a little shop, with butter, eggs, and good fresh milk to sell, and the folk coming to buy and say a word over the counter, and maybe later on a little farm of one's own, with a cow or two and chickens, just beyond Fiesole, to supply the shop, — that is n't so bad; with the city to walk about in, in the evenings. Yes, yes, if I were younger, that is what I would do with the handful of francs I've laid by. With a face like Margherita's behind the coun-

ter buyers would be plenty; and the child has so much gentleness; as for being quick at figures, — altro! Yes, yes, if I were younger! But after driving cabs for twenty years one's habits are formed." He shrugged again.

"In fact," said Cesare faintly, "it would be a sacrifice."

"A sacrifice!" Beppe puffed till he was completely enveloped in smoke, out of which his voice came muffled. "There are some things one can't do. But I've been thinking, lately," he added, "there is all that money doing no good instead of making more money as it ought, and here is Margherita working her hands off at the straw work, which gets worse every day, and I without a chick or child of my own. If only she had a good husband to look after things a little, it would be a good thing for her and for me too; I could put those francs to use, and not wake up every time a pebble rattles, for fear of thieves. After all, I have seen the child grow up, as if she were my own, and I wish her as well, — or nearly. Even the priest says she is a pearl. He who marries her would not need to be afraid of paradise; she will take care of him here, and his soul after. If he were good to her, that is" — He paused ominously.

"Who could be anything but good to Margherita?"

"Some devil," replied Beppe grimly.

There was a pause, Beppe puffing fiercely. Then Cesare spoke: —

"Beppe." His voice was almost timid, but his handsome eyes looked frankly into those turned keenly on him. He drew a small package diffidently from his pocket, and displayed the contents. "All that you have said there is very true, and — I've been thinking — I should like to give these to Margherita. She has n't any — I happened to buy these" — He broke off, with a look of mingled embarrassment and humor. "What do you say?"

"I?" returned Beppe bluntly. "I

say, not everything finds its way to the pocket it was bought for. Why should n't you give it to the child?"

"It is n't good enough for her," said Cesare regretfully, contemplating the gift. "For another it would not matter, but for Margherita" —

"She will think it good enough," interposed Beppe gruffly. "Here she comes now." He busied himself tucking the worn robe about him, and left to Cesare the task of assisting the young girl.

"The nightingales were singing in there," said Margherita, whose words were few, but whose eyes spoke volumes.

"Ay, they do sing well," assented Beppe, "those little things. It goes to my heart to eat them. Only a soldo apiece you give for them, whole strings of them, and such little things, — a mouthful, and all that music gone down your throat."

"Poor things!" responded Cesare sympathetically. "But one must say that they are good eating, with olives and a leaf of bay on each side of their little bodies, and a scrap of toast outside; a mouthful of their little heads, and two of their bodies. Speaking of mouthfuls, Beppe, — if we drove to a restaurant? Margherita here has eaten nothing but a crust since daybreak, and Rosellina will like a bite as well as we. I know a friend who keeps a place" —

"You have a head on your shoulders, Cesare." Beppe nodded approvingly. "As for me, I have an appetite of beasts; no nightingales for me, but a good risotto or macaroni."

It was on the way to the restaurant that Cesare laid the little package in Margherita's lap; saying with the air of a young prince bestowing a coronet, "Ecco, Margherita, a nothing-at-all, but it will keep you from forgetting the day you saw the world."

Margherita clasped the string of golden glass beads dumbly; she did not break out into loud ecstasy, as Costanza would

have done, but Cesare was not disappointed for that.

"Grazie, grazie, Cesare, — so much, so much!" she murmured at last. It was prettier than any girl's in Fiesole. What would Costanza say, — Costanza, who had asked him to bring her such a necklace?

Beppe, looking sedately elsewhere, smiled the first smile of that day. "That settles the big Costanza. One does not spend soldi on maids for nothing," he thought, with grim satisfaction.

Meanwhile Cesare was protesting gayly: "It is nothing, Margherita, nothing; put it on, and it will be better." And as they were passing through the dim Way of the Red Gate, it was not to be wondered at that in the dusk he made a strangely awkward piece of work of it, and was very long fastening the clasp at the back of her neck. To tell the truth, he felt a sudden overwhelming desire to put a kiss just under the necklace where all the soft curls met. Never had he known such a desire before and resisted it, but a timidity wholly new seized him, and, with a muttered excuse, he withdrew his hands from the beads, and sat with cheeks more burning than Margherita's, biting his lips.

"She is n't like the others," he thought, with mingled pleasure and pain.

At the restaurant he recovered all his easy grace, and did the honors of the place with an air which dazzled Margherita, to whom this glimpse of high life was a little disconcerting. She ate her risotto and sipped her glass of thin red wine almost dumbly. Cesare, however, was in spirits for all three, and filled his companions' glasses with the manner of a lord of the feast. Rosellina, meanwhile, resumed her breakfast precisely at the point where she had left off. Though a female, Rosellina was a philosopher.

"Put up your money, little one," said Cesare, with a proprietary air, when Margherita timidly brought out the hand-

kerchief in which her fortune was tied. "I have a few soldi myself." He laughed to hide some embarrassment, for to say truth he had forgotten about the beads, and his pocket was nearly empty. He went to arrange the matter with his friend, but Beppe followed.

"See here, Cesare," he interposed, touching him on the arm, "I pay for this. Santa Maria, man, you spent half a lira at least on those beads, and it's only the tourists who are made of money. A franc and a half, is it? Well, no one can say we have n't lived like signori to-day." He slipped the money into the lad's hand.

"Thank you, Beppe," said Cesare gratefully. "The truth is, I forgot about the beads, and half a lira does make a hole in one's pocket; not that I would begrudge Margherita a whole lira, if I had it," — for by this time Cesare had quite forgotten for whom the beads were originally bought.

And now the illumination was getting itself in train. Streets and palaces blossomed, as the three rode through, with clusters of colored globes, — the red, white, and green of Italy. In the dark space of the Piazza Signoria the Tower of the Old Palace blossomed, also. The mighty mass began to glow all over, as if the light came from within the stone itself; and there it stood, a gigantic, luminous fire palace against the stars, and from its top the tricolor floated. A murmur of rapture rose from the gathered thousands. Margherita touched Beppe's arm.

"Why do they light it? Is it for some saint?"

"No, child; it is for Italy," responded Beppe. "It is too long to tell you." The fact was he did not know very well himself.

The great stone building continued to glow, and all the clocks of the city struck out together.

"Nine o'clock, and all that hill to climb!" exclaimed Beppe, taking up his

reins. "Do we say 'Happy night' here, Cesare, or will you come too? My Rosellina will carry you like a feather."

The fire palace faded before Margherita's eyes.

"I come too," replied Cesare quickly; "that is, unless it displeases Margherita?"

She gave him one fleeting glance, and he stepped into the carriage. "It is stupid down here," he explained, with affected carelessness, "and my mother frets if I am too long away."

"One should know when one has eaten enough," was Beppe's dry comment.

Margherita said nothing at all. She leaned back against the shabby cushions, and Florence and the world floated away from her; the lights of the barrier faded, the dusk fell about them like a curtain, and they were out on the wide sweet hillside under the stars.

Rosellina climbed slowly; she had kept so many holidays. Beppe turned to look at the small face, so white against the sky.

"Well, little one," he said, with an odd tremble in his voice, "you can say that you have seen the world."

There was no answer, and after a second glance Beppe turned abruptly round upon his seat, and, keeping his face straight ahead, began to whistle industriously, though softly.

The fireflies twinkled all about them, and the perfume of roses swept down against their faces from the villa gardens under whose walls they passed. Far up a nightingale began his throbbing song. Cesare moved a little nearer.

"You must be tired, Margherita," he said gently. "See, rest here." With that new awkwardness he put out an arm and drew her nearer; she did not resist, and her head fell softly on his shoulder. Her eyes burned brighter than the fireflies in the dark. A great tremor seized them, and held them both mute, constrained, breathless. In the ilexes the nightingale sang on, of love, of summer,

of Italy, and suddenly Margherita felt upon her own the burning yet gentle lips of her lover.

Beppe never once turned his head. He gave softly back the "Happy night" which softly came to him as Cesare slipped from the carriage into the shadows at the border of the village; but he did not turn his head. How many summers had not the fireflies twinkled and the nightingales been singing, then as now!

Beyond the Piazza, with a second murmured "Happy night" Margherita

too slipped noiselessly away, first pressing something into Beppe's hand. The dim doorway of a squalid house swallowed her up, but not the child who had fled from it that morning. For to have seen the world is a great thing.

There is, however, a greater. Cesare dreaming on his narrow bed, Margherita dreaming awake on hers, with Cesare's beads fast clasped, and Beppe grimly counting out a roll of twenty francs before he added them to his stocking's hoard, in their varying degrees, had consciousness of this.

Grace Ellery Channing.

THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

The earth grew bold with longing

And called the high gods down :

Yea, though ye dwell in heaven and hell,

I challenge their renown.

Abodes as fair I build ye

As heaven's rich courts of pearl,

And chasms dire where floods like fire

Ravage and roar and whirl.

Come, for my soul is weary

Of time and death and change;

Eternity doth summon me, —

With mightier worlds I range.

Come, for my vision's glory

Awaits your songs and wings;

Here on my breast I bid ye rest

From starry wanderings.

THE sun-browned miner who sat opposite me in the dusty stage talked of our goal to shorten the long hours of the journey, and of the travelers who had preceded us over that lonely trail to the edge of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. "Yes, I have been in and out of the cañon for twenty years," he said, "and I have n't begun to understand it yet. The Lord knows, perhaps, why he gave it to us; I never felt big enough to ask." And he told the story of a young English preacher whom he once picked up near the end of the road; who, too poor to pay stage fares, was walking to

the cañon; who, after two days and nights in the thirsty wastes, his canteen empty and only a few biscuits left in his pouch, was trudging bravely on, with blistered feet and aching body, because he "must see" the mighty miracle beyond.

We were out in the open endless desert, the sunburned desolate waste. Our four horses kicked up the dust of the road, and the wind whirled it into our faces and sifted it through our clothes. We had passed the halfway house, where, finding the shanty too hot, we had unpacked and eaten our luncheons out in the sun and wind. It was just at the weary moment of the long, hot drive when the starting place seemed lost in the past, and the goal still far ahead; but the thought of the preacher's ardor made us ashamed to be tired, gave us back the beauty of the day. All the morning we had driven through forests of tall pines and bare white aspens, watching the changing curves of San Francisco Mountain, whose lofty head rose streaked with white against the blue; until at last, as we rounded its foothills, the desert lay below us like a sea, and we

descended to the magic shore and took passage over the billows of silver and amethyst that foamed and waved beyond and afar. Lines of opalescent light grew into rocky mesas rising steep and formidable out of the barren plain. Silvery vistas widened into deserts so barren that even sagebrush and dwarfish cactus choked there; and the only signs of life, paradoxically, were the chalk-white skeletons of animals that lay collapsing into dust beside the road. All day long we were alone with the world's immensity, — no human face or voice breaking the wastes of forest and plain, except when our tired horses thrice gave way to fresh ones, and their keepers came out from little shacks to unbuckle the harness and hear the news.

The immense and endless desolation seemed to efface us from the earth. What right had we there, on those lofty lands which never since the beginning of time had offered sustenance to man? Since first the vast plain with its mighty weight of mountains arose far out of the waters, no kindly rill or fountain had broken the silence and invited life. What hidden wells would feed the prairie dogs, what rains would slake the large thirst of the pines, while now for months the aching land must parch and burn under a cloudless sky? It was May, and yet the summer had begun in these high places of the earth, and the last flecks of snow were fading from the peaks. Following slowly the gentle grades of the road, we tried to appreciate the altitude. Was it possible that these long levels lay a mile and a half above the ocean; that this barren slope, where the wind blew keen, was only a thousand feet nearer earth than the crest of the Dent du Midi, whose notched and snowy peak dominates Lac Léman? No wonder the waters leave the great plateau to the sun, and hurl themselves against mountainous barriers, and carve out gorges and cañons in their wild eagerness to find the sea!

At last we reach the third relay station, and take on six horses instead of four, for the final pull uphill. We alight, and run up and down the shaggy little slope, and free our bodies from the long strain. We reflect that as we are traveling now, even in this primitive slavery to beasts of burden, so for many centuries our fathers had traversed the earth, knowing no swifter way. All day for seventy-five miles, — what a tyrannous abuse of time! And yet through ages and ages the lords of the earth had been so deaf to its voices that not one secret of nature's power had escaped to help them conquer her. We had left the nineteenth century behind; we were exploring the wilderness with the pioneers. We were unaware of the road, of the goal; we were pushing out into the unknown, buffeted by its denials, threatened by its wars, lured by its mysteries. The desert lay behind us now; once more the quiet forest for miles on miles. So still and sweet and sylvan were its smooth brown slopes; the tallest pines whose vision overtopped their neighbors were all unsuspecting of nature's appalling and magnificent intention. And we, we could not believe that the forest would not go on forever, even when vistas of purple began to open through the trees, even when the log-cabin hotel welcomed us to our goal.

It was like sudden death, — our passing round the corner to the other side of that primitive inn; for in a moment we stood at the end of the world, at the brink of the kingdoms of peace and pain. The gorgeous purples of sunset fell into darkness and rose into light over mansions colossal beyond the needs of our puny unwinged race. Terrific abysses yawned and darkened; magical heights glowed with iridescent fire. The earth lay stricken to the heart, her masks and draperies torn away, confessing her eternal passion to the absolving sun. And even as we watched and hearkened, the pitiful night lent deep shadows

to cover her majesty and hide its awful secrets from the curious stars.

In the morning, when I went out to verify the vision, to compass earth's revelation of her soul, the sun fell to the very heart of the mystery, even from the depths rose a thrill of joy. It was morning; I had slept and eaten; the fatigue and dust of the long journey no longer oppressed me; my courage rose to meet the greatness of the world. The benevolent landlady told of a trail which led to Point Lookout, a mile and a half away, beneath whose cliffs the old deserted inn lay in a hollow. I set out with two companions of the stage, who were armed with cameras and possessed of modern ideas. They pleaded for improvements: built a railroad from Flagstaff to the rim, a summer hotel on one of those frowning cliffs; yes, even a funicular railway down to the hidden river, and pumping works which should entice its waters up the steep slope to the thirsty beasts and travelers whose drink must now be hauled from the halfway house, forty miles away. But I rose up and defended the wilderness; rejoiced in the dusty stage ride, in the rough cabin that rose so fitly from the clearing, in the vast unviolated solitudes, — in all these proofs that one of the glories of earth was still undesecrated by the chatter of facile tourists; that here we must still propitiate nature with sacrifices, pay her with toil, prove the temper of our souls before assailing her immensities. And when my companions accused me of selfishness, opened the hidden wonder to all the world, and made it the common property of literature and art, the theme of all men's praise, even like Mont Blanc and the Colosseum and Niagara, my tongue had no words of defense to utter, but my heart rejoiced the more that I had arrived before all these.

We wandered along the quietest sylvan path, which led us up and down little ravines and dales, always under the shade of tall pines, always over the brown

carpet of their needles. Now and then a sudden chasm would lift a corner of the veil, and we would wonder how we dared go on. Yet on and on we went, — a mile and a half, two miles, three, — and still no deserted cabin under slanting cliffs. My companions recalled the landlady's words, were sure that we had missed the road, and resolved to go back and find it; so I urged them to the search, and promised to rest and follow. But when I had rested the trail allured me; surely it was too clear to lead me wrong. I would explore it yet a little. I walked on, — five minutes, ten, — and there below me lay the hollow and the cabin. I passed it, the little silent lodge, with rough-hewn seats under the broad eaves of its porch, its doors hospitably unlatched, its rooms still rudely furnished; but all dusty, voiceless, forsaken. I climbed the steep slope to the rocks, crawled half prostrate to the barest and highest, and lay there on the edge of the void, the only living thing in some unvisited world.

For surely it was not our world, this stupendous, adorable vision. Not for human needs was it fashioned, but for the abode of gods. It made a coward of me; I shrank and shut my eyes, and felt crushed and beaten under the intolerable burden of the flesh. For humanity intruded here; in these warm and glowing purple spaces disembodied spirits must range and soar, souls purged and purified and infinitely daring. I felt keenly sure of mighty presences among the edifices vast in scope and perfect in design that rose from the first foundations of the earth to the lofty level of my jagged rock. Prophets and poets had wandered here before they were born to tell their mighty tales, — Isaiah and Æschylus and Dante, the giants who dared the utmost. Here at last the souls of great architects must find their dreams fulfilled; must recognize the primal inspiration which, after long ages, had achieved Assyrian palaces, the temples

and pyramids of Egypt, the fortresses and towered cathedrals of mediæval Europe. For the inscrutable Prince of builders had reared these imperishable monuments, evenly terraced upward from the remote abyss; had so cunningly planned them that mortal foot could never climb and enter, to disturb the everlasting hush. Of all richest elements they were fashioned, — jasper and chalcidony, topaz, beryl, and amethyst, fire-hearted opal and pearl; for they caught and held the most delicate colors of a dream, and flashed full recognition to the sun. Never on earth could such glory be unveiled, — not on level spaces of sea, not on the cold bare peaks of mountains. This was not earth; for was not heaven itself across there, rising above yonder alabaster marge in opalescent ranks for the principalities and powers? This was not earth, — I intruded here. Everywhere the proof of my unfitness abased and dazed my will: this vast unviolated silence, as void of life and death as some newborn world; this mystery of omnipotence revealed, laid bare, but incomprehensible to my weak imagining; this inaccessible remoteness of depths and heights, from the sinuous river which showed afar one or two tawny crescents curving out of impenetrable shadows, to the mighty temple of Vishnu which gilded its vast tower loftily in the sun. Not for me, not for human souls, not for any form of earthly life, was the secret of this unveiling. Who that breathed could compass it?

The strain of existence became too tense against these infinities of beauty and terror. My narrow ledge of rock was a prison. I fought against the desperate temptation to fling myself down into that soft abyss, and thus redeem the affront which the eager beating of my heart offered to its inviolable solitude. Death itself would not be too rash an apology for my invasion, — death in those happy spaces, pillowed on purple immensities of air. So keen was the impulse,

so slight at that moment became the fleshly tie, that I might almost have yielded but for a sudden word in my ear, — the trill of an oriole from the pine close above me. The brave little song was a message personal and intimate, a miracle of sympathy or prophecy. And I cast myself on that tiny speck of life as on the heart of a friend, — a friend who would save me from intolerable loneliness, from utter extinction and despair. He seemed to welcome me to the infinite; to bid me go forth and range therein, and know the lords of heaven and earth who there had drunk the deep waters and taken the measure of their souls. I made him the confidant of my unworthiness; asked him for the secret, since, being winged, he was at home even here. He gave me healing and solace; restored me to the gentle amenities of our little world; enabled me to retreat through the woods, as I came, instead of taking the swift dramatic road to liberty.

I do not know how one could live long on the rim of that abyss of glory, on the brink of sensations too violent for the heart of man. I looked with wonder at the guides and innkeepers, the miners and carriers, for whom the utmost magnificence of earth is the mere background of daily living. Does it crush or inspire? Do they cease to feel it, or does it become so close a need that all earth's fields and brooks and hills are afterward a petty prison for hearts heavy with longing? When they go down to the black Inferno where that awful river still cuts its way through the first primeval shapeless rocks, where the midday darkness reveals night's stars in a cleft of sky, while the brown torrent roars and laughs at its frowning walls, — when they, mere men of the upper air, descend to that nether world, do they recognize the spirits of darkness who shout and strain and labor there? And when they emerge, and step by step ascend the shining cliffs, do they feel like Dante when he was led by his celestial love to paradise?

The days of my wanderings along the edge of the chasm were too few to reconcile my littleness with its immensity. To the end it effaced me. I found comfort in the forests, whose gentle and comprehensible beauty restored me to our human life. It was only the high priest who could enter the Holy of Holies, and he only once a year; so here, in nature's innermost sanctuary, man must be of the elect, must purify his soul with fasting and prayer and clothe it in fine raiment, if he would worthily tread the sacred ground. It is not for nothing that the secret is hidden in the wilderness, and that the innermost depths of it are inaccessible to our wingless race. At this point one or two breakneck trails lead down to the Styx-like river, but he who descends to the dark waters must return by the same road; he may not follow the torrent through the bowels of the earth except to be its sport or prey. Even though he embarks upon that fearsome journey, and even though, like Major Powell and his handful of adventurers, he escapes death by a thousand miracles, yet he may not emerge from the depths of hell through all the days and nights of the journey; he may not set foot on the purple slopes and climb to the pearly mansions, — nay, nor even behold them, overshadowed as he is by frowning walls that seem to cut the sky. For a few miles along the rim and down a trail or two to the abyss, human feet and human eyes may risk body and soul for an exceeding great reward; but for an hundred miles beyond, both to right and left, the mystery is still inviolate. He who attempts it dies of thirst in the desert, or of violence in the chasm.

Tragic stories are told of men who have lost their lives in the search for precious metals which may lie hidden or uncovered here. The great primeval flood cut its broad V through all the strata of rock, with all their veins of metallic ore, down to the earliest shapeless mass, leaving in its wake the ter-

raced temples and towers which seem to have been planned by some architect of divinest genius to guard their treasures inviolate till the end of time. And the river, rising far to the north among mountains rich in mineral, has been washing away the sand for ages, and depositing its gold and silver and lead in the still crevices of the impenetrable chasm. Here the earth laughs at her human master, and bids him find her wealth if he dare, and bear it away if he can. A young Californian who accepted the challenge, and set forth upon the turgid water to sift its sands for gold, never emerged with his hapless men to tell the story of his search. Only near the brink of the cleft are a few miners burrowing for copper, and sending their ore up to the rim on the backs of hardy burros; as who should prick the mountain with a pin, or measure the ocean with a cup.

As I grew familiar with the vision, I could not quite explain its stupendous quality. From mountain tops one looks across greater distances, and sees range after range lifting snowy peaks into the blue. The ocean reaches out into boundless space, and the ebb and flow of its waters have the beauty of rhythmic motion and exquisitely varied color. And in the rush of mighty cataracts are power and splendor and majestic peace. Yet for grandeur appalling and unearthly, for ineffable, impossible beauty, the cañon transcends all these. It is as though to the glory of nature were added the glory of art; as though, to achieve her utmost, the proud young world had commanded architecture to build for her and color to grace the building. The irregular masses of mountains, cast up out of the molten earth in some primeval war of elements, bear no relation to these prodigious symmetrical edifices, mounted on abysmal terraces and grouped into spacious harmonies which give form to one's dreams of heaven. The sweetness of green does not last forever, but these mightily varied purples are eternal. All

that grows and moves must perish, while these silent immensities endure. Lovely and majestic beyond the cunning of human thought, the mighty monuments rise to the sun as lightly as clouds that pass.

And forever glorious and forever immutable, they must rebuke man's pride with the vision of ultimate beauty, and fulfill earth's dream of rest after her work is done.

Harriet Monroe.

IS THERE A DEMOCRACY OF STUDIES?

I.

THE present is a time so full of busy endeavor in all parts of the secondary education that many hopeful observers of our schools are coming to think we are at the entrance, if not already in the midst of a great Age of Experiment. The centre of interest, definitely located ten or fifteen years ago in problems of colleges and universities, has shifted to the next adjacent region, to the increasingly extensive domain of the secondary school. While the questions involved in both regions of discussion are largely common, each year is making it clearer that fundamentally satisfying answers are to be sought first in the schools, and that unless this is done any answers given to the college questions involved will be lame and disappointing. It is therefore quite natural that the years since 1890 have been given more and more to the imperious school questions and to their consideration mainly from the school standpoint.

Some twenty years ago the diversity in our secondary education seemed almost chaotic. What a heterogeneous lot of schools then possessed and, for that matter, still possess the field! How little working agreement existed between the parts of the country, the parts of many individual schools, or the parts of the schoolboy's life! It is not possible, short of a volume, to tell the tale of our wasteful want of plan, and of the havoc it played. It is no wonder, then,

that when deep public interest began to be shown, and the neglected problem of the secondary school came to the fore, there was plenty of material for strenuous discussion. It is no wonder, either, that when the discussion got well under way, the condition of the schools was reflected in the blind and groping character of many proposals offered and in the bewildering variety of fallacies that were aired and exploited as sound educational theory and practice. This confusion was not primarily due to the difficulty of discovering remedies, but to the difficulty of making a diagnosis. It was not so much that schools had wrong standards or low standards, as that many had nothing which would bear rational definition as any sort of a standard.

Meanwhile, a deluge of discussion has overspread the entire world of secondary education. When in the history of our land has there been anything like it? Committees in abundance, by sevens and tens and twelves and fifteens, have entered their arks and embarked on the flood, intent on saving their several households. And the end is not yet, although, as we believe, the tops of certain irremovable mountains are once more beginning to appear. Not yet are we done with the long series of committees with numerical titles, with the conferences, conventions, and associations, or with their debates and reports and resolutions that aim to discover the true state of affairs and to propose measures of relief. Then, besides these helpful

concerted attempts, there has been much amateur individual effort. Every one seems to be trying his hand. The interest is widespread, the enthusiasm undoubtedly real, and the discussion many-sided and voluminous. Take up the educational journals and see, mixed indiscriminately with better reading, how almost every possible theory has found an advocate; how fad after fad is dubbed a "system"; how each novelty finds some one ready to hail it as a discovery; how the facile adoption of untested hypotheses is regarded as constructive thinking; how one man's belief is "as good as another's," and the equal value of all printed opinion is unconsciously admitted as an axiom. Some sort of an Age of Experiment in the secondary schools is indeed upon us, and the experimenting is becoming more expert and trustworthy, although far too much of the discussion reveals characteristics of something dangerously resembling Carlyle's Age of Paper and Age of Wind.

II.

The situation is gradually growing clearer. The theories have all been aired, and without much effect. Counsel has been lightened by words with knowledge and darkened by words without knowledge. Amid all the talk, it has gradually dawned on us that a spontaneous and silent change is going on, that the voluminous discussion has not created the change and that the change has been causing the discussion. Here at last we are on the track of facts. Something has been happening of which we were only imperfectly aware; and the something that has happened and is still happening is the determining element in the situation and, if we are wise, will be the determining element in bringing the discussion to one conclusion.

The change itself has a cause, and that cause is twofold. There is, first, the long-slumbering dissatisfaction of parents and teachers with the miscellany

of loosely related studies composing so many school programmes, and the resulting loss of thoroughness and vital unity in the education of the scholars. Things would not come to a focus. Somehow, an efficient gymnastic for the mind, an orderly set of exercises conspiring to one highly useful end, was not secured. School programmes too often lacked a base on which sound construction for the whole after life might be built. The second cause awakened the first into action, — unorganized, desultory, scattered, but widely operating action. This awakening cause was the literally enormous increase in the enrollment of pupils, which has been gathering volume every year since 1890. In that year the total enrollment in our secondary schools was 297,894. In 1898 it amounted to 554,814, — an increase of eighty-six per cent in eight years, a gain about four times as rapid as the rate of increase in population, and a gain that means doubling in ten years. The area of dissatisfaction with ineffectual courses of study naturally extended rapidly, and the problem of keeping in some sort of shape the increasingly unmanageable educational interests of the pupils became more and more pressing.

Then the change began and the discussion likewise began, but the change outran the discussion. The common element in both was a strong desire for some real unity in the school education. The aspect most emphasized in the public discussion has been the coordination of studies in programmes. Evaluation of the separate constituent studies has also received much attention. But there has been far clearer agreement in reference to the former than to the latter. In respect to such matters as the length of the school course, the number of weekly periods of recitation, the length in minutes of a period, the importance of avoiding overpressure, the need of restricting every course of study to a few valuable things, the importance of making no

distinction in the way a subject is taught to scholars going on to college and to the others who go no farther than the secondary school, the definition of "constants," "national units," "norms," "intensive study," and similar terms, which probably clarify and certainly solemnize educational documents, — in short, in respect to matters which concern the form of programmes, the lines of discussion have already converged toward a tolerable unity. But in respect to determining the content by evaluation of the separate studies less progress has been made.

It seems the plainest sense to say that a formula defining the best secondary education for any boy ought to include the following factors, anyway: (1) a carefully limited number of studies of as high intrinsic excellence as he can appreciate, (2) taught amply by the best teachers procurable, and (3) finely co-ordinated in a programme having organic unity. There is no insuperable disagreement about the second and third factors. The first one, however, gives endless trouble. Many assert that the character of the study is a small matter compared with the stimulating skill of the teacher, and say it is better for a boy to pursue a poor subject under a good teacher than a good subject under a poor teacher, or at least "just as good." Such persons, however, are seldom consistent enough to go on and say the rest of their alphabet, and to admit it is better for a boy to pursue a good subject under a good teacher than a good subject under a poor teacher; and that it is likewise better to pursue a good subject under a poor teacher than a poor subject under a poor teacher. If they are right, the kind of teaching, and not the kind of studies, is to settle what studies make a proper programme. If they are right, they can find no refuge from the conclusion that there are no indispensable school studies, so far as the substance of them is concerned. If they are right, the best attested educational experience of modern times is wrong.

When shall we ever have done with this persistent and silly fallacy of confusion? Of course it is true that good teachers are essential to the best education of any kind, and sad indeed is the plight of a young scholar who never feels their inspiring energy. But the teacher is not the study, nor the study the teacher, and the inherent differences in values and kinds of teachers are no more marked than in values and kinds of studies. Is history, when taught by a fine teacher, a fine study? Few things are finer, both intrinsically and in effect on the pupil. Is not history, even when poorly taught, still intrinsically as fine a study as ever, no matter how lamentably poor the effect on the pupil? In the latter case, we can only say that the unfortunate pupil has not really been taught history; and that this is the fault, not of history, but of the teacher. Does the most hardened ignoramus of radical differences in the worth of studies believe that such things, for instance, as the Hawaiian language, or Christian Science, or bird-stuffing, can be made into fine studies, even under the most competent teacher? Do any or all of them contain matter of high importance for a secondary school course? And yet, why do they not? They are not too hard; not so hard for beginners as algebra or Latin. If they are good for anything, a fine teacher can make them an interesting means of developing what the dialect of pedagogy calls "mental fibre," — whatever that is. But the trouble is that in their character as school studies they are not "good for anything." They are intrinsically inferior. If the subjects above mentioned seem to constitute an extreme illustration, let us take others which will be admitted, at least when taken collectively, to be entitled to a little more consideration. Why not make up a secondary programme which shall give free play to any passable subject? Let pupils study Dutch and Polish, if they like, rather than French and German, gauging instead of

algebra, heraldry in place of history; in the meanwhile developing hand skill by typewriting and eye skill by the microscope and the observation of coins and postage stamps, and getting a sort of finishing touch in morals and religion by reading books about *How to Get On in the World*. There is something the matter with the things in this list. What is it? The matter is that, taken together, they are a jumble of ill-related subjects; and taken separately, not one is an important central study, while some are not school studies at all.

So we might proceed, grade by grade, from the admittedly lower toward the higher levels. What makes the difference in every such transition? The difference lies in the relative importance of the studies as subject-matter for school instruction. There is no democracy of studies, all equal. The fact that equal times are given to certain subjects, and that they may count alike in quantity for entrance to college, does not make them equal or even comparable in character. History is neither intrinsically equal or comparable to mathematics, nor mathematics to history. They are alike in being centrally important,—let us say indispensable. They may also happen to be alike in occupying the same number of hours in a school programme. But here their obvious likeness ends. Either may foolishly be supposed to have a right to be considered “equivalent” to the other, but no such doctrine of equivalence avails to make either actually replace the other and perform its functions in education. Why have not those who are advocating “recognition” of the “claims” of all reputable studies to equality of treatment managed to propose a plan by which pupils who strongly dislike any subject may be able to omit it without damage from their school course? Every year finds a crop of boys who do not want Latin, and no great trouble occurs in their cases, because there is in existence a secondary programme which omits Latin. It

is undeniably about the poorest course offered, but still it is in existence, and it is largely attended. Why not make a like arrangement for boys who rebel against mathematics? Why not, indeed? The one cogent reason is that some mathematics, whether taught by good, indifferent, or poor teachers, is believed to be indispensable by everybody who thinks about the matter. Then there is, after all, such a thing as a selection of studies of greatest intrinsic worth. There are some studies that cannot be safely omitted. It is pitiful to see how this elementary truth has been obscured in current discussions. Let us rest well assured it is the one thing needful in school programmes.

III.

The evaluation of studies is therefore the strategic question. How shall we settle it? Shall we seek to make a uniform prescribed curriculum? If our just desire for vital unity in the secondary education does not result in substantial uniformity in regard to the central studies to be selected and their coördination in prescribed programmes, what is the use of trying to improve our admittedly defective secondary school courses? Let us make sure where we are. Let us again examine ourselves on the fundamental questions. Are there or are there not any studies of most worth? If there are, is it best they should constitute the substance of school programmes? These are the real questions. The question is not whether there should be absolutely no election and an inexorably rigid curriculum, nor whether there should be only one or several programmes consisting almost solidly of prescribed studies. The question is whether any substantially uniform prescribed scheme should be constructed; and if so, out of what elements.

And yet so eminent an observer of education as President Eliot, writing in a recent number of this magazine, declares: “There are those who say that there

should be no election of studies in secondary schools, — that the school committee, or the superintendent, or the neighboring college, or a consensus of university opinion should lay down the right course of study for the secondary school, and that every child should be obliged to follow it.”¹ There may be such persons. But the question, let us repeat, is whether substantially prescribed programmes, wherein election of studies is only incidental, and not determinative, are not the best. This, and this alone, is the issue. There does not exist to-day in the United States, unless it be in the Jesuit colleges, any important body of opinion in favor of one absolutely prescribed secondary programme which “every child should be obliged to follow.” Still, President Eliot, assailing the advocates of prescribed courses of study, goes on to say: “This is precisely the method followed in Moslem countries, where the Koran prescribes the perfect education to be administered to all children alike.” He fails, however, to add that uniform programmes, consisting almost solidly of prescribed studies, are the secondary programmes of Germany and France and Great Britain and the United States, and every other enlightened modern nation. Nevertheless, in his judgment, “direct revelation from on high would be the only satisfactory basis for a uniform prescribed school curriculum. The immense deepening and expanding of human knowledge in the nineteenth century, and the increasing sense of the sanctity of the individual’s gifts and will-power, have made uniform prescriptions of study in secondary schools impossible and absurd.” The dilemma is obvious. Only “direct revelation from on high” would furnish a “satisfactory basis for a uniform prescribed school curriculum,” and without it “uniform prescriptions of study in sec-

ondary schools” are “impossible and absurd.” What then becomes of uniform prescribed programmes generally, and, inasmuch as the dilemma is so sharply placed before us, it is in order to ask, What becomes in particular of the four programmes put forth in 1893 by President Eliot as chairman of the notable Committee of Ten? — “working programmes which they recommend for trial wherever the secondary period is limited to four years.”² From five sixths to seven eighths of the several programmes offered consists of “uniform prescriptions of study,” and relatively little is left to the pupil’s option, beyond the external option as to which prescribed programme he will follow. In fact, if we omit the single choice between French and German, we omit the greater part of the internal options altogether. Here then are programmes embodying a high degree of prescribed uniformity. They are what they were meant to be, — commendable attempts to make courses consisting substantially of “uniform prescriptions of study.” No one considers them “impossible and absurd.” Whether we should consequently regard them as based on “direct revelation from on high” need not be argued here.

How clear it is we shall not succeed in framing rational plans of study unless we first know what the indispensable constituent elements are! How clear it is that this will not be done if we ignore or minimize the intrinsic worth of the separate studies! Though the public discussion in which we have been engaged has not failed to deal with this aspect of the situation, it has not yet brought the strife of studies to a pause, much less to a sufficiently definite decision. But something else is doing this, and promising to do it effectually. This something is the free movement of large numbers of pupils, aided by the common sense of

at the meeting of the National Educational Association, July 9, 1892. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1893.

¹ Atlantic Monthly, October, 1899, page 443.

² Pages 44-47 of the Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies appointed

individual parents and teachers, toward the studies they find to be of most worth, and the courses which contain such studies in largest proportion. What else can be the meaning of the vast increase in the enrollment of pupils in Latin? Is it because the teachers are better? Then why is almost as great an increase found in history, and a comparable gain in geometry and algebra? Not only the size but the swiftness of the increase bars out fine teaching as the determining explanation. Even if it were the explanation, there are still some questions to be asked about the effect of fine studies in attracting and developing fine teachers. But we have even better practical proof that it is not the explanation. In many instances, the same teachers who were formerly trying ineffectually to interest their pupils in English grammar have of late turned to teaching Latin with success in the same schools to pupils of the same grade, and this in spite of the fact that they were teachers without previous training in teaching Latin. The explanation is that the substance of the study is found to be interesting and valuable. The same is true of a few other studies. Let us put them all in a list in answer to the question, What subjects in the last eight years are gaining in pupils faster than the eighty-six per cent which represents the increase in total enrollment for the same period? They are as follows:

Studies.	Enrollment in 1889-90.	Enrollment in 1897-98.	Percentage of increase.
Latin	100,144 . .	274,203 . .	174
History (except U.S.)	82,909 . .	209,034 . .	152
Geometry	59,781 . .	147,515 . .	147
Algebra	127,397 . .	306,755 . .	141
German	34,208 . .	78,994 . .	131
French	28,032 . .	58,165 . .	107
Greek	12,860 . .	24,904 . .	94

With the possible exception of English, there is no other study to be added.¹

¹ The figures given above are taken from an elaborate table furnished by the United States Commissioner of Education. The available statistics are not sufficient to yield a positive statement in respect to English. But it is a

It is a list of gravely important facts which cannot be gainsaid. The classics, history, mathematics, and modern languages, with nothing else — except perhaps English — are gaining swiftly, not by prescription, but by the natural preferences of parents, teachers, and pupils. The trend of things is toward these studies, and in varying degree away from the others. How easy it now becomes to frame programmes! The seven in the list, with English added, would of course be somewhat more than could be taught adequately in one programme. But not a great deal more. In fact, they really make one course of study, with very few options needed to create two or three typical programmes. If we leave out Greek, the other studies, with a substantial amount of science added, make an admirable course of the so-called "Latin-scientific" type. Take the list, adding English and omitting one modern language, and we get a fine classical course. If a third course be needed, omitting both Latin and Greek, its construction also becomes feasible. The practical advantages ensuing are very great. The several courses consist in the main of the same studies. This common substratum may be incorporated without differentiation in the several programmes, thus helping to secure the maximum results with the least waste.

Not only is the primary material of programmes thus coming together into one body, but the fortunes of certain important studies are being improved separately. And the fortunes of Latin first and most of all. It now enrolls more pupils than any other secondary study, excepting algebra and English. Almost half of all the pupils study it. It has twice as many scholars as French and German combined. It is gaining faster than any other subject, its percentage

matter of little account, because no one doubts English ought to be included, and that it is already included in some form in every secondary school.

of increase being fully twice the eighty-six per cent which measures the rate of gain in total enrollment. Greek lags far behind Latin in its enrollment and rate of gain. It is the lowest on our list of seven. Still, it is on the list of studies gaining faster than the average. And a powerful influence is at work to help the gain in Greek still more. That influence is Latin. How can Latin ever be taught in its full attractiveness without Greek? This is a question that cannot be left unanswered. Who are to answer it, — those who know Latin and Greek, or those who do not? If the answer of those who know the classics is to be given credence, we shall have little difficulty in understanding why Latin is helping Greek. Their answer is plain. It is that without Greek the demand of Latin for its full integrity cannot be met. Greek is in Latin as French is not in German, or German in French. But Latin is not in Greek. It may be taught with advantage, with great advantage, but without Greek it cannot be taught to the best advantage, because it is cut off from a large range of important illustration and support. This has been seen again and again in our schools: classes studying Greek and Latin regularly surpass classes studying Latin alone. It is therefore to be expected that though Latin without Greek will prove adequate to the wants of a majority of the scholars, it will not prove so satisfying to those who want the best Latin. When a class of beginners in Latin is differentiated, after a year of study together, who is it that add Greek to their Latin? It is usually the finer students, those who would naturally want the best Latin. And so Greek suits them not only because of its attractive excellence, but because the longer they study it, the more they come to realize how much it does to illuminate their Latin. The two are one study, after all, and the one is Greek. The

influence of the swift recent advance in Latin is therefore sure to quicken the slower pace of Greek.

In respect to the other studies no special comment is needed. Their gains are most gratifying, though not so surprising as the gain in Latin and even in Greek. They have not been compelled to hold their ground against repeated attempts to displace them, nor to make their advance in the face of attack. Their gains are the gains of long peace followed by sudden prosperity. But the gains in Latin and Greek are conquests. They have been won *flagrante bello*, and have an air of victory about them.

Thus again history repeats itself, and so plainly that all may understand. The evaluation of secondary studies is being worked out in evidently intimate connection with the classics, and this time through the agency of Latin. Though Greek is comparatively small in numbers, its influence remains significant. As of old, though small, it plays a great part. Greek is to-day the schoolmaster of studies as truly as ancient Greece was the teacher of the young Western world. It is holding Latin to true standards, thus enlightening and completing it for the better students.

"Iuvenes quibus arte benigna
Et meliore luto finxit praeordia Titan."

Latin, especially when toned by Greek, then helps on every side, whether in our own tongue or in the other modern languages, or in its rôle as the intimate companion of history, or as an element in that well-tried twofold discipline in thought and expression, classics and mathematics. Here again the school studies, now being experimentally preferred, reveal not only their individual worth, but their kinship. Like a fine family, they display collectively that intimacy of relationship which makes them stand together as one, and which in its degree corresponds to and therefore constantly suggests the indissoluble unity of the human mind.

Andrew F. West.

THE ARTISTIC SIDE OF CHICAGO.

ONE who enters Chicago unacquainted with it, having no open sesame to its hospitable doors, knowing the city only by its streets, its hotels, and its theatres, is disturbed by an unpleasant emotion. If he comes from some well-regulated, cultivated, and placid town of the eastern part of this country, or from England or Germany, he feels shaken out of poise and peace by a tremendous discord. He sees a city ankle-deep in dirt, swathed in smoke, wild with noise, and frantic with the stress of life. He sees confusion rampant, and the fret and fume of the town rise and brood above it like hideous Afrits.

But as time goes on — and even supposing the man continues to remain a stranger among the two millions of his fellow men who make up the city — he experiences a change of sentiment. He ceases to be shocked, and becomes interested. It occurs to him that if commerce is ever epic, it is so here. He feels the beat of the city like the vibration of mighty drums, and the thing he thought a discord he discovers to be the rhythm of great movements. The drab sky, the dirty streets, the dusky air, the dark-clothed figures of the people, are all in harmony, and it seems dramatically fitting that a city in the throes of its toil should wear its working clothes. It is grimy with its labor, and breathless and noisy forging its Balmung with mighty shouts.

He who comes to Chicago to seek his fortune, possessing delicate traditions, having been brought up among persons of similar traditions, is confused and angered by the treatment he receives. He discovers that he must be successful if he would be noticed; that he must be in need if he would be helped. But if he makes his way in law-abiding, frugal, and lonely fashion, he will attract no at-

tention. And first and last, in poverty and in riches, in sickness and in health, the town will roar at him; if he is afraid, it will roar twice as loud as it did before. Its furnaces and forges, its cable systems and syndicates, its slaughterhouses and wheatpits, its railroads and elevators, its greedy breadwinners and greedy millionaires, and the boats upon its filthy river will all roar. So, inevitably, at last, in a puny way, he will roar back. He will say Chicago has no peace, no leisure, no aspirations save those of a materialistic sort, no religion, no refinement. Sometimes, even after he has found he is mistaken in saying these things, he will go on saying them, because he cannot forgive Chicago for enticing him, with her commercial allurements, away from the home of his youth and the things to which he was born. He lays to her account all the pangs of homesickness which he suffers, and he misrepresents her, as it is the fate of new cities to be misrepresented.

There are thousands of well-born and well-trained men in Chicago, who, coming here from other places and leaving that which was most dear to them behind, have traveled from their offices to their homes and back again, dull as cowherds that slouch along a worn path from barn to field. They know nothing of the city that may not be seen beside their daily paths or experienced in the routine of business. These men complain that Chicago means nothing to them but the dollar; and in their egotism they forget that they mean nothing more to Chicago. In fact, the artistic sense has always existed among us surreptitiously. For thirty years and more those who have been conscious of the inner spirit of the city have recognized an avid desire for intellectual and æsthetic pleasures, in the indulgence of which

the fierce labor and competition of the town might be forgotten. It was about thirty years ago that Chicago had her first distinguished painter; about that time a famous sculptor set up his workshop here, and a number of young men met to read Dante in his native tongue; then came the Browning class, the first to be organized in America; and then was organized a woman's club, the first of many, but remaining to this day one of the most aspiring of its kind.

These were the first visible signs of the desire for beauty and for mental recreation among the men and women of Chicago, — men and women engaged in the most amazing performance in the way of rapid city-building which the history of the world has ever known. It was inevitable that such a city should be essentially, even violently democratic, and that in the pursuit of beauty, as in all other things, equal opportunities should be offered to all. When parks were put in the plan of the city, they were put in for the poor people; when libraries were made, they were made free, and in at least one of these generous collections were provided books designed especially for workers in all manner of mechanism and handcraft. Of large libraries there are three. The public library has sub-stations in the suburbs and in remote parts of the city, that the expense of time and travel may be saved; for the city is of great extent. The other two libraries are the result of private munificence. Their almost inexhaustible resources are free as air, and every workman may avail himself of their privileges. The three libraries have wisely bought their books with reference one to the others, that the greatest variety of books possible might be obtained, and the convenience of students of all sorts thus be met.

The democratic idea held in art as in other matters, and when, through the unselfish exertion of a number of very busy men and women, the Art Institute

came into existence, it was made as nearly free as possible. There are over a thousand pupils in attendance now, some of whom are children of representative families, and some the Arabs of the street. There is a permanent exhibit of very good worth within the walls, and exhibits drawn from the cities of the Old World as well as the New are frequent. The instructors and lecturers are men and women of many schools. Some are conservative, with Old World traditions; some are newspaper artists, who work "for the God of Things as They Are;" some are former students of the Institute; others are foreigners, who lament the "atmosphere" of older cities. It is very pleasant to know that a number of these instructors have identified themselves for years past with movements intended to acquaint the towns lying beyond Chicago with pictures and artists.

The completion of the handsome Fine Arts Building has given those engaged in artistic pursuits a feeling of stability, and has led to increased sociability. There are painters and sculptors to be found on some floors; on other floors are musicians, teachers of dramatic art, collectors of gems and antique curios. Then there are clubs of one sort and another. The Chicago Woman's Club, which offers prizes to artists, looks after women in police stations, argues publicly with politicians from the mayor down, writes papers, and entertains royally on occasion. Also there is the Fortnightly, a woman's club, with a history and a rigidly limited membership. Near at hand the Caxton Club has its exquisite suite of rooms, in which it holds exhibitions of fine bindings, book plates, antique books, and illuminations. Here, too, is the Hundred and One Club, to which newspaper folk and other writers belong; and a very well-known club of rich young women, who for ten years have befriended the girls in the factories in ways both practical and sentimental, to the cementing of friendship between the fortunate and

the unfortunate. Also there is the Little Room, which meets once a week, at the hour when it grows too dark to paint, at the studio of Mr. Ralph Clarkson, and finds comfort in a samovar and sociability. To be entitled to membership, one must have created something in the world of art. Writers, painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians belong, and even a reviewer or two who are said to have created a prejudice. But while achievement is the passport to the doors of the Little Room, once within all evidences of toil and talent must be hidden: the clay is covered, the easel draped, the desk closed, the piano locked; and hospitality rules.

The Arts and Crafts Society alone refuses to meet at this rendezvous, but for a time elanged its anvils and lit its braziers in the attic of the Woman's Temple, far above nervous neighbors. Now it meets at Hull House. This society is composed of men and women who turn the rooms under their mansard roofs into smithies, set up kilns in their furnace rooms, and fashion their own furniture. They aim to do original work or none at all, and their shaping and carving, their burning and beating of woods and metals, result in many articles which are beautiful and some which are unique. In addition to the work in silver and gold and bronze and wood, some hand-weaving has been done; for the members are lavish of experiments, of which, if the successes bring but little glory, the failures bring abundant merriment, and, fortunately, no one takes the pretty achievements too seriously.

Bookmaking in all its aspects has called out some pleasing endeavors. On its mechanical side it has been entered into with enthusiasm. Private printing has been undertaken with keen interest, and at several private presses reproductions of old books and delicate editions of new ones have been made by amateurs. A few ladies have essayed the designing and binding of books: a representative of

Hull House has recently returned from the Dove Bindery at London, after perfecting herself in this art, with the intention of making binding one of the industries of the manual workers at Hull House. Some attractive illumination in books has been shown in public lately, the work of a Chicago woman who has numerous disciples, and another woman has made the painting of stereopticon slides a fine art. One young man is winning approval as the illustrator of ecclesiastical books; two brothers, very young men, have brought a luxuriant fancy and a rare sense of color to use in the making of book covers, and another young man has gained for himself a national reputation in work along the same lines.

As for the writers, there is among them at least one cunning master of style; there is another who faithfully depicts the life of the city; and there are a number who interpret the life of the further West, — the West of "the open and the sky." It must be admitted that this concentration upon the West is a token of provincialism, — a provincialism different in its quality, however, from that which is noticeable among those who live in New York. At the metropolis, where artists and writers live in an atmosphere of appreciation, and feel that they are the children of her greatness, no burden of duty and no pressure of circumstance, save that of a personal nature, is laid upon them. But in Chicago one who writes feels impelled to explain the impulsive, terrible, exhaustless city to the world, and to account for it by calling attention to the forces which lie back of it. Hurrying with the never ebbing crowd along her streets, living the eager life with the others, amazed daily at the momentum of the place, seeing there is scarcely any people of the globe for which the town is not an asylum, one feels it a duty, almost a command, to put the thing down in words, and give the world an idea of the city's energy and achievement. It is this which has given some of the best known

writers of the West the "sacramental view of literature," as one of them ironically expressed it. For Chicago has a passionate zest for life; it is arrogant, swaggering, half drunken with pride, puffed up at its benevolence, its large-mindedness, and its ingenuity; and it conceals, as a blustering young man will conceal a virtue or a tenderness, the nostalgia for beauty which yearns in its heart. True, it expressed it quite frankly once, in the World's Fair, but, as if ashamed of this confidence, it tore the buildings from their foundations, or gave to the flames, the winds, and the junk shop the manifestations of this "one hour of madness and of joy." When the betraying beauty was destroyed, and the people had got back to their toil and their commonplaceness, they once more looked the world in the face like honest men.

We are all quite free to admit that the large and comprehensive novel of Chicago has not yet been written, and it may be that it is an impossibility, like the great American novel. Chicago is too diverse for any book to represent more than one phase of its life. Henry Fuller, Will Payne, and George Ade have already faithfully reproduced certain phases; and John McCutcheon, the newspaper artist, has been as true to facts with his pencil as they have been with their pens. Many have made Chicago the scene of their books, but they have not written subjectively, nor with a full understanding of the whims, the purposes, and the aspirations of the place; consequently, their novels, however readable, cannot be accepted by the city as being genuine biography. Some of these books, most to be commended for literary value and for general interest, reveal an almost puerile misunderstanding of Chicago, and must be accounted failures when looked upon as local histories. It may be the widespread conviction that the conditions of the West are peculiar, and the sturdy provincialism which goes with it, that is responsible for

the good-fellowship among the art workers of Chicago. The jealousies which so frequently exist among groups of that sort have never lifted their evil heads here. Those who know the inner life of other and older towns say that nowhere else among art workers is there as much sociability and good feeling as in Chicago. The informal evenings, with their free bonhomie, their music, reading, and talk, reconcile many a stranger within the gates to his exile from home, and bind the colony more closely together.

But if Western artists and writers have a moral responsibility in regard to their section, what shall be said of the architects, of whom the city has an aspiring and picturesque company? That, in spite of the ugliness of Chicago, which is an admitted fact, they have one honest achievement to their credit. They have almost created that important form of construction, commercial architecture. The "sky scraper" of steel, glass, and terra cotta — a daring contrivance, and well suited to the place and its needs — has appeared here in its perfection. Perhaps the ideal office building of the country is the Marquette building, which is not merely adapted to all the demands of such a structure, but, furthermore, is ornamented consistently. The exploits of the distinguished Jesuit whose name the building bears are represented in mosaics and mural decorations about the rotunda; the wild animals of the territory which the traveler and priest explored are reproduced in the bold work of Kemeys, the animal sculptor, and the Indians among whom Marquette dwelt live again in O'Neill's famous medallions. As perfect in its way is the wholesale house of Marshall Field. There are in the country few buildings of solid masonry more substantial, convenient, and effective than the Auditorium, with its hotel and vast audience chamber; and few edifices with a façade so calm and noble as that presented by the First Church of Christ, on Drexel Boulevard.

The homes of Chicago, to be sure, cannot be said to have any typical or general style, unless it be the hideous fashion which puts up a front of stone twenty-five feet wide, and confesses to the fraud with two hundred feet of common brick wall on the other three sides, broken with fire escapes and rear porches. Were the city more closely built, these crimes against sincerity might be partly concealed; but there is still space, — space which, like the marshes of Glynn, is all revealing. Even the lavish homes on the boulevards, luxurious as they are, are lacking in harmonious effect. Money has been almost recklessly spent upon them, and there they stand in bewildering diversity, imitating all manner of things, from Florentine palaces to castellated feudal strongholds, and reaching for miles along the drives of the three divisions of the city and far out into the country. A horse would be wearied to travel from the old Cyrus McCormick mansion to the end of the Lake Shore residences, as they reach beyond Lincoln Park and follow the Sheridan Road through an unbroken line of smart suburbs. There are, besides, miles upon miles, compact and commonplace, of the homes of workmen, and it is in these grim and unlovely stretches that the architecture of the city takes on its most offensive aspect. To the children of these localities who can know little or nothing of beauty, to the women who work there and seldom go far from their own neighborhood, the city, it seems, must become monstrous.

It is to such people, whose toil and intelligence have made Chicago what it is, that those who have a message of beauty hold the heaviest responsibility. And there are many who have not been oblivious of this fact. In the midst of the crowded communities of toilers there are eleven or twelve settlements where the higher studies, the languages, the arts, and the crafts are taught to a greater or less extent. Many are denomina-

tional, one is Jewish, some are non-sectarian, and the most influential, Hull House, is without religious prejudice or limitation. For it is like charity, that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. The wisdom and patience of Jane Addams guide its work, but it takes the coöperation of many to bring about the results which are now discernible. Year by year, many of the most cultivated young men and women in the city add their energy to this stream of light and beauty, so that it may truthfully be said that no child need hunger for knowledge, no one with a desire for art in any direction need let his talent die for want of opportunity to develop it.

It is often said that Chicago is a cruel city. If it is so, it is obviously without intention. The clangor and bluster incidental to its toil are enough to affright the stoutest heart, if there be no money in the purse and no home at the end of the journey. But it is a tender-hearted city, after all; and when it has beaten the life out of man or woman with its million iron hoofs, it is very sorry, and weeps from its innumerable eyes, and tries passionately to make up for it in deeds of benevolence. This may not seem, on the face of it, to have anything to do with a sense of beauty, but it has. The noisy and swaggering town has a heart that yearns for beauty, and that desires the comfort of all men. This is a part of her youth, of her democracy and her honesty. There are some hard taskmasters within her limits, as there must indubitably be in a town where syndicates abound and corporations have their way; but public sentiment still holds up an ideal, and if by chance the wheels of greed and selfishness bespatter it, it is gilded anew, and once more lifted up that the people may see it.

The building of Chicago has been a much more difficult thing than those who traverse its streets to-day can appreciate; for it rests on a sandy slough, where the

lake once rocked; its buildings are erected on piles, its streets have been elevated, and miles upon miles of its substructure are composed of practically solid masonry. Hundreds of acres have been filched from the lake, which, jealous of the theft, batters at the sea wall and undermines the esplanades. But in spite of all this, boulevards skirt the lake, intersect the city, and pass about it in a vernal belt from park to park. There are certainly six of the greater parks, yearly increasing in beauty as trees and shrubbery grow, and many smaller breathing places. The city council has recently authorized the purchase of playgrounds for the children. These places of peace and arboreal beauty offer pleasant paths to the hurried and worried folk of the town, and for a time, at least, give a sense of leisure and freedom from care. Here, in summer time, there are open-air concerts, some of them paid for by the park commissioners, and some by private citizens. A few citizens make up the annual deficit attending the season of the Chicago orchestra, of which Theodore Thomas is the leader: at these concerts the most impecunious music lover may listen to the best music in the world interpreted by a gifted leader and an enthusiastic orchestra.

But these indications of a growing devotion to that which warms the heart with beauty and with joy are not the measurement of aspiration. They do not tell of that eager interest in art among the youth of the city, which a few years ago, if it existed at all, did not find expression. Nor do they reveal the intense earnestness of artists and writers in this part of the world, — artists and writers whose earnestness may defeat itself, but who surely blaze the path for others who shall do better than they. Nor can they reveal the mood of society, which, though it is not artistic, is inclined to look generously upon art, and humorously at itself.

"We have made our money in pigs,"

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once said a young gentleman who was then president of the Art Institute, "but is that any reason why we should not spend it in pictures?"

The artistic sense of Chicago partakes of the spirit of the town, in that it persists in spite of all contumely. It is the fashion to depreciate it, to laugh at all pretensions to achievement on any save commercial lines, and to berate the city generally whenever it is mentioned. To all this Chicago turns a broad, good-humored smile, and tramps on through her mud, indifferent and besmeared. She has no time to pause; she is too busy and absorbed even to clean her streets; that which would be a disgrace to another city is only an incident with her. She is so confident of her destiny that she takes no note of mistakes, is not irritated at her failures nor depressed at her shortcomings. On the contrary, she is amused at herself, — at her exaggerations, her absurdities. But she knows, after all, that she is not understood. She knows that deep in her heart is an ideal, and it is the knowledge of this ideal which is responsible for the excessive civic pride noticeable in those who live within her limits. It is the belief in this ideal which inspires confidence in her ultimate artistic expression.

To an artist, one of the charms of the West is that it has been only partly exploited. Yet when Kipling remarked, in *Captains Courageous*, that the story of the New West was yet to be written, it was peculiarly irritating, especially to those of us who believed that at least one man knew the West, and had told the tale of it in simple stories which stuck to the imagination and the memory like burs. But whether or not Kipling's observation be true of the wider West, it is certainly true of Chicago. The city awaits her artistic creator. She may think she exists in literature; but if she does, it is only in a form at once evanescent and tentative. No one has yet risen to rescue her from oblivion

and give her immortality through art. Therefore, the most encouraging thing about the newly developed æstheticism of Chicago is the opportunity for virile and original work which lies at hand. The city seems to cry out to the workers with the pencil and the pen: "See what stories I offer you, what contrasts, what tragedies! See the mingling of strange peoples, the mob of wild faces from less fortunate lands, the old stories that are written on these faces, and the new stories on the faces of those born with old ideas to new conditions! Here is material for painter and poet, philosopher and novelist!" In one neighborhood the people read Yiddish, have a system of commerce all their own and a Sinaitic law. You may see the old men sitting at noonday, silent, for worship, in a bare room above a fruit store. They do not hear the roar of the city, for they are absorbed in thought, though tumult and squalor are all about them. In another part of town there is a neighborhood composed almost exclusively of Poles, and you may catch a glimpse of a little bride, all in white, tripping down the murky street, with the wedding party capering at her heels. If you turn into the district by the rolling mills, gigantic men will reply to your questions in English which is yet not English, giving you big mouthfuls of dialect. And here in a little neighborhood apart are Icelanders, — Icelanders who have not forgotten the sagas, and who, when they are homesick, summon up visions of fishermen's huts on wild fire-fashioned rock. Of Swedes, too, there is a mighty number, and of the Germans more than all. But the

story of the American is greatest, for it is his land and his day, and he is drunk with his own achievements. He plays at the game of commerce, and is satisfied; for losing or winning does not so much matter to him as that he have the chance of the game.

These are among the aspects of Chicago which wait to be set down. They are understood by the people who meet and laugh together in hours after work, but whether they will be reproduced or not is left on the knees of the gods.

There seems to be no reason, however, the opportunity for training being free, the material for work being at hand, and the talent for work being manifest, why brave things in artistic achievement should not be done in Chicago within the next few years.

It is true, there are those who think that art, like the cyclone, has its paths, and that Chicago is far removed from the worn thoroughfare which the Muses tread; they expect us to be content with ugliness and non-expression, and to treat any creative ideas that come to us as the pretty princes in the Tower were treated. But this would be too callous by far; it would be too cynical; nay, it would be too humble. It is our fortune not to be callous, or cynical, or humble. The dreams and effervescence of youth are still ours. We still hope to embody these visions and excitations in palpable beauty. It does not even matter to us if the rest of the world is amused at our declaration of principles, our confession of artistic faith; for we are elate with the reckless confidence of those who have not yet had a chance to fail.

Elia W. Peattie.

PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP

SINCE the emancipation of woman, especially in the United States, the relations of the sexes have gained new intellectual aspects. In the discussions on friendship left by the great essayists, woman hardly appears; but now that she goes to college, practices law, writes books, and works on newspapers, the consideration of her human interests must include more than lovers, parents, and children. She will have friends, and some of them will be men.

Friendship between the sexes has the peculiarity that its fullest development is suicidal. It may have a long and happy career without losing its identity, but progress cannot help tending in the direction of love, whether or not it ever reaches that state. However, it is no proof of the unreality of life that its advance brings us ever closer to death, nor is the existence of what we nowadays call platonic friendship, which was formerly called platonic love, denied by the assertion that every added feature brings it nearer to the likeness of love.

As in the spectrum, which contains undoubted blue and equally obvious green, there is a field which may be called by either name, so there are large spaces which may be seen as either love or friendship, as the will of the observer directs his attention to one component or the other. This ambiguity is a great convenience in modern courtship. It makes free love unnecessary; or rather, it is in moderation the principle of temporary free love. The better educated youth of both sexes now use the word "friendship" to cover investigations in love. It allows ampler experiments. What was once compromising is now but introductory. In some lands, to invite a girl to a solitary walk is equivalent to a proposal. With us, a hundred strolls, full of discussion, may end in a negative

conclusion that will be without bitterness. In other days, marriage was an estate which had to be purchased on a distant view. Now, many of its pleasantest groves and avenues may be visited at leisure. He who sees a woman's heart may take it, said one of the older school. Not only that; he was morally bound to take it. To-day, she may read specimen pages to a score of men before she chooses the final listener. Our two youths explain to each other that their souls are high and capable of knowing friendship as it exists among men, and then they proceed under this banner to exchange sympathy and hopes, unfolding sadness and ideals, until each sees his soul mingled with the nature of the other. He can then better tell how he likes the resultant tint, and many failures are avoided. It often happens that long after the old deciding point has been passed incongruities are discovered; and on the other hand, difficulties which at first seem final, and would formerly have induced separation, are examined, until they are heaved into place as the foundations of a common life. As long as the name of friendship is preserved, the parties are at liberty to gather knowledge in a probatory spiritual marriage.

The advantages of the new system are mainly for the intelligent. Many girls will fail to comprehend the higher flirtation, and proceed in the same old way, and men will ignorantly marry the piquant face and vivacious manner. But to the marriage of true minds impediments have been removed. The freedom of our education develops platonic flirtation to its noblest uses. If American men make the best husbands, the reason is related to the training they have in meeting, on terms of equality, with many women. It is stupid in men or women to lack the instinct for flirtation; but this

instinct, like so many others, can be turned to the deepest or the emptiest uses. No sharp line can be drawn between investigation and pretense. To make yourself attractive, comprehending, and sympathetic is the way to draw out another nature and obtain full knowledge, and to condemn all coquetry is like recommending swimming and forbidding water. Sentimental people fear intimacies which do not end seriously; but the increase of knowledge and security is worth some hearts broken before marriage instead of after. Few objects are more readily mended, and few improve so much through injury and repair. Platonic flirtation is one of the safeguards of the human race. As one after another my friends have passed through this gate to the altar, I have been tempted to declare that most platonic friendships end in matrimony; but a calmer memory recalls numberless escapes, through this probation, from impending wedlock.

As in youth it is advisable to experiment in love under the banner of friendship, so later it is safe to hail with enjoyment the mixture of love in a relation that is mainly friendly. With less experience one needs the protecting fiction. Armed with confidence and knowledge of the world, you can multiply the keenness and delight of friendship by acknowledging the threads of love. After glorying in the resemblance of your first courtships to friendship between men, and gaining privileges and immunities thereby, you can later glory in the elements which no male friendship can contain. If any one then doubts whether platonic friendship exists, you may say that it would be a pity if it did. Wisdom changes its pose to fit its own development, and thus helps each period of life to those goods which belong to it. Do not anticipate the vision of the one, or prolong the haze of the other. They are equally good if taken in season. "Do you believe platonic friendships ex-

ist?" I once said to a girl. "I do not believe anything else exists," she replied, with scorn; and I admired her profundity. Needing love, and not friendship, since her experiments had been ample, she challenged conversation on a ground where it might be of practical advantage.

A woman, on the other hand, who has been through all the creations and recreations of love sometimes returns to her earlier pleasures. Platonic friendship seldom exists so completely as between different ages. A woman of forty and a man of twenty may show it at its purest; but only on the woman's side, for the boy is in love. Nothing is so good for a youth as love for a woman twice his age, provided it is not returned. She holds him in check with her skill, and gets the delicate enjoyment of maturity, while he receives, not what he seeks, but what she knows is best.

A remark of those who are cynical about friendship is that the woman merely reflects the thoughts of the man. Even if this were true it would not condemn such intercourse, for ideas can seldom be loaned and returned without being clarified. But it is not true. As woman is intellectually neither artistic nor assertive, a pugnacious spirit will silence her, but a sympathetic and delicate one will encourage her to harmonies and shadings of thought seldom found in man. Drive roughly across her mind, and she will submit, and leave you with the notion that she can only echo your noise; but tread the paths where she willingly lingers, and you will be shown flowers of her own discovery. No belief is more mistaken than that thought and striking expression are always coincident. Even the most cultivated women are seldom artistic, but they are often intelligent, original, and appreciative. To get at the spirit of our own times, no man can dispense with woman's friendship. However great his gifts, even if they equal the talent of Stevenson or Kipling, the

absence of intimate knowledge of the other sex will hardly be overlooked. Like the destruction of the Mosaic law by the Sermon on the Mount, the emancipation of woman has put upon us all the burden of a new truth. Her importance will increase step by step with the victories of democracy; for although the Declaration of Independence does not state that men and women are created equal, a spirit which forbids injustice between classes cannot endure the misgovernment of a whole sex.

Stendhal, in his treatise on love, sneers at America for substituting liberty for romance in social intercourse. He describes as strange, barbaric, and destructive of poetry the customs which give young persons of opposite sexes such freedom that temptation and intrigue vanish. His conception was that the charm of women in his favorite Italy grows out of their mystery, and he could see, even with the little knowledge that Europe then had of America, that where boys and girls lived together from childhood to maturity sentimental rhapsodies would decrease. For the steady glow which would take their place he had small respect. Friendship, and love which shades into friendship, he deemed commonplace. Passion alone lent distinction to life, and emotion would break into passion only if it was pent up. If he had heard Dr. Holmes tell of the elopements that have been pounded into harmless dreams on the piano, Stendhal would have found in the story a condemnation of that instrument. The kinship between love and friendship in our day he would have scorned. We, however, who enjoy the trend of modern life, seek not the flagrantly picturesque, but the beauties of sanity and health. We need no stage lights to color what lies before us. Certainly, where the impulses of sentiment have free play, as they have with us, they explode less often.

Whether the liberty for which our relations have become known can continue

as our civilization becomes more complex is one of the interesting problems of democracy. That clear-headed European student of American conditions, James Bryce, says: "Social intercourse between youths and maidens is everywhere more easy and unrestrained than in England or Germany, not to speak of France. Yet there are considerable differences between the Eastern cities, whose usages approximate those of Europe, and other parts of the country." Still, even in New York and Boston Mr. Bryce finds more liberty than in London or Edinburgh, and he goes on: "There can be no doubt that the pleasure of life is sensibly increased by the freedom which transatlantic custom permits; and as the Americans insist that no bad results have followed, one notes with regret that freedom declines in the places which deem themselves most civilized." Mr. Bryce is evidently inclined to agree with the German who found American women *furchtbar frei und furchtbar fromm*, and with our own opinion, of which he says: "I have never met any judicious American lady who, however well she knew the Old World, did not think that the New World customs conduced more both to the pleasantness of life before marriage and to constancy and concord after it." Mr. Bryce, it seems to me, slightly exaggerates the changes which have already taken place in such cities as New York and Boston, partly confusing a small and self-conscious set with respectable society at large; and while there is no doubt that restrictions have been increased in these cities, it is still true that girls and men are genuinely intimate friends and are usually well acquainted before they marry. I am optimist enough to believe that the most interesting young persons even in these cities refuse to be carried along by the sets which ape foreign customs, and that the intercourse of men and women will be kept free and abundant by the very

spirit of democracy. Indeed, Mr. Bryce himself says, "The provision for women's education in the United States is ample and better than that in any European countries," and women "feel more independent, they have a fuller consciousness of their place in the world of thought as well as in the world of action." This equal education of women surely is one of the most potent factors in guaranteeing permanent social liberty, and Mr. Bryce is mistaken in thinking it is essentially less in Eastern college towns. Radcliffe College girls who have gained some of their best knowledge of books and the human heart in walks about Fresh Pond with Harvard students will hardly condemn their daughters to a more timid system. American women, according to Mr. Bryce, look upon the English wife as "little better than a slave," because she is "always deferring to the husband, and the husband always assuming that his pleasure and convenience are to prevail. . . . There are overbearing husbands in America, but they are more condemned by the opinion of the neighborhood than in England. . . . So far as I have been able to collect views from those observers who have lived in both countries, they are in favor of the American practice. . . . The average European man has usually a slight sneer of condescension when he talks to a woman on serious subjects. . . . Such a notion does not cross an American's mind." Is it likely that such a fundamental gain in liberty as this will be surrendered as long as our civilization retains its vitality? Yet surely the equal intercourse with men before marriage is the foundation of woman's position after, and if she loses one she will lose the other. Many a girl now refrains from marrying a man because full intimacy with him has shown her that, after his initial deference had been pierced, he was the bigoted and bullying male; and our men know that the

best women cannot be had on such terms. Shut girls off from the opportunity to see men through before accepting them, and this happy gain will be lost. "No country," says Mr. Bryce, "seems to owe more to its women than America does, nor to owe to them so much of what is best in social institutions and in the beliefs that govern conduct." He naturally, therefore, finds reason to think that "the influence of the American system tells directly for good upon men as well as upon the whole community. Men gain in being brought to treat women as equals rather than as graceful playthings or useful drudges."

Such sharp lines as Montaigne and Bacon draw between friendship and love would be absurd in any picture of American life. The concentration of these two interests, which the Greeks accomplished abnormally, the elevation of woman has made normal. I cannot read the *Lysis* without disgust, mingled with satisfaction that the end so unhealthily sought by a cultivated nation whose women were slaves is reached in the modern world by an extension of freedom. Cynicism will continue to point to the differences of sex as eternal, and the encroachments of love on friendship as inexorable; but this, like other cynical arguments, though sound, is inconclusive. I have heard intelligent men, with full experience of the meaning of equality, express preference for the Turkish system. They may have it. "Neither give thou *Æsop's* cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barleycorn." We lead the lives we prefer. Equal friendships between men and women may be seen with Johnsonian common sense as all pose by whoever wishes so to see them. Crude common sense is sometimes blind to the kinship between the fictive and the real. We reach the best by pretending the best. Thus, in conversation, the good talker says more than he knows, re-

sponding sympathetically to the unexplored depths of companion minds, and learning truth by stating it. In friendship and love, by exaggerating one element or emotion we confirm or reject it. In this respect life is like art, and the highest life most like the highest art. Natures which entirely lack the histrionic are dry. Never to act, pose, and flirt in life is like being without imagination in thought. Those of us, therefore, who look upon friendship between men and women as one of the richest victories of a democratic age cannot be overthrown by any demonstration that it is impossible. Where the two states come into conflict, love will conquer friendship; but broad tracts of human existence will be made pleasanter by their peaceful alliance.

"A perfectly honest woman," says Thackeray, "a woman who never flatters, who never manages, who never cajoles, who never conceals, who never uses her eyes, who never speculates on the effect which she produces, who never is conscious of unspoken admiration, — what a monster, I say, would such a female be!" Or such a male, we may now add. We know that differences of sex are permanent, but that many similarities between the sexes have never been fully emphasized. The attitude of most of the great essayists on this subject seems to us singularly artificial. In Emerson there is too much of Montaigne,

and even in Montaigne an echo of Cicero. Certain impossible, or at least uninviting abstractions are continually handed down the literary ages in place of the complex and useful reality. Some of the greatest of these old philosophers think there is room in a man's soul for not more than one friend, or at least two or three. Why, the man who marries in these days before he has sounded many of the best notes of friendship with a dozen women (not to speak of the other men) is marrying in the dark. After marriage, to be sure, he has occasionally a companion who corresponds in permanence and preëminence to the old notion of a friend, but the sex has changed. "Friends such as we desire," observes Emerson, "are dreams and fables." Surely they are, for he has been describing an unreal ideal; to me it seems also a rather tiresome ideal. The Concord philosopher feared that if he descended to household joys his mighty gods would vanish. We are changing all that. We have a homely, accessible, domestic ideal, and we are willing to back it for real poetry against anything historic. In the songs of democracy, yet to be sung; in the imaginative histories of America, yet to be written, this birth of a new friendship between the sexes, giving variety and wholesomeness to youth, elevation to marriage, sweetness to life, will be an honorable power.

Norman Hapgood.

THE DETECTIVES.

SITTING at his small, rough, unpainted table in the lower end of the little public garden, the young man surveyed the scene with slow, indifferent eyes.

Twoscore such tables were disposed in a scanty grove of young trees, and twenty persons sat about gossiping and

sipping the beer fetched by two mused waiters. A harp, a flute, and a fiddle tinkled popular airs intermittently in a corner. Much trampling had worn the coarse grass so thin that the sandy soil appeared to be coming up through it. The leaves stirred very softly in the hot,

still sunshine. In the intervals of the tinkling it was so quiet that when one of the two policemen, off duty, in the upper end of the garden, gave a big, vigorous laugh, everybody looked around.

Coming in, the young man had noticed the policemen. He looked at them now with an apathy which was like the dying down of his last sense of contact with the world. Even policemen were only passive and idle figments in a scheme of things all idle and indescribably remote. All of those beings at their little tables, — it seemed to him that he had only to wink his eyes and they would vanish; the broad, hot, still sunshine would pour over a garden empty of all but him. He thought that he did not care, particularly. Caring was too active a state of mind. He felt the perception of a sorrow so big and immutable that any merely human activity was quite grotesque. For some moments, indeed, he occupied himself with staring at the untouched mug of beer before him, watching the swift dissolution of the froth bubbles. He fancied they were lives foolishly winking out in dozens, while he watched, idly changeless. He did not taste the drink. Once there had been too much of that, — so recently that the malty smell now touched his nerves with a subtle repugnance, and he pushed the mug aside. It was a thing that he had been through like all the rest. Perhaps it was well enough to stand in the very bottom of the trough and calmly take account of one's self there; to be at the farther side of everything, sad, indifferent, waiting for nothing.

But he was to have some company, after all.

A chubby man carrying a baby, and accompanied by a little girl, was coming up to the next table. They too were very poor, and the young man tacitly admitted them to a place beside his solitude.

The chubby father let the baby slide into one of the heavy wooden chairs, and

the little girl instantly busied herself, motherwise, smoothing out the child's rumpled frock of clean faded calico, placing his fat legs to give a better balance in the big seat, straightening the cheap wide straw hat, ludicrously too old, that was fastened with a string under his double chin. The girl herself looked not more than ten, — a slim little thing, with a round, homely, freckled face, a clean faded calico frock, and a straw hat just like the baby's. The chubby father had a rosy, good-humored face, and bright dark eyes almost as infantile as the child's.

When the waiter came up, there was a colloquy in a foreign tongue between the father and daughter, in which he seemed to be urging her on. Finally, very shyly, looking into her lap, the maid said in so low a tone that the waiter stooped to hear, "One glass of lemonade."

The waiter hurried away. The little girl bent her head still lower and folded her hands, as though she felt conspicuous before the world; but the young man could see her smiling in a childish, self-conscious way to herself, and he understood the proportions, the rareness, of this tremendous treat.

Presently the waiter returned, bearing on his battered tray a tall glass of lemonade. The disks of yellow lemon lay amid the cracked ice. There was a red cherry at the bottom. Two long golden straws protruded from the glass. The little girl looked at it with a kind of solemnity, not offering to touch it at first. The father, his hand in his pocket, but forgetful of the waiter for a moment, twinkled and beamed at her and at the whole lower end of the garden. His shining face turned to the solitary young man as though asking him to appreciate this precious joke.

The maid drew the glass slowly to the edge of the table, while even the smiling, indulgent, mussed waiter forgot his trade. She put her mouth to the

straws and took a long drink. She ceased, and looked at her father, drawing the corner of her lip between her teeth, laughing a little, and slowly shaking her head in a confusion of gratitude, self-consciousness, and satisfaction that was too much for words.

The father gave a chuckling, gratulatory laugh; drew a nickel from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"It's fifteen cents," said the mussed waiter.

The little girl gave a startled glance, and pushed the glass quickly from her in a frightened way. "I drank only a little," she murmured involuntarily.

The chubby father stared at the waiter, and slowly comprehended. His bright eyes fell. One could see his shame, as though his nakedness had suddenly been exposed. He searched his pocket, and finally drew out a dime, which he laid on the table. The mussed waiter swept it into his hand, under the startled, helpless glance of the little girl.

The father, still very grave, murmured a word consolingly. But the maid sat back from the table, far withdrawn from the ruinous glass. Again she looked into her lap. Her meek freckled face showed the tragedy of the lost dime.

The young man stared over at them. He was nervously fingering the few coins in his pocket; but he had a curiously abeyant sense, as though he were looking, waiting for the climax.

The baby began clamoring. The maid leaned over, drew his fat little body up against her and kissed him loudly. She looked hardly the bigger of the two.

Suddenly, as though that loud kiss were the cue, the young man's heart began beating fast. Far within him he felt the deep human sap moving aright with precious pains and longing. A mistiness came into his eyes. He wished to say: "Dear people, come over to me. We have been wounded with the same arrow, — you with your dime, and I — The same dog has bitten us both."

The chubby baby slid, turtle-like, from his chair, and began making some excursions over the trying ground. The young man pulled his hat over his brows, so that he could just see the stumbling little feet, the uncertain little legs, the bobbing skirt of the poor clean calico frock. By and by the adventurer came that way; stooped in a funny, awkward posture, and peered up at the face that was shadowed by the hat brim. In a moment the young man got out his watch. Holding it under the edge of the table, where only the child would see, he made the case fly open and snapped it shut. The baby came over. The bait was delivered into his eager, brown little hands. The young man, very gently and circumspectly, as one lands a big fish, lifted him to his knee, softly, slyly hugging him. He surreptitiously felt the sturdy little legs. His fingers closed over the fat little hands, under pretense of showing how to operate the watch spring.

The young man was careful not to look over at the other table. They might not understand. They might take the child away. But when the baby tugged hard at the watch chain the little girl spoke reprovingly, and came over to keep him to his good behavior. Then the young man perceived that she too had her curiosity respecting the watch. He opened the case for her, made the hands move forward and back, showed how the watch unsnapped from the chain. She was leaning against his knee, quite absorbed. Presently the father came over, nodding in brisk amiability, his chubby, ruddy face shining with good-fellowship. When the young man pushed out a chair he sat down. In a moment the conversation was going like this: —

"Yes, the watch is ten years old, — as old as you. I have had it that long."

The girl interpreted to her father. The father nodded vigorously, beaming. With gestures and nods he spoke twenty unintelligible, disjointed words with increasing emphasis.

The little girl explained: "He says his father had a watch forty years."

"Do you go to the public school? The English school? You speak English well."

"Oh yes, sir," said the girl. "I can read and write English."

The father caught the word, and wagged his head briskly. "Write! Write! Fine! Good!" He lifted his hand and made flourishy motions of writing in the air.

The girl smiled with shy pride. The young man thought she would like to give an exhibition of her skill. She looked at the lead pencil which the baby had fished from the young man's pocket. But there was no paper.

Presently the girl asked, "Are there works in your watch?" She was holding it very gingerly.

"Oh yes; you can see them. Press the spring, — no, this way. Now open the other lid with your thumb nail, or have your father do it."

The maid and her father were admiring the nest of little wheels. He was explaining to her, benignantly; she was pointing, her finger carefully held off from the costly mechanism. But the baby was interested, stooping and reaching with eager, clumsy hands. A determined lunge brought the chubby fingers too near. The girl snapped the inner case shut in time. The young man shook his head at the baby, smiling softly.

The maid looked at the shining closed inner case. By and by she suggested, "There's a nice picture in your watch."

"Yes, — a picture." He took the watch in his hand. On the inner side of the lid was a photograph of a young woman holding a baby. The baby's face was laid against hers. She was smiling a little, proudly, fondly.

The young man stared down at it. He scarcely heard the girl saying, "Do you know the lady?" and he answered mechanically, "Yes, I know the lady."

The photograph was faded, but to him

it seemed to be coming to life. The fixed lineaments seemed ready to move, the lips to speak, the eyes to lighten, the absurd, belligerent baby fist to open and reach out.

The maid was asking, far away, "Is it her baby?" He was answering, somewhere, "Yes, it is her baby."

He raised his eyes and looked slowly over the garden. His glance rested a moment on two conspicuous figures at the upper end.

He closed the watch and put it in his pocket, and turned to the little girl with a faint smile.

"So you can write English?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let's see you write something for me."

He gave her the pencil. In his coat pocket he found a crumpled laundry bill, which he spread on the table, the blank side up. The maid, pencil in hand, squared herself before the paper, looking very important.

"At the top of the paper here write 'Walter.' Can you spell 'Walter'? Now capital 'F'. Then capital 'L' and 'o-v-e-r-i-n-g'. 'Walter F. Lovering.' That's good. Then under it, 'S-y-r-a-c-u-s-e, New York.' Now under that 'Wanted.' You can spell 'wanted,' can't you? The next is a hard one. Begin with capital 'E', then 'm-b-e-z', now another 'z' and 'l-e-m-e-n-t'. There!"

He surveyed the result in the girl's large upright childish characters.

"Now take that, just that way, and run over there and show it to those two policemen, and tell them I sent you. Oh, it will be all right. You'll see. One of the policemen is a friend of mine, and I'm going with him. Just say I sent you."

He spoke with some authority, but he nodded encouragingly. The girl obediently trotted away. The father, who had followed the nods and gestures, looked at the young man, then after the girl; not

understanding, but beaming at the odd game, whatever it might be.

But the young man did not look after her. His eyes were averted. His nervous hands fumbled at the baby a moment. Then he lifted the child to his breast and laid its arms around his neck. He felt the jerky motions of its little limbs against him. Its hands brushed about his neck and hair.

He heard a heavy footfall near the table, and looked up at the big blue-coated officer who stood by, evidently puzzled, but ready. He kissed the baby, handed it over to the father, and stood up.

"I'm the man," he said quietly.

The policeman looked down at his

piece of paper, folded it methodically with his big fingers, and put it in his vest pocket.

"I remember something about it," he said, as though he felt under a kind of politely social impulse from the circumstances of the affair. "It was a bank, was n't it?"

"Yes, a bank."

"'Bout six months ago?" the officer suggested.

The young man gave a long sigh. "Four months," he answered. He drew his hand across his eyes. Then, quietly, as one making a reasonable explanation of an odd action, he added, "My God, I want to go home."

Will Payne.

FRENCH OPENMINDEDNESS.

"OUR pale and empty college graduates!" ("Nos pâles et vides bacheliers!")

This phrase, launched by Jules Lemaitre in the great hall of the Sorbonne (June 5, 1898), is at once the catchword and the summary of a vigorous campaign now being carried on in France for educational reform. The paragraph in which the brusque but luminous phrase occurred is as follows:—

"A boy of spirit and energy, robust, daring, expert in bodily exercises, fed on solid commercial studies, fortified by practical ideas, possessing a business or trade, and well read, because reading is pleasure, in the French classic authors, is a being more interesting, of greater moral worth, and, to speak plainly, more distinguished, than three quarters of our pale and empty bachelors of arts."

M. Victor Charbonnel, commenting on the significance of the Sorbonne utterance, wrote: "Up to the present, there were, to deny the social grandeur and the literary importance of the *baccalau-*

réat [bachelor's degree], only certain revolutionary writers, certain university men of irreverent temper, and certain professors of Anglo-Saxon energy. Our mandarins maintained about the first degree of their *mandarinat* a prestige which tickled the vanity of the bourgeois. Monsieur Prudhomme, gently fooled by this prestige, promised his son the honor of 'pursuing his studies.' And behold, one of the first mandarins of France cries out, 'Fraud!' He dares to pretend that to 'pursue one's studies'—that is to say, to learn Latin and Greek—is a useless torture and a ridiculous vanity. The benefit of Latin escapes him, mandarin though he is."

Astounding as it is that the mandarin-academician Lemaitre, Petronius Arbitrator turned St. Paul, should have vented such a revolutionary sentiment in such a place, it is more astounding that a refined and serious audience should have approved it; the scathing fulmination being received, not as a death-dealing bolt, with the pallor of dazzled dismay, but

with a flush of joy, as a ray of health-giving sunlight. The explanation of the cordiality is to be found in the fact that the listeners had been partially prepared for Lemaitre's heresy by a long series of able if less authoritative criticisms of the efficiency of the college graduate in the world of affairs, and of the uselessness, as a preparation for life, of the course leading to the bachelor's degree, — a series of which the periodical studies of M. Edmond Demolins (since grouped together under the title *A Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*) were the finest flower. Demolins' book assigns the growing inferiority of the French in industrial and commercial matters to a sad lack of individual initiative, and this lack of initiative to inadequate education. It suggests, by way of remedy, the transformation of the lycée into an institution which shall turn out men "well equipped for life" (*bien armés pour la vie*) instead of *pâles et vides bacheliers*, and would supplant, to that end, the present rigid classical lycée curriculum by a more practical and flexible one.

The zeal of the apostles Demolins and Lemaitre (social scientist and mandarin) seems in a fair way to achieve something tangible. Lemaitre's Sorbonne discourse so stirred the university world that more than one hundred of that year's prize distribution addresses treated the question of educational reform. The government has interested itself in the movement to the extent of carrying on an exhaustive educational investigation through a special commission. M. Demolins, distrustful of governmental sincerity, fearful of the proverbial Platonism of investigating commissions, and impatient of the inevitable governmental deliberateness, has already opened a school in Normandy — M. Demolins' prompt suiting of the action to the word has been playfully characterized as American — on the model of the English schools of Bedale and Abbotsholm. With the government offi-

cially seized with the matter, on the one hand, and a laboratory experiment in progress for the government to watch and shape its recommendations by, on the other, it only ought to depend, it would seem, on M. Demolins to demonstrate the value of his ideas to have them ultimately incorporated into the lycée system.

In this united and earnest attempt on the part of Frenchmen of widely different characters, antecedents, and social, political, and religious sympathies to improve the lycée, three traits are agreeably conspicuous: —

- (1.) A willingness to admit home defects and weaknesses, — frankness.
- (2.) A willingness to give foreign peoples full credit for their better qualities, — generosity.
- (3.) A willingness, not for a moment to be confounded with a spirit of servile imitation, to learn from the better qualities of foreign peoples, — teachableness.

And the sum of these, the sum of the frankness, the generosity, and the teachableness, is the one trait which may be called, in the absence of a more accurate term, openmindedness.

The contemporary crusade just outlined is only the latest incident of a grand educational movement, dating from the close of the Franco-Prussian war, which has been marked throughout by an openmindedness both engaging and heroic.

"We have something more important to do than to make a constitution," declared M. Thiers, after the disaster of 1870: "we must reorganize France." "The nation that has the best schools," added Jules Simon, "is the first nation in the world. If it is not so to-day, it will be to-morrow." "We were defeated by the German schoolmaster," some one said, and everybody's lips repeated it.

France, which up to that time had had no common schools worthy of the name, straightway took the common school system of Germany as a point of

departure (not as a model) for a system of her own. School attendance, up to a certain age, was made compulsory. Public schools were forcibly set up in all the towns, and normal colleges, to train teachers for the public schools, in all the departments. The relative inutility, the possible harmfulness even, of unsupported book-learning was recognized from the start, and all sorts of ingenious devices were employed against it. Gymnastics and manual training were introduced to fortify the body; school savings banks to inculcate thrift; school gardens to create an affection for the land; and a course of ethical instruction to develop the moral nature. Special industrial, commercial, dairying, and agricultural schools, intended to make the boys efficient master workmen, merchants, farmers, and dairymen, and the girls capable domestic managers and independent breadwinners, were distributed judiciously over the area of France.

Notwithstanding various drawbacks, the net result of a quarter of a century of honest, persistent, well-directed effort is a closely articulated and truly national public school system, admitted by all well-informed and impartial educators to be excellent, and pronounced by some the best in existence.

French scholarship was justly discredited during the latter days of the Empire; in spite of a few commanding names, its inferiority to German scholarship was notorious. The humiliating truth was confessed, after the war, with complete and commendable grace and frankness. France set about winning a fair fame for herself in the company of the sages, and the rehabilitation of the university was undertaken in a large and teachable spirit. French educators studied German university methods officially and unofficially, on the ground. The Chamber, which might almost have been excused for skimping such a department at such a time, granted a university appropriation four times larger than had

been granted in previous years, quite as if the hard and pressing realities of war indemnities and unprecedented public school taxes were unsubstantial fancies. Thanks to this high-minded outlook and far-seeing liberality, original research was stimulated by new honors and rewards; new university buildings were erected, new libraries collected, new laboratories opened, new professorships founded and old ones strengthened. A brilliant renaissance succeeded. Intellectual France was literally reborn. Nowhere is learning fresher and lustier to-day, nowhere more aspiring and self-renouncing. Scholars everywhere acknowledge the newly won prestige. "In the domain of the exact and experimental, of the historical, archæological, and economical sciences," wrote a well-known German scholar recently, "our western neighbors within the last quarter of a century have been active in a most remarkable degree." And the special glory of the situation is that German seriousness, thoroughness, and profundity have been attained without the taking on of German foggiess, slovenliness, and uncouthness; without the sacrifice of a single iota of French clearness, luminousness, neatness, and perfection of literary form.

Another radical change in French policy dates from the close of the war, or very near it. Systematic scrutiny of the internal resources of France, of the colonial activity of rival powers, and of the field of European politics and France's situation therein, having led French statesmen to conclude — whether rightly or wrongly only time can tell — that the prosperity of their country, if not her very existence, demanded colonial expansion, they proceeded with superb energy to take unto themselves vast domains in Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea. If the complete and permanent success of the French colonial movement is as yet far from assured, it is not because the French have failed to

make a serious study of the varied aspects of the colonial problem, not because they are unfamiliar with the methods of the successful colonizing nations, not because they are unwilling to draw lessons from their own experience and the experience of others, but because they are constitutionally ill suited to expatriation, and to the daring and gigantic commercial enterprises which seem to be the backbone of contemporary colonization.

The same sensitiveness to their own deficiencies and to the finer issues and richer activities of enviroing life, to the "best that is being thought, said, and done in the world," which impelled the French, immediately after the war, to create the common school, re-create the university, and engage in colonizing, is now impelling them to several large undertakings, of which the chief is the reorganization of the government. Tired of unstable policies of reprisals, of riotous sessions of the Chambers, of interpellations of ministers upon matters of only local importance or of no importance, and of the consequent bewildering rise and fall of ministries, men of every shade of political belief institute courageous comparisons between the workings of their own constitution and those of the constitutions of other progressive peoples, and draw unflattering conclusions therefrom. They do not hesitate to declare their constitution so puerile, self-contradictory, and inadequate in its daily applications as to be in need of a speedy and thorough overhauling. The French ship of state is, if so strained a figure may be pardoned, a monarchic bottom flying a republican flag; and the French people, whose hatred of sham is innate and immutable, are naturally up in arms against the transparent hypocrisy of a régime that is republican in form, but monarchic in substance. They are insisting, more logically than philosophically, — philosophy tolerates endless anomalies, so they are not positively unwholesome, while logic tolerates

none, — that this annoying anomaly be somehow got rid of; that the government be made either more republican or less so; that the form be modified to correspond with the substance, or the substance to correspond with the form; that, to resume the strained figure, a new republican bottom be built to fly the republican standard, or a monarchic standard be scared up in some second-hand bricabrac shop of the Faubourg St. Germain to proclaim the monarchic bottom.

In 1884, Dumas fils, who was a serious student of social conditions, predicted that Frenchwomen would vote in ten years. He blundered in his arithmetic, and lived to know it. But other changes in the status of women, almost as extraordinary and quite as far-reaching, have occurred within a little more than the decade included in his prediction, and go far to justify it. A recent novel of M. André Theuriet, *Villa Tranquille*, contains the following conversation between a French father and his daughter fresh from a Paris pension, apropos of the desire of the latter to climb a certain peak of the Savoyard Alps: —

"Unfortunately, I am not strong enough to accompany you, and since you cannot go alone" —

"Bah!" she interrupted, "with a guide!"

"A girl of your age cannot run the mountains with a guide."

"Why not?"

"It's not proper."

"Oh, you're still there? Well, you are behind the times. A girl to venture out only when chaperoned by pa and ma! Why, that went out of fashion ages ago!"

"What!"

"The father was dumfounded by the tranquil assurance with which this girl of eighteen uttered the subversive sentiment. He scrutinized her for a mo-

ment with an anxious eye. There was so much ingenuousness in Odette's limpid and honest gaze that he was ashamed of his suspicions.

"Was it the superior of the Assumption," he queried ironically, 'who inculcated these — advanced — ideas?'

"Oh dear, no! Madame Ste. Marie des Anges was too much of the old school for that. But I was acquainted at the convent with some English and American girls, who always went out alone, and who were none the less very respectable. They held opinions which I share absolutely, on this point and on many others."

Odette's fresh, girlish admiration for the unconventional ways of her foreign sisters is typical, as the novelist intended it should be, of the change that is taking place in the French attitude toward women, and might be duplicated in more sophisticated quarters. The traditional French parental authority over children (both sons and daughters) is slowly falling down under the stress of English and American example. The tendency of young hearts to supersede old heads in the matter of match-making is becoming more and more pronounced. Easier marriage is bringing in its train easier divorce, and the laws of property are being materially modified in the woman's favor. Lycées for girls were established twenty years ago, since which time the providing of educational opportunities for women has gone on apace. For good or for evil, the "higher education" is an accomplished fact in France.

Frenchwomen, who have long played a large part in industry and commerce, may now enter most of the liberal professions, if they choose. They have their own art exhibitions, their own daily, weekly, and monthly press, and their own theatre. They are gaining their rights and surrendering their privileges less rapidly, perhaps, than the women of England and America (for a score of reasons which may not be gone

into here), but rapidly enough to make the French word *féminisme* stand for a very real and live thing. "Emancipation," in the full Anglo-Saxon awfulness of the term, is in the air.

French appreciation of foreign literature is to-day ample. Thus, several of the American classics are held in general high esteem. Poe — I say it boldly, without qualification — is better known and understood by the present generation of the French than by the present generation of his countrymen; Cooper also (though the American schoolboy remains more or less faithful to the Leather Stocking Tales), if adults alone are considered. Cooper complete may be bought in four-cent volumes at the tiniest faubourg or village bookstall. Emerson and Hawthorne have a fair following. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and Walt Whitman, about the validity of whose right to be rated as classics we in America are still hesitating, have received their credentials as such in France as they have in England. Of our newer celebrities, Henry James, Marion Crawford, Richard Harding Davis, Hamlin Garland, Mary E. Wilkins, and others have been awarded the honor of translation by high-grade journals and reviews.

A young French lawyer, as much addicted to letters as is his average American craft brother, and no more, recently said to me, with a comical pride in his cosmopolitanism he was at no effort to conceal: "I know American literature, and I like it well. I have read your American novels. I have read three works of Monsieur Gunter. They are Miss Dividends, Mr. Potter of Texas, and Mr. Barnes of New York, and I call them very thrilling. I am now reading a nice" ("nice," I take my oath, was his very word) "book of poems by a Monsieur Lowell. I find these poems thoughtful, but very obscure" (the poor fellow was probably struggling with the dialect and local and circumstantial allusions of Hosea Biglow, with the odds

largely in favor of Hosea), — "almost as obscure as our Mallarmé."

To one judgment of such an absurd sort, as innocent of malice as it is of literary perspective, and so not to be taken in bad part, it is safe to count on a score of sound ones like the following: "In a century, this people has produced such men of letters as Emerson and Edgar Poe, such poets as Walt Whitman and Longfellow, . . . artists who are equal in importance to Flaubert, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Baudelaire. . . . Baudelaire owed much to Edgar Poe, whose work he translated; Emerson has assisted our serious youth to an understanding of great moral truths; Walt Whitman inspires certain of our poets."

As a corollary of the enthusiasm for foreign literatures, the ambition to acquire a speaking familiarity with foreign languages — English especially — has entered France, and flourishing societies *pour la propagation des langues étrangères* have come into being. The results obtained are divertingly scant by the side of the energy expended; but this always, nationality quite apart, is the doom reserved for people who hazard the indiscretion of studying alien tongues where they are not habitually spoken.

The appreciation bestowed on the literature of foreign nations is extended to foreign achievements in most of the amenities.

The tradition is that Frenchmen do not travel; and this tradition, in spite of France's long list of explorers and her ability to point to world-famous travelers, contains a larger element of truth than most traditions. Still, they travel much more than formerly. There is a "new Frenchman" as there is a "new woman," and the "new Frenchman" is both tourist and polyglot. Goethe's famous definition, "The Frenchman is a person who speaks only his own language and is ignorant of geography," has lost nearly all its original point.

Occupation with the literature and the

other elegant arts of foreign peoples, combined with the newly acquired habits of travel and language study, has produced a well-based appreciation of the whole range of foreign life, but particularly of those phases which display marked superiority to the same phases of French life. The admiration of things English is so blended with faddism — affectations of dress, drinks and modes of drinking, sports and the sporting and society vocabularies — on the one hand, and with a chivalrous straining to be just and courteous to a hereditary enemy (never more an enemy than now) on the other, that it is not easy to separate the genuine in it from the counterfeit. Of things American, however, it is all genuine and well-nigh unbounded, being extended to political ideas and machinery, rapid journalism, social devices, postal, telegraph, telephone, railway, and municipal transit systems and management, feats of engineering, library, hospital, and police administration, conduct of charities and philanthropies, prison policy and discipline, hotel and household comforts, and "Yankee notions."

In short, while it may not be saying a great deal to affirm it, — international misapprehensions are so inevitable a part of the established order of things, — it nevertheless should be said and resaid that France now knows herself and other nations as well as other nations know themselves and her; and that, furthermore, she practices quite as large a benevolence of judgment toward most other nations as most other nations practice toward her.

Boston has possessed for many years a certain clergyman, of national repute, who is so large-hearted that he lends his name, influence, and energy to every cause in which he detects good, and so large-minded that he detects good in nearly every cause brought to his notice. The result is that Boston has come to accuse him, for all he is very dear to her, of indulging in philanthropy to excess.

Similarly, if there is a fault to be found with French openmindedness, it is that it is carried to excess. It bends over backward, literally, in its attempt at fairness. It does scant justice to France and exaggerated justice to other nations, like those mirrors which produce the illusion of abnormal corpulence or abnormal emaciation, according to the way they are turned. To know the very worst that can be said about France and the very best that can be said about the enemies of France, it is necessary to go to the French. Now one half truth plus another half truth make, in such a case, not two half truths nor one whole truth, as the rules of arithmetic teach, but one whole falsehood. In comparing themselves with other peoples, the French do not invoke the mitigating circumstances, make the allowable reservations, or insert the saving clauses in their own behalf. They do not assert, at least not as often and as firmly as they ought, that there are French institutions which merit serious consideration from the Anglo-Saxons and others; that France may furnish an international copy book as well as another nation, since she has as many lessons to teach as she has to learn. It would be as easy, provided the attention were concentrated upon the proper points, to write a bulky volume of truth on the superiority of the French — our own Brownell has proved it — as on the superiority of the English, the Americans, the Germans, or any people whatsoever.

In the French admiration of the spirit of individual business initiative which pervades the life of England, and the deprecation of its relative absence in France, little or no account is taken of England's exceptional geographical position, of her comparative freedom from the burden of a standing army, of her relatively feeble agricultural resources, of her venerable law of primogeniture which drives the majority of her young men into active careers, —

“ — the bitter road the younger son must tread
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his
own,” —

of the virtues of French solidarity, of the relatively even distribution of wealth and the humane and beneficent public initiative which are its partial corollaries, of the disgust with the egoism of individualism and the yearning for solidarity on the part of some of the most consecrated English thinkers, and of the powerful trend among the English masses toward a larger public initiative.

Dazzled by the superb spectacle of England's stupendous colonial career, France does not give credit enough to the zeal and intrepidity of her own explorers, the valor and patience of her armies of occupation, the reclaiming and civilizing efficiency of her outposts, the volume and vigor of her colonial trade; nor make the capital she might of the brutality and duplicity engendered by British colonial greed, and of the perilous instability of the British colonial empire.

In contrasting the masterful positiveness and firmness of German public policy with the hesitancy and vacillation of her own, she does not lay enough stress upon the fundamental differences between a despotism and a democracy, or upon the hopeless disadvantage a democracy labors under in conceiving and executing national or international projects of long range to which the delicacy, reticence, and continuity, impossible in a democracy, are absolutely indispensable.

In emphasizing the hermaphrodite nature of her present régime, she does not make allowance enough for the exceptional circumstances which ushered it in, and for the complexity of the problems raised by the century of incessant convulsion incident to the as yet really unfinished Revolution, as well as by her position in Europe. She does not give credit enough to the centralization (now outworn, perhaps, and ready to be sloughed off) without which post-bellum

reconstruction would have been less easy and rapid, if not impossible, or to the paper constitution for the several points (such as the election of the President) at which it has worked with phenomenal smoothness. Nor does she throw into sufficient relief the defects of the régimes she holds superior, — American lynching, rioting, and municipal misgovernment, for example. In approving the freedom of the American girl and the independence of the American woman, Frenchmen ignore — is it chivalry or ignorance? — the woeful lack of respect of youth for age, the rapidly diminishing importance of the family as a social unit, the epidemic of divorce, the young girl's shrill and grating bumptiousness, and the domestic incapacity, extravagance, nervous invalidism, morbid sex consciousness, and unlovely pedantry of the women, which are the temporary — God grant it be only temporary! — outcome of this vaunted independence and freedom. And they ignore, further, the fact that their own women — a thousand apologies to American women for the ungracious word — are, to the thinking of many, the most feminine, the most intellectual (in the good, unbookish use of the word), the most capable in business, the most influential in politics, and, though nominally "unemancipated," the most essentially independent women on the planet.

In the movement for educational reform along English lines, no counter claim is set up by Demolins and his fellows for past French influence on English education. No pains are taken by them to make clear that their most severe criticisms regard a single section of the educational system only, the section intermediate between the school and the university, the ancient *lycée*, which, in the rehabilitation of the schools, was left practically untouched; that it is not the whole French educational structure, but this venerable, worm-eaten, moss-grown stairway within the structure which it is

proposed to demolish, and replace — if the image may be allowed — by a thoroughly up-to-date elevator; and that their agitation is not a reaction, as on the face of it it seems to be, against the educational activity deployed since the great humiliation, but the logical outcome and fitting consummation of this activity. Nor are any pains taken to explain that the English schools by which it is proposed that the *lycée* shall be made to profit are not the typical secondary schools of England, but exceptional, expensive, and select institutions for rich men's sons.

The sweeping and irresponsible world judgment that denies affability to the Englishman, modesty to the American, alertness to the German, energy to the Turk, and tolerance to the Russian denies openmindedness to the Frenchman. By universal usage, who says Frenchman says Chauvinist. Chauvinism and the French spirit are convertible terms in the world vocabulary. There was a time, perhaps, when France merited this reputation for excessive self-complacency. She does not merit it now, and has not done so for a quarter of a century. If ever a country has been given over to self-examination, self-blame, and the search within and without for the where-withal to remedy her defects; if ever a country, in other words, has been openminded, France is that country to-day. In the interests of truth and of international fairness, the fact deserves to be stated and emphasized.

This openmindedness redounds largely to the intellectual and moral credit of the French people. Thus far it seems to have redounded to their advantage as well through the force it has lent to the various enterprises of national reconstruction, — the establishment of the republic and of the free school system, the redemption of the university, the now progressing regeneration of the *lycée*, and, less obvious, though possible, bless-

ing, the acquisition of colonial possessions. But there are signs that receptiveness to new ideas is beginning to be carried beyond the limits of discretion. All new ideas are not sound ideas, — shall we never learn the lesson? — all change is not progress, all openmindedness is not wisdom. Was not Tennyson, enlightened, far less eager to have

“ — the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change,”

in Locksley Hall Sixty Years After than in Locksley Hall? It may well be queried whether certain efforts now being put forth to make France like other nations — notably the attempt, inspired by the material prosperity of England and America, to transform her into a commercial and industrial power — may not be sad blunders.

Despite the astounding way France has of doing whatever she sets out to do, from building a boulevard to paying a war debt, from demolishing a slum to dethroning a dynasty, she cannot achieve the impossible. She cannot do a thing contrary to her nature; and it looks very much as if industry and trade, in the complex, colossal, audacious sense in which these terms are now employed, are so nearly contrary to her nature that if she succeeds ultimately in doing what a nation with a genius for affairs does automatically, it will be only at the price of almost superhuman exertion.

Why may not the commercial, industrial, and colonial enterprise of England and America be admired by France as a superb exhibition of force without being taken as a pattern? May it not be unwisdom amounting to positive rashness to allow herself to be pricked thereby to emulation? However absolute and cosmopolitan a thing truth the abstraction may be, truths are relative and national; truths know frontiers. English truths are not necessarily German truths or French truths. To be her best, France must be herself, must live in

harmony with French truths. To carry herself most gracefully, she must walk in paths that are her own, shod with shoes that habit has conformed to her feet. Industry and trade are not the only worthy things in the world; culture, beauty, and emotion certainly count for something. While other worthy things quite in accord with her temperament and quite in the line of her traditions remain for France to do, other things which she alone can do, or at least can do easiest and best, why should she spend herself — like a hen trying to swim or a duck to fly — in awkward, fluttering, sputtering efforts to do the thing for which she has little or no fitness, while she lets

“ Slow die out of her life

Glory and genius and joy ” ?

The peculiar mission of France, if we read her history and her character aright, is now, as it usually has been, intellectual and æsthetic, — the dissemination of beauty and the kindling of thought. France neglecting her peerless power to stimulate and captivate in order to seize world markets produces precisely the same unpleasant impression as does a beautiful and talented woman willfully despising the privileges of her womanhood to yell and jostle with men on the floor of the stock exchange.

All success to France in her new enterprise of competing in a business way with the business nations, of remoulding her life after the similitude of the Anglo-Saxon life, if her heart is set upon it, and it is really in the long run the best thing. So, surely, will her now too humble heart regain some portion of its old-time Chauvinistic pride. And yet it is impossible not to feel — sentimental error, perhaps — that civilization will have less cause for regret if she fails than if she succeeds; for her kingdom seems not to be of the world of dickering, dollars, and deals, but of the world of intellectuality and charm.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

IN PRAISE OF OLD LADIES.

It is everywhere the custom, in life, in literature, to celebrate the young girl; to praise her pink cheeks, her shining hair, her innocence, her gayeties, — her muslins, even, and blue ribbons. She has become in these latter days a proverb, a type, — *la jeune fille*. Yet, to the discreet observer, how gaudy is her charm, how showy and unsubstantial, and of the day only, when matched with graces like those of the truly incomparable old lady! It is an antique convention that hurries off old age with decrepitude and care and quavering palsy. And it may be that the old gentleman is unamiable; that, his days of strenuousness fairly over, he becomes crabbed, a lover of snuff, and unpoetical. But the old lady is a creature of another quality. The refinements of age only enhance the femininity of her charm; to her, whimsicalities, delicate occupations, the fine lines that etch themselves expressively across her brow and about her mouth, are all vastly becoming. With what ineffable grace, moreover, she pronounces certain words in the elegant fashion of an age ago! How softly the old India shawls she wears fall about her shoulders! What strange, unlikely stories she tells of the beginning of the century!

I am indeed no novice to her charms. I have been victim to the enchantments of a long line of old ladies from my earliest years upward. When my frocks were still short and I still suffered under the ignominy of pinafores, I remember very well following a friend of my grandmother's about, and fetching big books for her. She was an exceedingly learned old lady, I take it; indeed, my grandmother always spoke of her as strong-minded, wherefore I am sometimes led to doubt whether she would so unreservedly have pleased my maturer

taste. But in those early days my devotion impelled me even to the point of learning the alphabets of the curious languages she read. What constituted her peculiar, her romantic charm, however, was the fact that she had traveled in many far-away countries. I always understood it was their strange suns that had turned her skin the yellow color of old parchment, and stopped the whitening of her hair at a grizzly gray. This particular ugly gray I admired along with the rest: it suggested worldly sophistication and a cosmopolitan experience, as did no less her deep voice and blue-veined hands, and her habit of taking a vigorous walk in the morning, before breakfast. Her daughter, she told me, was named Aurore. How I wished that I myself had been favored with such a name!

My grandmother was very different, — much prettier and gentler, no doubt; but her daughters bore such stiff, old-fashioned names as Anne and Emeline, and she herself had seldom left New England, and took only a short walk in the sun at noonday, under a tiny black silk parasol. At other times she sat beside her worktable, which had legs of twisted mahogany, and a crimson silk bag hanging down from the middle in a way I never understood. Out of this she occasionally brought scraps of faded old brocades, — pink and green they would be, with a rare yellow, or a blue still a little gay; and now and then, when the winter evenings until my bedtime were long, she even found bright-colored beads in a small drawer at the side. Although she had been "a proficient" in music as a girl, I think she knew no language save English. Emerson she read chiefly; the prayers of Theodore Parker; black volumes of sermons by William Ellery Channing; and sometimes, to me,

in a very soft voice, Whittier's poems. In the late afternoons she was accustomed to play at solitaire, letting me sit at a corner of the table to look on. Not infrequently, when excited by the odds against which we were fighting, I forgot to hold up my head, and my long brown curls, falling down among the cards, threw them into disarray, and obliged me to sit at a penitential distance. My grandmother did not choose to be interrupted. But all the games in turn she invariably won by a deft rearrangement of the cards when she saw them going wrong. "With one's self, you know, my dear," she would say, judiciously distributing diamonds among the spades, — "with one's self it is quite understood."

Since the days of my grandmother and her friends I have known a hundred other old ladies, if none more charming. There are, I dare say, persons who, in going about the world, meet people of other sorts: actors, perhaps, or ladies of fashion, or diplomatists, — first of all, I fancy, to be desired, — or spiritualists, or musicians. Personally, I never fall in with any one except old ladies. In a railway train, for example, I am sure to find myself opposite or beside one, and of late years they have generally had birds with them.

The first I remember — with a bird, that is — was in a German railway carriage going from Berlin to Hanover. At least, my destination was Hanover; the old lady herself was on her way home to Düsseldorf. She had been visiting her nephews and nieces in Berlin; she had a great many of them, she told me. From her fingers, covered with old pearl and diamond rings, I gathered that she was very rich; and from the bouquets of many colors, ranged in the luggage rack above her head, that the nephews and nieces were trying to persuade her to leave them her fortune. She wore, nevertheless, an air of extreme detachment, holding her long netted silk purse — through whose meshes the Prussian gold gleamed —

tightly clasped between two fat fingers. Altogether she was a very portly and regal-looking person, and gave you the impression of being dressed in black velvet, though in point of fact I do not think that she was. But her mantle was fringed heavily several times about, and her hat — for she wore a hat with a brim that drooped slightly, discreetly, all around — was also bordered by a black fringe that just cleared her faded eyebrows and her black beady eyes. She had a gouty foot, too, — she was quite complete, — that rested on a little folding stool she had brought with her; and she rang imperiously for the guard. When he came she ordered coffee, bullying the cream-faced Teuton into bringing a double portion of sugar to feed her bird, a little green creature, disposed among the flowers above her head. It was with a good deal of difficulty that she struggled up to reach him, but to have him handed down would, she said, excite him unnecessarily. "Mein Männchen, mein Männchen," she murmured in a deep, tender tone, as she fed him each successive crumb. After feasting the bird she turned her attention to me, and asking to see the book that I was absorbed in, she kept it until we arrived at Hanover. I had evidently read too much in trains, she remarked, in allusion to my eyeglasses. Americans, she knew, were very foolish. Then she asked me the price of everything in the States, and of my traveling bag in particular, and quarreled with me as to the number of marks in a dollar. "You'll find I am right," she assured me, as I was squeezing myself and the brown leather bag she admired out of the narrow door of the German coupé. "You'll find there are six marks in every dollar. Auf wiedersehen, Fräulein."

The last of my old ladies with birds I met only a month or two ago, on the way from London down to Southsea, — the one place in all the world, I suppose, whither a thin spinster, accompanied by a ragged-tailed bird named Tip, should

be traveling. She was, of course, very different from the German dowager; not so far on in years, and, as I indicated, exaggeratedly thin; shy, furthermore, and dressed in a worn black silk gown, with a lace collar at her throat drawn together by a hair brooch. And she spoke only from time to time, to inquire if we must change carriages at Woking; meanwhile looking a little greedily from Tip to the seedcakes in the hands of three English schoolgirls, who, with shortish frocks and longish hair hanging over their shoulders, sat in a row on my side of the carriage, and scattered crumbs enough to have fattened a family of partridges.

Old ladies at sea, though there without the embellishments of flowers and birds, I have found no less attractive than on land. I fell in with a party of them in the early summer, on their way to Carlsbad to drink the waters; with the exception, that is, of two or three whose destination was Kissingen, and who disbelieved altogether, I learned when we were a few days out from New York, in the rheumatism of the Carlsbad-bound ladies. Carlsbad, they assured me, punctuating their remarks with sniffs of their smelling bottles as I tucked cushions behind their poor backs, — Carlsbad was all fine clothes and frivolity and band music (than which surely nothing has a more wicked sound), and was by no means the place a person really ill would dream of retiring to for her health's sake.

But it matters very little whether I travel in trains or in ships, or whether I rest quietly at home, my companions are rarely of my own age. If I am asked out to luncheon to meet the wife of a melancholy doubtful poet who died young, and on my way to the house in question dwell, not unnaturally, upon her youthful tragic grief, on my arrival I find myself confronted by a fat, kindly old lady, crowned with a large black-beaded bonnet that shows a bunch of purple flowers above either ear. If I go to visit some beautiful house secluded

in the country, it is an old lady that stands on the threshold. I remember such a mansion, built in Tudor times, and topped with chimneys calculated to make you sigh your soul away in longing; it had once been the dower house of an English queen, and in front of it two peacocks paraded proudly all day long. Others I knew went to admire it, and were entertained by the granddaughter, or at least by the middle-aged daughter, of its mistress. Not so on the sunny morning of my visit. Lady W—— herself was working among the flowers in her garden, and herself showed me back to the cascade and the tulip tree, stepping over the lawn with the spirit of a girl, and apologizing with a girl's vanity, too, for her garden hat and gloves.

She was the very flower and mirror of all the old ladies I have ever known; conscious, if you will, of her charm, and all the more charming for that. She led me into the drawing room — she knew she held my heart in her hand — to see her portrait, which, though painted by a celebrated artist, made her look very like any other old lady in velvet and a bonnet and furs. Her great gayety, her beautiful eyes, the sweet curving lines about her mouth, were all forgotten. "I don't know," she said to me a little stiffly, as she paused before it, and for a moment glanced across to her maternal grandmother done by Reynolds, with pink cheeks, and with a pink rose in her hand instead of a muff, — "I don't know, my dear, whether it is like or not, but certainly it is a very odd picture."

More delightful though each one be than the last, it is but reasonable that the wealth of my experience among old ladies should have led me to certain discriminations. Old ladies, I am prepared to say, divide themselves into two classes: the thin, namely, and the fat. Nor is this discrimination so artificial as it may appear. Another equally expressive, equally conclusive, could not be made. And of the two — but this is a

matter of prejudice — I prefer the thin, as having commonly more wit, more liveliness, brighter eyes, and a taste for anecdote generally wanting, I think it only right to say, in the fatter, kindlier class. My point of view is possibly ultra-modern, but what will you? *La grande dame*, so called, vanished with the days and ideals of Louis XIV. At the end of two centuries or so she is rarely to be met with. I have known her only once in all her traditional fairness, but then she was of the essence of perfection. She gave one the impression of having never for a moment been out of the great world; of having lived, though in New York, perpetually with princes, — “*les princes du sang, les princes étrangers, les grands-seigneurs façon de princes.*” But what is my ungraceful pen that it should hazard a description of her, or attempt the splendor of her white hair and her white hands! Her graciousness, her elegance, her worldliness, are not to be compassed by a sentence.

Among modern old ladies, of whom I speak somewhat less diffidently, I affect the more frivolous sort. My own feeling is, very strictly, that in old age

the world of affairs should be left behind, and one's hours passed pleasantly among pleasant things. Age should be impulsive, light-hearted, — brilliant, if you will; it should fill its days with flowers and music and embroidery; it should drive in low carriages behind plump ponies; it should write a pretty, pointed, epistolary hand, and read nothing heavier than memoirs. Intellectuality may be all very well in youth, but in an old lady anything beyond a delicate pedantry is unlovely. I like old ladies with decided opinions, with a gift for repartee and some skill in the passions. Curiosities, strange modesties, — I knew of an old lady who brought her grandsons up never to look into a butcher's shop, deeming it indecorous, even indecent, — fantastic economies, eccentricities of various sorts, are delightful. And of all these things the insipidity and jejuneness of youth perforce know nothing. The very pattern of young girls is bound by a strait-lacing conventionality. Formalities, anxieties, uncertainties, sit upon her sleeve. She has no alternative, innocent creature, save to order her days and lay her plans in behalf of a charming old-ladyhood.

Lucy Martin Donnelly.

THE RIPENING.

O VAST, unwieldy land of ours!
 Like some huge Titan-boy thou art
 Whose young blood surges through his heart
 In a crude strife of powers,
 Until some tingling moment when
 One cry wrings all true souls, and then
 Thou standest in the strength of wrath and tears, —
 Thou gatherest all thyself to tower above thy peers!

Thee, new born far beyond the main,
 God cradled in a new-found clime
 That wistful Europe's dreams sublime
 Might not seem all in vain:

Campagna Nirvana.

Hope, reawakening at thy birth,
 Thrilled the droop'd songsters of the earth
 To brief ecstatic joy. Erelong in thee
 Shall they behold the pledge of one Humanity?

The nations, ay, the nations wait
 Thy ripening. Shall they lift their eyes
 To see thee knit thy thews and rise,
 Single, and whole, and great?
 Not sooner for the bugle call,
 Not sooner for the sound of all
 The cannonades that roar beneath the sun.
 Knowledge and Love and Toil shall slowly make thee one.

What song shall hail yon far-off morn?
 Must Hope be sung in sweet, sad wails
 By Europe's rich-voiced nightingales,
 Bleeding against a thorn?
 Come, New World lark! Come, future seer!
 In thy strong chanting men shall hear
 Love dominant through the triumph hymn of Life,
 While long-retreating drums beat the dead march of strife.

William Miller Gamble.

CAMPAGNA NIRVANA.

LET go the tiresome thought,
 All is naught!
 For here Rome sleeping lies
 With untired eyes,
 And all the outpoured blood,
 A lavish flood,
 Which drenched this battle plain
 Has left no stain,
 Save poppies' drowsy, red,
 Frail petals shed
 On faint winds' wooing breath, —
 Love's kiss of death.

Chariot wheels, through centuries heard,
 Now leave unstirred
 Silence of Campagna sweep,
 Where straying sheep
 In summer stillness pass
 And find new grass;
 Roads where Roman legions trod
 Are daisied sod;

The ways which triumphs shook
 Now patient brook
 White oxen, which, slow brooding, tread
 Rome's kingly dead,
 With shadows of the twilight skies
 In wistful eyes.

And after all the centuries told,
 This plain is gold ;
 In undimmed purple lie
 Against the sky
 The hills, which lift as far
 As night's first star ;
 Air rent with trumpets' blare
 Is tranced as prayer ;
 The heavens where eagles flew
 Drop silent dew.
 Rome's world-ensweeping power,
 This twilight hour,
 But clouds which drift on sunset sea
 Where visions be.
 Rome's day of full-orbed light
 Drops into night.
 So thought of mine finds rest
 On Rome's dead breast.

L. Studdiford McChesney.

ARCADY.

It has no bounds of time or place, —
 Heigho, Arcady !
 It is a light of transient grace
 That shines on field and tree.
 Look, Phyllis pirouetting sweet !
 (Heigho, dancing bosom !)
 I think the primrose from her feet
 Breaks to fragrant blossom.

Unto her whistled tune she trips.
 (Heigho, follow after !)
 I think the goldfinch from her lips
 Breaks to wingèd laughter.
 The hour stands still at heaven's height, —
 Heigho, Arcady !
 It is the glory of the light
 Was never on land or sea.

Joseph Russell Taylor.

TAPS.

SLEEP.

Now that the charge is won,
 Sleep in the narrow clod;
 Now it is set of sun,
 Sleep till the trump of God.
 Sleep.

Sleep.

Fame is a bugle call
 Blown past a crumbling wall;
 Battles are clean forgot;
 Captains and towns are not:
 Sleep shall outlast them all.
 Sleep.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE idea of building up a symmetrical human character is very pretty. It is just possible, however, that American educators are in danger of saying too much on the subject.

Symmetry is perfection, perfection in the individual implies uniformity in the multitude, and uniformity is not a pleasant thing to look forward to as the goal of human nature. Is the American type of character varied enough to bear safely the assimilative process which is now going on at a rapid rate? Owing to the beneficent defects of educational methods in the past, there was always room for the incipient man and woman to do a large part in their own training. But the world is getting beyond that. The professional teaching force of the country has already taken the place of the army of parents to an extent only rivaled by the clerical body of the Middle Ages. The parents are simply providing the raw material, the American abecedarian,

and the teachers are converting this into the finished product, the American adult person, with little aid or interference except from the laws of growth. The processes by which this work is done become more uniform throughout the nation from year to year. If the total result of our combined efforts is perfect and splendid, we share the glory of it. But the glory of the individual man lies in his achievement of some task which nobody else can do. It is his particular variation from ideal manhood that makes him valuable, not his likeness to his fellows or to a common model.

The only obstacle in the way of the present tendency toward uniformity is the inborn uniqueness of each living creature. But nobody knows how much of an obstacle that really is. No serious universal effort has ever before been made to surmount it. There have indeed been efforts to minimize individuality for the sake of some social, religious, or political ideal. Yet these all

failed, unless, by way of exception, China is to be considered a social, political, and religious success. Now the unique quality of separate minds is to be attacked systematically. By this new method millions of living creatures are to be subjected to a single evolutionary process. The coming generation will necessarily be more uniform than the one which now exists. The next must be more uniform still, with the added condition that then all the agents of development, the teachers, will have been subjected to the same treatment. In five or six generations everything that can be done to defeat individual variation will be done.

The affair will then wear a very different aspect from any it has shown in the past. Hitherto the experience of human life has tended to widen the minute variation which evolution presupposes in the realm of nature. But the coming experiment is to take away every artificial enhancement of the germinal difference between man and man. If, as we understand Darwin's hypothesis, this minute variability is a necessary condition of life, there will still remain something, like the little bone of rabbinical lore, which uniformity cannot destroy. With that, humanity may begin over again the process of differentiation which it is now trying to reverse. If Weismann is right, and variability is itself a result of evolution, then it can be done away with, and humanity may reach an incoherent homogeneity such as Herbert Spencer never anticipated. Suppose, in addition to this, that we impress our ideas on the rest of the world with such force that all civilization becomes American, and our pluperfect system of education, so immensely more thoroughgoing than Patrick's machine for taking in old witches and grinding out young fairies, should become universal.

Is it not evident that in the course of a century or two nature will be defeated? Every citizen of the United States of the Earth will be just like every other

citizen, and all will be so monotonously satisfactory that even the beatified saints will regret their predicted millennium. Then ho for Diogenes and his lantern to look for a man, a fallible, defective, imperfectly developed, one-sided man!

WHEN one has been emphatically sat down upon, and that by such

Why not
a Tory
Annex?

venerated ponderosity as the combined weight of the Sons

and the Daughters of the Revolution, a reasonable amount of exhilaration is to be expected at the first sign of anything like approval coming from the quarter where severe disapproval was so plain.

Now, our city, close to the Canadian border, had last July an original and unique celebration of Independence Day: a grand military pageant, its conspicuous feature two thousand "redcoats" from the Queen's Dominion, guests of honor; the streets gay with bunting, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack everywhere intertwined; the bands playing the national airs of America and of England; Tommy Atkins listening serenely to the reading of the Declaration of Independence in the public square, his manifest interest in its affirmations contrasting significantly with the indifference of our Grand Army men and the heroes of San Juan. Surely, in the way of something new and interesting, our Independence Day celebration was a grand success; and as the desire to promote good feeling between "the States" and Canada was the inspiration thereof, the fact that the loudest and the longest cheers were given to the redcoats was not to be misinterpreted as disloyalty to the eternal verities of our glorious Constitution, by any means. It was all a novel and welcome departure from the old-time procession, of which the most of us were long since wearied. Such an array of medals on the breasts of gallant British heroes! — Lucknow medals, Crimea medals, and one, at least, that the press described as having the Alma, Balaklava, and Sebastopol clasps. It

was something to behold the representative of the Canadian militia at the Queen's Jubilee, and to give him a rousing cheer, and the major who wore the Cross of Honor he had won in the great Northwest rebellion, — a succession of heroes; the enthusiastic cheering of the crowd lessening considerably, of course, when such ordinary mortals as Sons of the Revolution, Civil War veterans, and the mayor of the city passed by. Even our boys from the front were of small account, evidently, compared with Canadian Highlanders, with their big pipers tooting a lively, snatchy quickstep, and Royal Dragoons, and the Princess of Wales's own Rifles, and artillerymen in scarlet coats, — the veritable redcoats our fathers used to burn in effigy when they would do something out of the commonplace on a Fourth of July. Tommy Atkins in his glengarry, — that funny little monkey-cap cocked over his ear, — and his swagger-stick in his hand, had reason to feel himself of much importance. Possibly, the Rough Riders, in their sombreros and leggings, felt somewhat overlooked; but they saluted the British colors most impressively, all the same, as Tommy did ours. And not a few of those redcoats, it was said, were direct descendants of the Tories of our Revolution, — of the men we drove from our borders, confiscating all they left behind.

Pondering on that fact increased the enjoyment of what was called a memorable and impressive celebration of Independence Day. The Sons of the Revolution and the Sons of the American Revolution marching in procession with British redcoats; the Daughters of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution bestrewing them all with flowers, — the redcoat getting his full share of the fairest, — ah, where were the shades of the heroes of Bunker Hill? And could it have been only some five years before, at the most, that when the suggestion was made, for the consideration of the patriotic societies, that

their scope and usefulness be enlarged by the organization of auxiliary branches, the membership of which should include *only those* who were already members of the Sons or of the Daughters, but who had Tory ancestors as well, the idea was scarcely given a hearing, was called preposterous, — worse than that, ridiculous? “Establishing fraternal relations with the descendants of Tories, — how absurd! If a Son or a Daughter has Tory blood in his or her veins, the less that is said about it the better.” Nor did the plea of what might be gained for history in the collection of Tory records, etc., have any effect. Affiliation with the descendants of the Tories? Never.

But after that parade, how can one help asking if the time has not arrived when those of the Sons and Daughters who are descended from loyalists as well as patriots should be organized as auxiliary to those societies, — their special work the collecting of Tory annals, and the promotion of fraternal relations between the Sons and the Daughters and those Canadian organizations of the descendants of the refugees of our Revolution, — that host of our countrymen,

“outnumbered and o'erthrown,
And by the fate of war run down”?

Why, is not this the very link needed for that international chain of true brotherhood that is to bind together as one people hereafter England and the United States? Is it the mission of our patriotic societies to keep alive the spirit of George Washington when he wrote of the Tory exiles in 1778, “One or two have done what a greater number ought to have done years ago, — committed suicide;” and that of John Adams when he said, “I would have hanged my own brother had he taken part with the enemy”? Surely not, if the descendants of patriots can march on a Fourth of July, and to the tune of Rule, Britannia, with as fine a show of redcoats as can be transported from Canada.

